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ON LIVING IN ENGLAND

Informal Suggestions to a Young Frenchman

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

You are going to a far country, not in distance (actually it is not as far as from Paris to Lyons), but in ideas and in customs. You are going to live in a difficult and mysterious land. During the first days you will think: 'This is a hopeless undertaking; I shall never learn to know them; they will never understand me; the gap is too wide to be bridged.' Don't be discouraged. You will find that you can bridge it. Bear in mind that when they have accepted you, they will be your most faithful friends. Read Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, and you will see there how this Englishman made his way back alone through a dangerous desert to look for an unimportant Arab left behind by the caravan. Such is the friendship of the best of them. I put it to the test myself during the war It is well worth the trouble needed to obtain it. Remember too that the difficulty is only apparent; you need only observe a small number of rules not to shock the English.

Clothes

Two rules only: dress as they do; dress simply. As they do, because they are conformists. If you play golf in riding breeches, if you attend a regimental dinner in knickerbockers, you will shock and grieve them. But you will shock them still more if you have the bad taste to be overdressed. In France, no clothes can be too faultless, no shoes too new. Miss Harrison, in her *Reminiscences of a Student's Life*, speaks of her pleasure when she saw the Duke of Devonshire receive his honorary degree from Cambridge with his shoes so full of holes that his socks showed through. She writes, 'That, I felt, was really ducal.' Don't imagine that in London you should dress like the Englishmen you have seen on their travels. In London, an Englishman is at home. Be like him: dress as you would in Paris.

Conversation

Until you find your depth, it will be wise to say little. No one will object to your silence. When you have been speechless for three years, they will begin to think: 'He is a pleasant, quiet sort.' Be unassuming. An Englishman will say, 'I have a little house in the country.' When he invites you to visit him, you will find that his little house is a castle of three hundred

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rooms. If you are a world champion in tennis, say, 'Yes, I don't play badly.' If you have crossed the Atlantic alone, say, 'Yes, I do a little boating.' If you have written books, don't say anything. In time they will discover you for themselves. They will say, smiling, 'I have found out something about you,' and then you will know that you have been accepted. If they treat you unjustly (that will happen, for they are sometimes unjust), go straight to them and tell them where you think they are wrong. Ten to one they will admit it. They play the game. If any man attacks France in your presence, counter-attack rudely. He will like you all the better.

Golden rule: never ask questions. I lived for six months in the same tent with an Englishman and shared his bathtub without his ever asking me if I were married, what I did in time of peace, or what books I liked to read. If you try to impart confidences, they will be heard with polite indifference. Don't talk too freely about other people. Gossips exist in England as elsewhere, but they are at once more rare and more dangerous. There is no middle ground between silence and scandal. Silence is preferable.

Don't imagine that your intellectual standing will give you the least prestige, except in a very small set in London and in the universities. Only one thing matters: your character. I don't believe that you can even imagine the scorn in which a certain type of Englishman holds all literary interests. You are entering the one country in which a man will say frankly to a writer: 'Books? I've never read one. Whenever I try, I find that I don't remember anything I read. So what's the use?' They will leave you free to read, and will make fun of you gently, as they would make fun of a collector of rhinoceros horns. But they would understand better the taste for rhinoceroses.

Yesterday evening I was trying to talk to a young Englishman, who had just spent two years at Cambridge, of the notable professors I knew there. He had never heard their names. 'That's natural,' he told me. 'I took up rowing at once, and when you go in for that seriously, you move in a very narrow circle.' And then he complained of the new generation who, corrupted by dancing and by 'two-seaters,' 'refuse,' as he said, 'to work for their college.' On his lips the expression 'to work' surprised me. I questioned him. He meant 'play Rugger.' I was reassured.

Beside this type, the 'athlete,' you must learn to recognize the type 'æsthete.' The distinction has been nicely drawn by Jean Fayard.[1] In the little intellectual set I mentioned you will for a long time feel yourself inferior. Cultivated Englishmen are rare, but their culture is exquisite, their epigrams are quick and subtle, their taste correct and exacting. They are disdainful and delightful — a dangerous combination for your self-esteem. You will long to please them and will find it very hard to adopt the right tone. The proper approach lies in a mixture of nonchalance and preciosity. Write an essay on cocktails and another on the Chinese poets. Proust will form a serviceable link for you with this literary set, when you have come to know them well. He is the only great Frenchman who touches them nearly. In your reading they will be your guides. I should recommend Forster, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, all the Sitwells. The novels of Maurice Baring will give you a true conception of the *côté Racine* of the English world.

When you wish to convince Englishmen, do not reason too well. Being

[1] In a novel, *Oxford et Margaret.* — EDITOR

French, you believe everything gained when you have proved your point. But it is a matter of indifference to them whether they have logic on their side or not. On the contrary, they distrust an argument that is too conclusive. At Geneva, when our delegates brought forward the disarmament protocol, they rejected it because it was clear. 'It won't work,' they declared. What they like is a polity tested by time; they like old saws, ancient customs. To induce them to do something new, show them that they have always done it. Resign yourself to giving your logic a rest while you stay in England.

Occupation

Don't work too hard. Above all, don't be what the English call 'fussy.' Wait until you are requested to do things; don't rush into the breach. You ask me, 'Are they lazy?' A little, perhaps; but the truth is that they think it ostentatious to be too busy. Consider their stride — rather slow, immoderately long. It is thus that they advance in life. They don't believe in hustling destiny. In the army they used to say to me, 'Never refuse a job; never ask for one.' They are ambitious, as we all are, but they know how to conceal it.

Law

Don't commit murder in England. You will be hanged. Before a French jury, if you have some imagination, a romantic air, and a good lawyer, you can, without much effort, save your skin. These dozen Englishmen will listen with outraged surprise while you describe your sentimental agonies and will condemn you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. It is true that they once acquitted a French murderess, but she had only killed an Egyptian. Be discreet, shun their law courts. Their judges are terrible, and will take your guilt for granted before you have opened your mouth. Their lawyers cross-examine with such diabolical cleverness that you will swear you have stolen the Nelson Column to escape from their hail of questions. Remember that respect for law is more intense there than elsewhere. In England 'Keep off the grass' does not mean 'Walk where you please.'

Food

Before you go, you are sure to be warned against English food. It is true that cooks and chefs are not as good there as in France. But if you know how to manage your appetite wisely, you can dine to perfection. In England there are two excellent meals, breakfast and tea; one mediocre, lunch; one bad, dinner. Save yourself for the first two. Learn to enjoy unfamiliar pleasures: porridge, haddock, marmalade. At lunch, refresh yourself from the great roast of gory beef or the admirable rosy ham. With a manly air, refuse dessert. Say firmly, 'I don't care for sweets.' In England, one shop out of every two is a confectioner's, and yet the English despise sweets. Leave them to children and women.

Make their drinks your own. Whiskey, they will tell you, is the thing to drink, and they are right. It will leave your mind clear, your speech distinct, and your body warmed. Their beers are good, but beware of drinking them as you would drink our *bière du Nord*. During the war the Tommies used to tell me sorrowfully, 'You can't get drunk on French beer!' That may be true, but don't forget that a Frenchman can get tipsy on English beer. Accept their champagne; they are good judges. School yourself to drink a cocktail before dinner, several wines during dinner, port after dinner, and whiskey at ten in the evening. You

will make little progress in their esteem if you remain a water drinker. Disraeli, when he was talking with Bismarck, forced himself to smoke, although it made him sick. 'At such a time,' he said, 'the man who does n't smoke has the look of keeping his eye on the other.' You will soon take pleasure in smoking, and their port, very dry, is excellent.

But above all, observe and enjoy the general spectacle. You will like the countryside, which seems to have been composed by Constable, by Gainsborough. You will like the gardens, a little wild; the lawns, clipped and rolled. You will like London, which, in its gray or golden fog, with a red splotch for a bus and a black one for a policeman, seems an immense Turner. You will like the theatres, with their comfortable stalls, their pretty ushers, their short intermissions. You will like the bookshops, as motley and attractive as fruit stores with their exotic wares, and you will like especially the books . . . but don't say so.

SITTING ON DYNAMITE

BY RUSSELL BOOKHOUT

I

I HAD just returned to Seattle from several weeks of bridge building and mountain climbing at Mount Rainier. My appetite and weight had expanded, but my pocketbook was rather flat. Since, however, I had landed in Seattle for the first time the previous year with a lone nickel in the pocket of a pair of torn overalls, and now I should be able to leave the city for California with two dollars in the pocket of a complete hiking outfit, I considered the year well spent.

A person willing to work at rough labor need have no fear of empty pockets while on the road. Lumber camps, construction outfits, and road gangs provide bed and board for their employees. The same is true of farmers and mine operators. I expected to land a ten-day job soon after leaving Seattle, and when the money earned at that had carried me as far as it could I would get another job. Several hundred thousand men are traveling about the country every year doing this.

I was well equipped. My trunks were stored in Seattle, and all I carried with me was a lumberjack's 'turkey' containing blankets, a change of work clothes, toilet articles, and a clean shirt and trousers. I felt no need of a dinner jacket. I wore an O. D. shirt, breeches, and leggins that remained from my army outfit. I did without a cap. One motorist who gave me a lift said that since I wore no cap he could get a good look at my face and decide whether it was safe to pick me up. I never had to ask for rides; usually motorists picked me up of their own accord.

Rides are hardest to get where traffic is thick. I bought a ticket on the boat going down the Sound to Tacoma, whence the Pacific Highway led to California. My pile dropped to less than a dollar-fifty.

Tacoma is still a lumberman's town. Extensive forests of giant spruce and Douglas fir surround it. The more easily logged-off lands were slashed a generation earlier, but many stands of virgin timber are still scattered over the near-by hills. The second-growth trees would make an Easterner think of the early forests of Wisconsin. Wherever one looks in either summer or winter he sees the green of tree-clad hills.

Beyond the city I had my first lift. A light truck covered with brown tarpaulin stopped beside me. On the canvas were the letters U. S. A. Two young soldiers on the driver's seat made room for me, mistaking me for a national guardsman returning to camp. They were regulars from the 10th Field Artillery, at Camp Lewis, about twenty miles south of Tacoma. In return for this information I told them that I had been in the service at summer camps back East, and was now heading for California.

The concrete of the Pacific Highway extended mile after mile through second-growth timber. Most of the land was unfenced, and the trees stood about in beautiful park-like clusters. Puget Sound was near enough so that we could catch occasional glimpses of its island-dotted waters, with the snow-capped Olympic Mountains on the farther side. To the east were the jagged white ridges of the Cascades. The cone of lofty Mount Rainier stood out boldly above the lower summits. I tried to trace on it the contours that marked Paradise Valley.

During the war Camp Lewis had been one of the most important of the army encampments. Now it was half torn down. Row after row of brown frame barracks and supply depots stretched across a sandy flat. Roofs were caved in; windows were broken; torn screen doors sagged on rusty hinges. A small section of the camp was in good order. That was where the regulars and the national guards stayed.

The soldiers had a mess table to stick their legs under, but I was not so fortunate. It would be necessary for me to slaughter a few buffalo nickels before I could eat. Two men were repairing a side track on a railroad that paralleled the highway. Crossing to them, I inquired for the nearest roadside store or lunchroom.

'Nisqually is about two miles on down the road,' said one of the section men. 'Or you might go back about a quarter of a mile to Green Park. Then there is Dupont a little ways down this side road. You can see the houses from here.'

Nisqually was on the road to California. This was the third attempt I had made to reach the land so much advertised; twice I had failed. No voice whispered in my ear that my immediate future would depend on my choice of a place to buy 'hot dogs.' Through the fir trees I could see a few of the houses of Dupont. Why was it so far off the main road?

The isolation of the settlement drew me toward it. A number of small bungalow houses all of the same general type lined the main street and two side streets. They were neat, but lacked the pretty individualisms that grace private homes. A few houses were larger than the others. These were set a little apart, with well-tended lawns and flower beds.

An attractive general store stood on a corner lot near the upper end of the village. I entered it, hunted up the bakery counter, and ordered something to eat. A young clerk wrapped up cinnamon rolls and a length of sausage for me.

'You are a new man, are n't you?' observed the clerk. 'Are you going on the powder line?'

'I'm new enough to this place,' I answered. 'I just came off the Pacific Highway. What powder line are you talking about?'

'Oh, I thought you were working for the company,' he said. 'The Dupont Company makes dynamite here. They have a plant near the Sound, and this is a company village. One of their mixing houses burned down this morning. They are putting on new men to clear up the wreckage and rebuild the house, and I thought you might be one of them.'

All that 'listened good' to me. A week's work, plus a week's pay, minus a week's board bill, would suit me. When further questioning brought out information that the company ran a hotel for bachelors, I set off down the street looking for an employment office, which I found on the first floor of the hotel. It was closed. The landlady told me that the manager was in Tacoma taking care of men injured in the morning's fire.

'If it is work you want, better stick around until to-morrow morning,' she said. 'You are sure to get a job. Several men have quit; some always do after every accident on the powder line. Men will be needed on the labor gang to take the place of those who move up to make powder. The manager will be here again about eight to-morrow morning.'

Four-thirty was quitting time at the plant. By five o'clock the street was full of autos. Later, I found that there were more autos than families in the village. Wages were high, and the people had decided to live while they remained alive. Men streamed into the hotel, passed their lunch kits to the chef, and washed up for supper. The plant was too far away for the men to return for dinner, and all carried lunches.

About forty unmarried men lived at the hotel. I noticed they were older than the run of migratory workers; the average age was about thirty-five. Most of the men were former hoboes, soldiers, or lumberjacks about ready to settle down. Powder making is no work for a man anxious to have a secure job. Any day it is apt to move away from him; quite often with him. Most of the men took their continued existence as a matter of course. They married local girls, and rented a house from the company. Some bought houses just outside the company's territory.

The supper I sat down to that night was the best I ever ate in a company hotel or camp. It surpassed most hotel cooking. The cook had been a chef on ocean liners. Now past middle age, he was willing to settle down near his family, who lived in Tacoma. The stability of labor among the unmarried men at Dupont was due in no small measure to the table he set. I had intended to stay only a week, but many months passed before I left.

II

Next morning I met the employment manager. Six other migratory workers and I were examined superficially by the company doctor and pronounced serviceable. We signed a number of papers. One was an acknowledgment that we knew the work was dangerous to life and limb; another gave company officials the right to search us and our belongings at any time for matches or other material dangerous to powder manufacturing.

The manager made no bones about the nature of the work. Two men had been burned the day before, one so badly he would die. As maintenance men we should be in little danger. We were not to carry matches or lighters into the grounds, but we could use our ordinary work clothes and shoes.

As it was late, he took us up to the plant in his car.

We rode for a mile or so through a beautiful forest of second-growth timber. The road emerged into a fire clearing, down the centre of which extended a high woven-wire fence topped with several barbed wires. The fencing stretched to the right and left out of sight. All the plant was protected by it. It was more a warning of danger than a barrier against trespassers.

A closed gate that guarded the entrance was operated by a gatekeeper from inside a house. Along the road outside the gate were boxes on posts, containing matches for the convenience of smokers leaving the plant at quitting time. While at work, most of the men chewed 'snoose' (snuff).

The grounds owned by the Dupont Company comprised several thousand acres. Most of it was second-growth woodland that lay between the Pacific Highway and Puget Sound. Ships owned by the company brought nitrate direct from Chile to the plant dock. As we drove farther into the grounds I could see little houses scattered about in the woods. Those housing dynamite powder, or machinery for manufacturing it, were protected by thick earthen embankments, called 'bear cages.' At the bottom these were more than a dozen feet thick. The tops were three feet wide, and as high as the second-story roofs. The bear cages were pierced by several exits.

For safety's sake the manufacturing process was greatly subdivided, each operation being carried on in separate houses by as few men as possible. The houses were spaced at intervals of more than a city block, and the powder in process of manufacture was carted from house to house on a narrow-gauge railroad. All the bulk powder was handled by man power. The small cars were pushed by men.

Manufactured goods, raw material, and supplies were moved by electric locomotives. A central heating plant distributed steam, water, electricity, and compressed air to all the buildings. The maintenance force comprised section men, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, and many skilled mechanics, in addition to the labor gang.

My first job was to assist in clearing up the wreckage from the previous day's fire. The house had been consumed. Wherever the bear cage's retaining wall of plank had been partially destroyed, the earth had caved in, burying the timbers. Some which we dug out were still smouldering. The lumber was thrown in the centre of the clearing and burned. The scrap iron that remained from the burned building, and the machinery, were piled alongside the railway for later removal.

The bear-cage walls were leveled to make room for the new retaining walls of concrete.

Andy Christenson and his partner had been working together in the mixing house when it caught fire. Andy was a short, chunky Swede with a laughing quip for everybody. Nothing melancholy about him. I have forgotten the last name of his partner. It is on a tombstone now. Andy's is n't, but it deserves to be put where all may honor it.

Andy and John were alone in the house. They were engaged in mixing unused war powder into a composition for farm blasting purposes. They took dry, ground powder, filler, and liquid nitroglycerine and dumped them together in a circular trough. In the centre of this was a post supporting a pivoted cross beam like the front axle of a car. On either end of the beam was a huge wheel, which looked like an overgrown auto wheel. These wheels circled round and round in the trough, mixing the ingredients for the

dynamite. Power was supplied by an electric motor placed outside the house for safety.

Tiny wheelbarrows stood about to receive the mixed powder. Two doors and two safety windows — French windows that open on impact — gave egress from the building to the space between the house and the bear cage. The bear cage was pierced by two openings for the trolley that brought the filler and by one for the narrow-gauge railway.

It is seldom that the cause of an explosion or fire can be found definitely. When the 'big noise' happens, everything goes, including men and evidence. A fire is usually as bad. Place a man in a room where everything is dusty with dry powder, including the air; add several hundred pounds of loose powder and a tankful of N. G. (nitroglycerine), introduce a spark anywhere, and a fire hotter than any burning oil well is the instantaneous result.

Andy lived to tell the tale of that fire. He and his partner had a batch in the trough with the mixing wheels revolving round and round in it. The wheels were pressing the powder down and then scraping it away from the sides of the trough. The men were joking. John was standing across the trough from Andy and near the wheelbarrows. Between them were the wheels, stirring up the powder. It was fascinating to watch them circle smoothly round and round. Andy was watching them that day — that is why he lived to tell the story.

A wheel circled past Andy in its endless track. He saw the smooth rim dip down into the trough, and rise from the powder. Then — a glow of fire on the rim as it rose. Some foreign substance had got into the powder and caused friction under the wheel. The spark multiplied on the rim and rained back into the powder-filled trough.

Andy yelled at his partner, whirled, and jumped through a safety window. Before he could rise to his feet everything inside the bear cage was flame-swept. Then he was running through a tunnel in the bear cage with his clothes burning off him.

While clearing up the wreckage the next day, I found the imprint of a man's shoe charred lightly into a tie a little distance from the mixing house. The footprint pointed back toward the mixing house. The men working with me crowded about; they looked at the footprint and then at the smouldering ruins. On the cinders beside the footprint was a bit of charred blue work shirt.

Yesterday Andy — young, cheerful, Scandinavian Andy — had stood momentarily on that tie with his shoes burning off his feet, with his clothes falling in charred fragments from his body. He had paused there in his flight to stand facing the fire. Loads of loose powder just mixed with N. G. were burning; the bear cage was a raging volcano spouting flames hundreds of feet into the air. Somewhere between the bear cage and the fiercely burning house was Andy's partner. He had stumbled over the wheelbarrows and fallen twice before he could get out of the mixing house. He was staggering about in that hell, blinded, beating against the earthen embankments, unable to find the opening that led to life. Andy heard him calling.

The other powder men running toward the fire from their houses saw the stocky youngster rub his hand across his face as though to clear his eyes. His hair and eyebrows were burned off; his body was blackened, and great burns lay under the black. He had just escaped by an infinitely narrow margin from a blaze that was literally melting everything it touched. Yet his partner had not escaped. He

was still in it and calling for Andy. In answer to that call Andy ran again into the terrific flames.

Then two smoking objects staggered out from the opening. The first was John, stumbling, falling, but ever shoved onward. Behind him came Andy, tearing off his friend's burning clothes with one hand and what remained of his own with the other.

The fire sirens were sending out warnings all over the plant. Men rushed out from their houses, lest theirs should be the next to go. Meanwhile capable hands were beating out the fire in the burning clothes. John was unconscious from the pain. Forgetful of his own injuries, Andy kept begging those aiding him to devote themselves to his friend. First aid was applied. Soon a swift motor car took the injured men to Tacoma, where doctors waited.

Months later Andy returned to the plant. We worked together shortly before I left Dupont. His face was uninjured, but inch after inch of his body had been skin-grafted. John did not return. He had remained in the flames too long for mortal flesh to survive. The day following the fire, death ended his suffering.

The Dupont Company was not forgetful of Andy's heroism. He was given five shares of Dupont common stock, and all his expenses at the hospital were paid. He also got his job back. He took it, and is still working there. He has joined the married men and has a home of his own. Perhaps he bosses it. He was a very brave man.

III

During the first week at Dupont, I worked at odd jobs about the plant. As soon as the wreckage was cleared up I was put on the concrete gang rebuilding a nitrate house. Some of the time I spent at the docks loading supplies on the dinky cars. The mountain trip had put me in good trim and I enjoyed the rough work. I had been given a good room at the hotel; grub was the best ever. I began to think about staying on at the plant for a month. A good road stake would be useful in California during the winter months.

But the pay on the labor gang was only four dollars a day. I knew that the men working on the powder lines got much more. Their work was lighter and their hours were shorter. The thought of danger did not bother me. If I lived, I should have the money for California. If I went up with the 'big noise,' I should need no money. I asked the civil engineer in charge of our gang to put my name on the waiting list for powder work. Before the week was over I was transferred to the powder-drying line.

A special outfit is provided for powder workers. Before I was allowed on the line the foreman took me to the supply house. The storekeeper passed out a pair of leather shoes. The heels were wooden-pegged, the soles were sewed on, and the laces nearly made me throw up my job. They were untipped, and what things I said while trying to get them through the small eyelets in the shoes!

The overalls and jumper were sans pockets. All metal was taboo. I was allowed to keep my work shirt, underwear, and socks, but the pockets were slit so that no friction-producing material could lodge in them. Metal belt buckles were ruled out. The powder men were provided with small change houses where they could shift from home clothes to powder clothes. These contained showers and wash basins, and we also used them for lunchrooms.

After the World War, much of the unused ammunition was shipped back

to the powder plants for transformation into peaceful forms. Most of it consisted of charges for the big guns. These charges were in the shape of short, rounded sticks about as big as a finger. They were dumped into a hopper, where knives cut them up. To neutralize fire hazards, a continuous stream of water flowed over the powder which was being reground. After the powder was ground fine the water was removed in centrifugal wringers. The damp powder was loaded on a car and pushed to the screening house. After screening, the powder was again loaded on trucks holding about a quarter of a ton. Three of these trucks were rolled on a car and pushed down the narrow-gauge railway to the drying houses.

My new job was with the gang that loaded the drying houses with wet powder and emptied them again when the powder was dry. Four drying houses overlooked the Sound. We could stand on the platforms of our houses and watch the steamers ploughing down to Olympia. The Nisqually River flowed into the Sound below us; its flats were covered with thousands of geese and ducks during the fall and spring. Far across the waters we could see the beautiful Olympic Mountains.

Each drying house had one main room, with four doors opening on a covered platform that lay between the house and the bear cage. Our only light in the house came from covered electric globes on the platform. The floor, like those in all powder houses, was covered with battleship linoleum. Nails were of soft copper. At the back of the house was a separate room containing an electric fan that forced air over steam pipes and on through the house. When we had a house charged with wet powder, we turned on the heated air. The powder would dry usually in a day, or a day and a half. Then we would shut off the heat, and sift the dry powder into fibre drums, which were weighed up and sent to the mixing house via the railway.

To charge a house, a truckful of powder would be wheeled inside. One man would take his place before it with a wooden scoop. His job was to spread evenly a scoopful of wet powder on a cloth-bottomed tray. His partner supplied him with empty trays and stacked the filled ones, which were placed on top of each other as high as one could reach. When charged, a house contained many tons of powder. There was little danger in charging a house, but when the powder was dry we watched our step.

The dry powder was like dust. We rubbed it through a screen to break up any lumps. Boy, how dusty the house became! We were lucky if we could see the sieve we were using. The air was choking. Our skins and clothing were coated with layers of the powder. We carefully avoided any friction, for the powder lay everywhere. No tray could be slid along another; drums were rolled carefully; we were even supposed to lift our feet when we walked.

Dusty powder was bad, but ground cordite was worse. Cordite is used on battleships. It looks like long strings of macaroni, with a hole in the centre to aid the firing blast. None of the men on the drying line had made any cordite during the war. We were puzzled at first to discover how such a long hole was rammed down the cordite. But an old-timer told us that the hole had always been there — they had merely built the cordite around it.

Neither powder nor nitroglycerine ever gave me a headache, but what a 'hangover' cordite left! The fumes from it were terrible. When a houseful of it was drying out, a dense yellow mist rolled up from the ventilators. It was so slow drying that we rushed its preparation. Often before the fumes

were all cleared out of the house we would start sifting it into the drums. Before one had been in the room a minute, pains began to stiffen the cords of the neck. The inside of one's head was a solid ball of suffering. After a while a numbness eased the pain. I never did get used to the stuff.

Our gang was charging a house one morning about a month after I went on the powder line. The trucker was slow, and many drums of dry powder were on the platform awaiting him. I was stacking trays. Between me and the door were loaded trucks of wet powder. Suddenly, as I faced the doorway, I felt a rush of air strike the back of my neck. It was the first blast of an explosion. I knew instantly what it meant. The only thought I had was, 'Here goes!' The next instant a heavy, dull boom rocked the building under us, and tore off a section of the roofing.

We remained alive. Since we were still there, the explosion must have been elsewhere. We had been struck only by the air sucked out by the vacuum following the blast. I seemed perfectly cool; I can't remember running, and I never could tell whether I went under or over the trucks. I could not have gone around them. The man filling my trays was between me and the door, yet as I stood on the platform watching a cloud of smoke and dust billow slowly above the near-by trees he came out from behind me and stood by my side. Not one of the men could afterward give a logical explanation of his exit from the house. We walked away from the building, for a brand from the explosion might start a fire in our house.

The direction of the smoke indicated that one of the Hall machines, for punching loose powder into dynamite casings, had gone up. We walked quickly up the track toward the scene of the explosion, which was about three city blocks from our line. Sticks and bits of dirt were falling around us from the drifting cloud of burnt powder, and we stopped about a block away. Fire was finishing the job. Our clothes were coated with dry powder and we did not dare go nearer. The bear cage had been leveled with the ground. A hole filled with burning rubbish was all that remained of the house.

That 'big noise' took only two lives. Big Albert Barnikan, the operator, had been with the company for fourteen years. He was unmarried, and the sole support of his mother. His helper, Stewart McDonald, had a wife and five children. McDonald's wife has since died and his children are at St. Anne's Home in Tacoma, under the joint care of the State and the Dupont Company. Three of his brothers have continued to work in the plant.

Several tons of powder had gone off in the Hall machine building, and considerable damage had been done throughout the plant. Windows were broken, doors and roofs torn off. Metal parts of the Hall machine were hurled half a mile away, some of them falling through surrounding buildings as though the roofs and upper floors were paper. Damage was reported as far away as South Tacoma, and the force of the blast traveled up a valley along the Sound. Other places near by were saved by intervening hills or forests.

Our first care was to collect what we could of the bodies of our friends. We took two small powder boxes. As far as we could identify the pieces, we put each man's remnants by themselves; the rest we divided equally between the two boxes. Naturally we obtained very little. What had not become pink mist was scattered for hundreds of yards. Enough was obtained so that each family could hold a funeral.

Accidents in powder factories may happen at any time, to anyone, but the

mortality over a period of years is small. It is much lower than in lumbering or construction work. Private companies offered insurance to the powder workers at normal rates. Hours were short, pay was good, the living expenses were at a minimum. The company rented bungalows as low as fifteen dollars a month, and stove wood was free for the cutting. Many of the men had gardens.

The employees maintained and governed a club, which any employee could join, though none was compelled to do so. The clubhouse comprised bowling alleys, billiard tables, a barber shop, library, and dance hall, and the families of the men used its conveniences as freely as their menfolks. The Dupont bowling teams competed with those in Tacoma.

A state graded school was provided for the children; those in high school were taken to Tacoma by a school bus. Village government was provided, according to state law, by all properly qualified voters. A motor drive to Tacoma could be made in less than an hour, and many of the residents attended the shows and entertainments there. Others went to Green Park, Olympia, or the skating rink. Mount Rainier could be visited any Sunday or holiday. Chowder, fishing, and hunting parties were commonly held along Puget Sound, which was within two miles of the village.

IV

With only one Hall machine left to make dynamite, the dry powder accumulated faster than it could be used. Blackie, an ex-sailor, and I were taken off the powder-drying gang and put on the dynamite line. Blackie was an old hand there, but it was all new and interesting to me. The Hall machine consisted of a number of wooden plungers that tamped loose powder into empty shells held by a drum and automatically fed into the back of the machine from light crates. A partial revolution of the drum placed a row of shells under the plungers, another movement, after they were filled, emptied them out into a tray. Powder was brought to the machine in little wheelbarrows similar to those John had stumbled over when the mixing house had burned. It was dumped on a conveyor that fed it to the plungers.

Sometimes we made giant cartridges for mining purposes, weighing several pounds. The Hall machine could not make them. They were filled by hand; the tops were folded over and then pounded into shape with a wooden mallet. All the powder dynamite was coated with paraffin. This was done in a building some blocks away, equipped with a big vat heated by steam pipes. The dynamite sticks were dumped from the truck into a wire-bottomed tray, which was lowered into the hot wax. After they were dipped and dried, they were packed in boxes for shipment.

One of the dipping houses had caught fire before I came to Dupont. All the sticks are supposed to be cleared out of the hot wax as soon as they are dipped and coated. Through carelessness several sticks fell unnoticed to the bottom of the vat, and remained there overnight. The men prepared for work as usual the next morning. Two loaded trucks were wheeled near the vat, and the steam was turned on to melt the paraffin. As the men moved about in the house while the wax became fluid, a slight explosion threw hot wax about the room. One of the half sticks had exploded at the bottom of the tank, but the force was too weak to set off the other sticks. Burning bits of paper lay like wicks on the hot wax.

The men ran into the open. No further explosion followed the first, but through the window one of the men,

Oscar Peterson, who afterward became drying boss, could see the burning vat with several hundred pounds of dynamite beside it. In disregard of orders he walked back into the house, shoved the trucks away from the blaze, then uncoiled a fire hose and put the fire out.

Another kind of dynamite was gelatine dynamite. No war powder was used in making this. It was made from nitroglycerine and gun cotton, mixed to a jelly in a machine that looked like a giant ice-cream freezer, and delivered warm to punching houses in the 'jelly' line. A machine functioning like a sausage stuffer punched shells full of it.

Blackie was told off to run one of the punching machines, and I was sent along as helper. This work was the best I had in the plant. The house was clean, which was wonderful after the dusty drying line and the Hall machine. Many of the men had headaches from the nitroglycerine, but it never bothered me even when I handled the most powerful mixtures. I remained on the jelly line as long as I stayed at the plant.

The process of making gelatine dynamite is the most risky in the plant, for the nitroglycerine used makes any concussion dangerous. If the jelly became cold, we had to send it back to be remixed, as it became stiff when chilled. If too much force was used in the machine to punch the stiff jelly, there was great danger of an explosion.

No one at Dupont could punch powder like Hunky John, who had been at it for seventeen years. He would stand near his machine on short, fat legs, his powerful hands grasping the shuttles. 'Now we hunky like hell,' he would tell Si Tippen, his helper. Then the shuttles would whirl swifter and swifter. He never seemed to hurry, but how the filled casings did pile up on the table!

One other friend I made on the jelly line — John Jecklin, a naturalized Switzer. In the gangs of migratory workers one finds men of every degree of schooling and previous social standing. Jecklin had been educated in famous German universities previous to the World War. He could read, write, and speak German, French, English, and Italian; he read ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. His knowledge of literature was profound. One of his happiest days was when he received permission to use the piano in the clubhouse; after work he would play Bach and Wagner by the hour.

During the World War, when all nations threatened Switzerland, he was mobilized into the Swiss service. After the Armistice he found books stale, and he came to America. Like many others he found a temporary resting place at Dupont.

While on the jelly line I spent some time in the jelly packing house. It was considered as safe a place to work in as any powder house can be, but we had a grim reminder of what our fate might be every time we went to work. Many tall trees grow about the plant, and one was near the packing house. A man from our gang stopped us by this tree one day and pointed to a white object hanging from an upper branch. It was in two sections, one thick, the other long and slender. They were joined together, and hung from either side of the branch.

'I have looked at that thing for the past month, but cannot tell what it is,' he said. 'Can any of you make it out?'

We walked about the tree, looking at the object from all angles. Finally one of the men discovered what it was. 'It is a thigh bone and part of a rib,' he said. 'Must be from either Big Albert or McDonald — probably Big Albert. It has hung there ever since the explosion last fall. Several years ago, when

we cut down trees near an old explosion, we found parts of skeletons in them.'

Men at the plant were carefully chosen. On their actions depended the lives of many others. Several were fired while I was there for breaking safety rules, and none of the other men objected; indeed, they sometimes forced the removal of a careless worker. One man was paid off because he could not remember to throw switches properly while trucking.

'A good thing he has gone,' said one old-timer. 'The boss did not care to see a repetition of what happened several years ago when we had to take any man we could get. A dippy guy was pushing powder up from the drying line to a mixing house. He tipped over two trucks of powder, which had to be burned. The foreman warned him that the next one to go over meant his discharge. Two days later the mixing house blew up, and the half-wit beat it. We found out later that he had tipped over a load of loose powder that day. He had scraped it back into the drums and had taken it to the mixing house so the boss would not know of his accident. Some gravel must have gotten in the powder and caused friction under the big wheels, just as it did with Andy.'

An explosion of the nitroglycerine house would have been the worst that could possibly have happened, for a pailful of nitroglycerine would completely wreck the national capitol. After nitroglycerine is made, it is piped to a storage house containing tanks that hold hundreds of gallons. Several very smooth sidewalks extend from there to the mixing houses, and a cart similar to those used by gasoline filling stations to hold lubricating oil is pushed along this way. It holds several gallons. The men call it the 'Angel Buggy' and the pusher 'Little Eva,' for the cart would surely take him to the angels if it ever got jarred.

One of the nitroglycerine storage houses nearly went up several years ago. The underbrush is carefully cleared out throughout the plant every year by the labor gang. Then it is burned, so that no fire can creep up to a house. That day the fire got out of control, through one of those acts of carelessness that cause most accidents. The N. G. foreman came running when the siren sent out its warning that the building was burning. He dragged a fire hose to the top of the bear cage and stood there with tons of one of the most powerful explosives in the world below him in the burning building. When he left, the fire was out.

V

Fall had gone, winter was past. Many men were leaving the plant for the Alaskan fisheries, and my feet itched to be again on the road. I would either finish my journey to California or take a look at Asia. I gave two weeks' notice, and instantly a howl arose from those working with me, because I intended to stay on two weeks after deciding to quit.

'You keep out of my house,' announced one big Swede. 'I would n't work with you from now on for any wages. Three boys were planning to go to Alaska several years ago, and they did not quit right off. They were going to have a big feed the night they quit. Two of them left the plant early that last afternoon — but they took a house along with them. No, sir; you keep as far from me as you can.'

I did not leave, however, until my two weeks were up, and no house accompanied me as I left the Dupont Powder Company's plant, satisfied as to why Dupont was remote from the highway.

'WE HAVE READ WITH INTEREST'

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

So much attention has been paid to the extraordinary development of the radio, motion-picture, and automobile industries that we have been inclined to overlook another form of production, singularly American, which in ten years' time has broken all existing records. If you drop in at a bootblack's the chances are that you will have your shoes shined in front of a high rack lurid with the covers of a hundred magazines. If you stop at the corner drug store you will probably find magazines occupying as much space as candy or cosmetics. If you go to the Greek's for some fruit you will see him reach into his window over a display stand of periodicals. And if you live in an apartment you will know what a frequent problem it is to get rid of the old numbers. Mr. Charles Walker, an associate editor of the *Bookman*, has computed that the aggregate number of copies of all magazines distributed each month in America is 275,000,000, or something over two copies a person. But, unlike other items of mass production, the magazine is still very much an individual creation: no two issues are alike, the parts are assembled from all over the country, and most of them are homemade.

Since graduation from college I have worked steadily with manuscripts. The magazine which I help to edit receives in the course of a year about forty thousand contributions, and to dispose of each within the customary fortnight my associates and I have to read an average of sixty a day. Each morning after the recording angel has done her work the bundles of fresh mail are brought up to our operating table — prose in one group, poems in another, manuscripts requiring a quick decision in a third. On the table stand three tin bread boxes into which the envelopes are stowed in the order of their coming. Then we settle down to read.

Forty thousand manuscripts from which to choose the three hundred and sixty which compose our twelve issues. This leaves 39,640 contributions to be returned to their authors. Despite a courteous rejection slip, the figure represents a fairly large sum of disappointment. Even more significant is the amount of ambitious and unprofessional writing which it represents. There are several hundred magazines of national circulation in the United States, and if each of them receives the same proportion of unavailable manuscripts as we it does not take a statistician to tell us that a great many people — 'doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs' — are writing in the time they can spare from their day's work. This is borne out by the fact that the bulk of the manuscripts comes to us in the summer months when vacations give everyone the chance to play author.

To judge sixty manuscripts a day requires about equal parts of curiosity, enthusiasm, and decision. By curiosity I mean a kind of hungry interest in the

written word, and by enthusiasm I mean that which sends you from one manila envelope to another with the perpetual hope of finding a leading article, and holds you fast to a discouraging paper till you are sure there is not a redeeming feature in it. Such curiosity is only human: it waxes, is keen and more critical, in the morning (an appropriate occasion for stout essays); is more kindly disposed after lunch (the right time for stories); and by mid-afternoon is waning and so the more receptive to the gentler charms of verse. As for one's decisions, — which are written on the envelopes themselves, — they have to be made for the most part with little hesitation. Making up one's mind every five or ten minutes can be a fatiguing business.

A reader's position is somewhat analogous to that of a doctor. Each writer has something on his or her mind, and as I read their temperature and feel their pulse I can tell fairly well whether the cases are important or only illusory. The former are discussed with the other readers and the editor; the latter are gently dismissed, and only the more puzzling remain to trouble one's sleep.

Looking back on several years of such practice, I find that my chair — with its padded seat — has been one of liberal education. The first-rate manuscripts have taught me much, the very bad a little, but the most interesting observations have been afforded by the papers which we have had to reject, the vast majority of which will probably never find their way into print. They express the contemporary state of mind in a way which I shall do my best to illustrate. And because my relation with these many writers has been of almost medical intimacy I shall take care to quote from no specific contribution, but instead shall make up my own typical illustrations.

II

Essays, short stories, poems — each in its way reflects the thought of the times, and of the three the essay's is the most direct reflection. Now the formal essay, with its nice phrasing and apt quotations, has been considerably altered to suit the present taste. Often for the better, as one will see in comparing Lowell's famous essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners' with Agnes Repplier's 'On a Certain Condescension in Americans.' We take less time and verbiage to say what we mean to-day, and with our most skillful writers the economy is achieved without dulling the edge of their words. But for every precise and hard-hitting essayist now alive there are a dozen pugnacious and careless 'article writers' who will undertake a crusade against any grievance or attempt to tip over any monument that an editor may suggest. Where the essay is formal and objective, the article is personal and full of objection. Articles make for controversy, which, in turn, makes many a magazine's reputation. And articles — particularly the more 'outspoken,' the more 'natural' — are easy to imitate. Both mediums to-day are stamped with the skepticism that prevails in most of our thinking, but instead of philosophizing on the beauties of autumnal woods, — or Browning, — as of old, your contemporary writer prefers to take a crack at Democracy, Higher Education, or Marriage.

The subjects naturally follow the trend of events. Revolution in China will bring us a hundred articles dealing quizzically with the Missions, the Treaties, or the Yellow Menace; long-distance flights are the occasion for several pounds of manuscripts on Aviation, just as every June graduation seems to bring into focus the problems of the Younger Generation. Year in,

year out, the subjects which weigh most heavily upon the public conscience are Prohibition and the conflict between Evolution and Fundamentalism. Every aspect of Prohibition is attacked and defended: identical statistics supply either side with the conclusion it desires; even the Bible is seemingly a two-edged sword. With Evolution there is less open hostility, the majority of the writers still striving to reconcile the two positions. The scientists, however, are very zealous to protect their research against gentlemen of Tennessee, and the Bryanites are equally determined to legislate 'this monkey business' out of the country. These keep up a steady sniping at each other the year round.

The critics of Fundamentalism have a habit of alluding to 'the waning power of the Church' — a charge which is fiercely debated in many quarters. A subject closely allied to this is the poverty of the clergy, a complaint in which not a few ministers and their wives raise anxious voices. Should the protest be aired, — as surely it deserves to be, — professors, schoolteachers, and their wives set to talking about *their* plight, and then young housewives chime in, decrying the 'high cost of babies,' and young college graduates denounce their low salaries. . . .

For it is fashionable to speak out. In times past the privilege may have been reserved for those who had climbed the Himalayas, made a million, or tutored the Prince of Siam. But to-day it needs but the simplest excuse for a writer to set off on a painstaking confession in which nothing is spared. The result is often highly interesting to the unacquainted reader, who may never have had a séance with the spirit of Washington, or have suffered the throes of bankruptcy or divorce. The subject matters little so long as the 'personal reactions' are frank and 'revealing.' Curiously enough, the revelation is consistently one of failure. An oppressive number of people seem to think that their inability to cope with a given situation entitles them to speak with the voice of authority. 'I am submitting at the usual rates,' writes the contributor, 'an article entitled "Why I Am a Nobody."' If one may judge from the confession magazines, nothing succeeds like failure.

Next to finding fault with one's self is the joy of finding faults in others. Nowhere is this more plainly to be seen than in current biography. Armed with a popular smattering of psychology and with a kind of tolerant cynicism, we write about our betters in a way to make them worse. In so doing — whether in book length or in a magazine profile — we pay an indirect compliment to our own sagacity, very flattering to the ego. To his delicious book about six fantastic men Max Beerbohm gave the title *Seven Men*. Most biography writers, I notice, include themselves very prominently in the picture — though they are seldom so disarmingly frank as to say so.

It is, of course, no longer necessary to wait until a man is in the ground before invading his private life. The public's craving for personalities has been so pandered to that it has become, as Norman Douglas says, 'cannibalistic.' 'Men cannot live, it seems,' says he, 'save by feeding on their neighbors' lifeblood.' And notoriety makes anyone fair prey, whether he is a Judd Gray under penalty of death, a Gene Tunney trying patiently to get married, or the Prince of Wales on a horse. Presidential candidates have always been good targets, though this year there is no doubt that Al Smith drew most of the fire. To read the broadsides directed against him is

enough to make one believe that 'all men are created equal except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' But there are others who are constantly being hounded. Mussolini, pictured as a lion stalking Democracy, is a special antipathy of American critics. Borah is pursued for his fearlessness; Fall is the country's scapegoat; and more anathemas are fired at H. L. Mencken than at any other writer.

A lust for personalities, an aggressive skepticism, and a weakness for confession — these individually or in concert are the characteristics to be remarked in most of our essays that come in with enthusiasm and go back with regret.

III

Our essays are dominated by men. Two thirds of our stories, on the other hand, come from women. More plentiful than the essays and, speaking generally, of less originality (I am speaking of 'unavailable manuscripts'), they are fruits of leisure and evidence of the vast energy that is being more or less cultivated by literary advisers and teachers of composition. For it seems that writing is one of the first occupations to which emancipated women turn a hand.

Save for Christmas stories, — which have to be submitted by midsummer if they are to be in time for the December make-up, — the narratives have little relation to the seasons. It takes some extraordinary catastrophe — war, floods, or earthquake — to have any appreciable effect on the themes of fiction. Normally the subjects are multifarious and follow in their outline any one of the standard plots, whose custom-made situations are cut to fit the individual's taste. In many of them, however, one can detect the motive that has prodded the writer into action.

Thus, stories of the Southern mountains are written against illiteracy, stories of Indians or negroes against white aggression, animal stories against cruelty; stories of children protest the selfishness or ambition of parents, and stories of dissipation still persist in crying down Demon Rum. These, of course, are plainly labeled.

Less conscious in their aim are those stories — and they are legion! — which seek to glorify Art in any one of its delectable careers. In the pursuit of 'self-expression' (our modern fetish) the imagination invents an artistic Utopia which the Muses would be the first to deny. It is noticeable how few of these stories ever focus attention on the discouraging years of apprenticeship or on the pitiful decline of genius. Instead, the hero sings his solo, paints his masterpiece, or writes his best seller as though it were the result of divine visitation. Let me devise some examples.

A humble bond salesman writes poems in his evening hours, though they win him nothing but rejection slips. But in his dreams his lyrics acquire an amazing beauty. One midnight he wakens and captures the sonnet that has been running through his mind. It is accepted by the leading review, and in no time his night thoughts bring him recognition and the poet laureateship of North Dakota.

An Italian cobbler in Greenwich Village draws crude pictures on the backs of his hides when business is slack. All his savings go to train his little daughter, Rosa, who eventually grows up, wins a Prix, has a triumphant Paris exhibition — and neglects her penniless old papa, who dies with an art journal illustrating daughter's masterpiece clutched in his hand.

A young couple are living happily in a small apartment. The husband, a business man, has artistic aspirations.

On the plea of working late at the office, he repairs to the attic of a boarding house, where he struggles with plasticine and where he is occasionally visited by a dark woman who poses for him. The neighbors talk scandal; his wife hears of it and, morbid with jealousy, does away with herself. Not till then does genius infuse his modeling, which soon becomes the talk of the town.

Art is miraculous, selfish, cruel — but most of all miraculous. Many such stories, I have no doubt, represent a longing to escape from prosaic surroundings, — a longing to pay off old bills, have a nurse for the children, and spend the day writing more such stories, — but, sad to say, they are the least credible of any that we have to read.

Another longing for escape — for which one has real sympathy! — is to be found in those narratives that transform a nervous city failure into a successful farmer. That the 'back to the land' movement in literature is cherished by disgruntled townsfolk may plainly be seen from the 'purple patches' which smack of late reading rather than of early ploughing. Oaks, elms, and ivy are always 'immemorial' (Tennyson should have taken out a patent), water always 'plashes,' and sunsets happen like this: 'Came twilight. With its last rays the sun brushed with loving fingers the hillside and the immemorial elms, flung rosy gleams across the lush valley, and shyly, caressingly whispered over the lily ponds.' There is a kind of land hunger that assails the city dweller after a Sunday's outing. And in the resulting fiction there is likely to be a conflict (typical of the writer's own indecision) between the husband who wants his rosebushes and bungalow and the wife who pines for Broadway — and that's where the story comes in.

I have to witness a good many domestic scenes. If I learn anything from them it is that the divorce rate among our heroes and heroines is not as high as in real life. Marital difficulties there are in excess. I have never known people to be so touchy, so quick to take offense. A husband's habit of biting his nails, a wife's incessant humming or her too-ready smile for the tutor — such irritants as these lead swiftly to the thought of desertion, to the writing of the traditional note to be found on the hall table. But absence soon makes the heart grow fonder, and at the eleventh hour — and on the next to the last page — there is reconciliation. Wild horses could n't keep the couple apart.

At first glance the younger generation appear to be more daring. But it seems to me that their flaunted independence is largely the prerogative of the young lady. Her freedom consists in ignoring the advice of her family and going straight after the man she wants. No more languishing for Man o' My Dreams. And in her courtship she makes as good use of her arts ('petting' is one of them) and is as careful in her code as was the persistent Pamela. Like divorce, free love is often contemplated, but seldom indulged in. I don't think there are as many unmarried mothers in print to-day as there were in Victoria's time.

It is curious to see how often the lovers are reconciled or erring youth saved from disaster by the timely aid of the supernatural. Ouija, telepathy, and television are held in popular respect and may be very helpful to a plot. In fact, these mysteries have come to take the place of the old-fashioned ghost stories. And in their associations they lead directly to the thought of death, a phenomenon that seems not so awesome as it did fifty years ago. Stories that take place in Heaven or

Hell have one trait in common — they are recounted with an air of flippancy. The deathbed serves a more practical purpose: it may be used as the setting for a lifelong reminiscence or as a judgment seat to settle old grudges, or it may be the occasion for one of those fantastic wills which can always be relied on for intrigue.

The hope of receiving something for nothing has never been more stimulated than to-day, what with oil springing up in one's back yard, Spanish galleons raised from the deep, and Wall Street making thirty-seven millionaires overnight. It suits our temper, our pride in prosperity, and explains why, in one form or another, El Dorado is the most popular theme of adventure. Perhaps it is a prevailing Puritanism that makes our writers bestow their paper fortunes only upon the deserving. There are no Falls in fiction.

Adventure and romance are coming slowly back into favor. It will be remembered how the war heated our imaginations with tales of atrocities, spies, and blood, and how, after the Armistice, the realists were called in to purge us. They have left behind them a skepticism which requires that a story be before all else 'convincing,' a qualification that has considerably reduced the number of battles, murders, and sudden deaths that would otherwise occur. We require our mystery stories and romances to be as credible in print as they are preposterous on the screen.

Before we leave the field of romance let me pay my respects to certain automatic devices which writers use to intrigue the reader. The first, which always appears early in the narrative, goes something like this: 'Had you told Oliver Underwood that three weeks from that very day and hour he would be lying stunned and blindfolded in the Lewisons' library he would have called you a fool, and poured himself another whiskey and soda.' Like the red light at the crossing, this announces danger ahead. Then, continuing to read, the incidents bear us swiftly forward, until almost before we know it the hero is actually in the path of danger. It is what we have been warned to look out for, and this is how it is averted: 'Oliver's eyes narrowed to thin slits. Then he sprang forward. To wrench the Persian dagger from the wall, to sever Elsie's bonds, to force the lock, and to gather the unconscious girl in his arms was but the work of an instant. With his precious burden he fled into the night.' Now, anyone — except Oliver — who has ever tried to cut a rope with a dull blade, to force a lock, or to pick up a lump of a woman, will know that neither singly nor in conjunction are these 'the work of an instant.' Perhaps that is one reason why these yarns are not very well received to-day.

In their place we have character stories. Bringing psychology within easy reach — or easy misunderstanding — has resulted in the increasing vogue of subjective writing. For a time it was fashionable to follow the realists. Villages, whether in 'decadent New England' or the monotony of the Middle West, supplied the setting, and old maids were a favorite subject. Everything about them was photographed in prose — their dwellings, their belongings, and their inhibitions. The story began with the old lady looking out of the window at the rain, and ended with the old lady looking out of the window at the rain. It was probably entitled 'Rain.' That was life.

But life was not as black as it was painted, and with the coming of Katherine Mansfield and the stream-of-consciousness school the characterization took on a more natural hue.

Here, as before, the mind is the principal arena of action. But, instead of being made to stare into the window as at freaks, the reader is induced to inhabit other minds and to see things as they see them. The head of the character is unscrewed, and then, as from Pandora's box, comes forth a swarm of thoughts, recollections, and fancies. Outward description, inward reflection, now spoken, now unspoken comments, merge in a single stream. Some writers dismiss all punctuation; others make the most elaborate use of it.

There is, to give one instance, the 'dot system.' A lady sits before her dressing table lazily polishing her nails the while her mind rehearses a secret love affair. Her husband is in the next room, shaving. And here is what we read: —

> And she . . . What color suited her? . . . Green, he had always said. Jade green, cool, fragile, untouchable. . . . Ah, but he had forgotten her fragility that night on the terrace. . . . And she . . . She had no longer been cool. . . . 'Did you speak, Tom? You cut yourself? Oh, I am sorry.' . . . But he, he would never cut himself. . . . So sure, so deft, so . . . Ah, well. . . .

A magic significance is imparted to these omissions. If this mystic system were carried to its logical conclusion we might in the future find ourselves purchasing a set of characters and an arrangement of dots, — a kind of crossword puzzle, — to be filled in according to taste.

But this time will never come, for the good reason that people read to be entertained and that, despite psychology, romance, and the best of motives, what they want is a story, however dressed, which they could not invent for themselves and which is not too remote from their experience.

IV

There is a saying that poets are born, not made. If to genius we can apply the law of averages, there would seem to be considerable truth in this bromide: certainly we know that far the larger number of major — and minor — poets have burst into song at an early age. The phenomenon, so far as I know, has never been explained, though in itself it does explain why we receive and have gently to return so many juvenile verses, sent to us by proud parents and teachers.

But, early or late, the urge to versify comes to nearly all of us, and — if I may judge from our mail sacks — is seldom suppressed. The writing of verse was never more democratic than it is to-day. It may be true, as some critics say, that the genus of poets is steadily decreasing, but there is very positive evidence that the race of versifiers is increasing as rapidly as Mr. Butler's pigs. The *New York Times* computed that, following Lindbergh's flight, it received ten thousand Lindbergh poems, and I have not the slightest doubt of it, for when they were returned they were all immediately readdressed to us. And they came from everywhere. A newspaper reporting Eugene Field's funeral declared that there were present at the ceremony 'ninety-two Chicago poets.' I do not know how many that city boasts to-day, though I suspect only one. But versifiers! For six months I kept a tabulation: in that time we received over seven thousand envelopes of verse, and as I read them I noted that they came from every state in the Union — though more numerously from New York and California — and could be divided almost equally between male and female contributors.

There is, however, a more striking division than that of gender. In no

other form of writing is the line so sharply drawn between the traditionalists and the freethinkers. By way of illustrating this cleavage I wish to quote from an essay by Humbert Wolfe, one of the younger English poets, which appeared in the *Monthly Criterion:* —

> We have all, I think, been a little afraid to acknowledge how much we like Sara Teasdale. We can't help feeling if this stuff — so simple, so straight, sometimes (apparently) so silly — is poetry, then what on earth is the heavy lumbering intellectual output, for which we are ourselves responsible. . . .
>
> For example, there is this poem: —
>
> Careless forever, beautiful proud sea,
> You laugh in happy thunder all alone,
> You fold upon yourself, you dance your dance
> Impartially in drift-weed, sand or stone.
> You make us believe that we can outlive death,
> You make us for an instant for your sake
> Burn, like stretched silver of a wave,
> Not breaking, but about to break.
>
> You cannot easily escape from that poem. There is exactly the breathless sense of a wave hanging, and held always in that exciting instant. And with the sense of the suspended water is an echo or a memory of the Greek lover on the urn. It is all very disorganizing, and all very like poetry. . . . Well, let me proceed to Mr. Vines, who does n't vex us in the same way.
>
> Mr. Vines writes with that deliberate inversion which we have grown to associate with Art. He has thought seriously, and not unbeautifully, of the general structure of life and action. He has then carefully disfigured all his thoughts, like a Cubist wiping out the likeness in a portrait. Here, for an example, is an extract to set against Miss Teasdale. Mr. Vines is dealing with the progress of the human soul, and he has reached the realm of the prince, and that prince, as a supreme act of sacrifice,
>
> . . . takes his flesh
> in strips of tincture fresh
> and hangs his gut on the moon's nether horn
> before the Gates of God
> hangs brain, and heart, and cod,
> and stands a skeleton barer than newborn.
>
> Now, here we are at home in our own world *of the obvious disguised as the incredible by being stated upside down.*[1] It is the universe where everything is given a new value by being expressed in terms of an old but different one. Beauty, if I may use that outworn symbol, is rescued by being presented as a skeleton, and the least attractive parts of the human anatomy are given a subtle aura, which, if it faintly recalls fish, is none the worse for that.
>
> Where, then, are we? Miss Teasdale provides the emotions proper to poetry, and is not a poet. Mr. Vines only provokes these emotions, when he puts his theories on one side — and he is a poet. . . . But for the most part it is so difficult to come by his meaning, his essential meaning, that the mind is puzzled rather than restored. . . .

Here, then, brightly contrasted, are the two opposing forces in contemporary verse: the traditionalists writing of the universe in the old conventional forms — sometimes at the risk of being too 'obvious'; and the freethinkers, each with a theory and intent on a world 'of the obvious disguised as the incredible by being stated upside down.' And in the wake of these forces swim no less eagerly the smaller fry. Some follow one leader, some another. Rupert Brooke, for instance, the last of the Tennysonians, has a great following. If emulation is any test, 'The Great Lover' is his most enduring poem, and from it are derived numberless rhymed catalogues of personal likes and dislikes.

Some swim after the admirable A. E. Housman, though they seem to be unable to reproduce the simple movement of his quatrains. Contemporary writers, like the reviewers, find great difficulty in being restrained. Certainly the ego has an easier time in free verse. This freedom and the recent enthusiasm for a 'native' American literature must account for the increasing influence of Whitman, Carl

[1] The italics are mine. — AUTHOR

Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and — among the daring few — of T. S. Eliot. And a simpler explanation of the vogue may be that it does look easy. I am inclined to think so when I unfold a page which has a family resemblance to Alice's version of the Mouse's tail — in effect something like this: —

THE ACCIDENT

Darkness. . . .
Chattering cold. . . .
The treacherous road
disappearing behind the curtain of fog.
The porch megaphones the sound of
voices, angry voices and a bitter laugh. . . .
' — when you can behave like a gentleman!'
And a slamming door.
The motor pours out its driver's wrath. . . .
Out of the fog, increasing cold,
come two beasts with yellow eyes.
The cars leap at each other's throats.
Crash! Agony! Pools on the wet road. . . .
Silence.
'DEATH TRAP ON NORTH MAIN STREET'

It is free, and it may be verse, but to many of us it seems more like what the Chinese student called 'goggerel.'

Not that it is necessary for a poet to work consciously from a model. Real poets, says Santayana, create their own idiom. This idiom is a thing of fashion, a fashion set by those ideas which are current at a particular time. The ideas which fashioned the Commonwealth were caught up by Milton and made epic in his idiom. So to-day the idea of evolution stirs popular imagination and awaits the coming of another Milton. Meantime we receive many a screed about the Cosmic Process. Much of the idiom, having already been formulated by the scientists, is anything but lyrical: 'Palæozoic,' 'crustacean,' and 'amœba,' and such phrases as might have been lifted from Mr. Wells's *Outline*, are not disposed to rhyme. Instead, the writer lays them out in strips of his own measurement, and we receive once a week, if not oftener, some such poem as this: —

COSMOS

out of the womb of Time
came forth the azoic globe
earth,
a spark in space.

up from its glowing mass
mountains reared, toppled and were drowned
in molten seas.
rocks upon rocks in crushing chaos.
torrents fell, steam blinded the sun
only to fall again in torrents.
infinitely the strata cooled,
the waters came to rest,
the fires within were banked,
tumult subsided.

in mud primeval, nursed by the tides,
the algæ grew and spawned . . .

and so on down to man.

Bringing creation down to earth has somewhat tempered our approach to divinity. 'Divine Dialogues' in which the writer quizzes his Creator and comes off only a little second best; 'Challenges' that begin

I squared my shoulders,
'God,' I said, 'I do not like your universe . . .'

poems in which rain may be referred to as 'God's Sprinkler' — these are of common enough occurrence to show that if we are long in the ego we are short not only in respect, but in a sense of the absurd.

A wise man has said that the reason our generation prides itself on its tolerance is that it holds so few things sacred. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in a comparison of the Victorian and our own attitude toward death. For the Victorians death was awesome: the poets contemplated it soberly and sometimes nobly. But it is worth remarking how few contemporary poems approach the theme, and how facetious are those few.

As for the 'sense of the absurd' — Whitman wanted it, and so does many an innovator to-day. So easy is it to lose perspective in one's devotion to a theory that those very poets who are

most intent upon freeing themselves from restraint — rhyme, predicates, and punctuation — are often the last to be aware of the ludicrous, if not positively funny, results they produce. They forget how rational are the eyes of most readers; they do not stop to consider the possibilities of such a line as

your lips fascinate me like a babbling brook —

however fervent the rest of the love poem may be. Nor is the weakness confined to the freethinkers. Among the traditionalists, to take a single instance, are a surprising number of women — someone has dubbed them 'The Samarkand School' — who voice the desire to wander off with 'Gypsy Lads' on 'Open Roads' all of which eventually lead to 'Samarkand' for the closing rhyme. They, too, are wanting in a 'sense of the absurd.'

Which brings us back again to the subject of idiom. Words, we know, have their ups and downs. For remote reasons a certain word will suddenly enjoy a débutante's popularity, for six months will be the talk of the town — and then fade away. Such, in recent years, has been the fate of 'realistic,' 'sensed,' 'complex,' 'gripping,' 'reaction,' 'intriguing' — one could name a dozen more. These were not newly coined — merely gilded for the occasion. (Few novelists can be said to have added one word to our language. Even Mr. Sinclair Lewis has added only two.) Novelists, reviewers, and writers of advertising simply thrust them into circulation, and the public rubs the shine off. Poets, in the same way, have their seasonal favorites. We are all familiar with flourishing Victorian phrases. Here is 'a little thing of mine own' containing some of the pet verbiage of contemporary versifiers — though not, I realize, in a favored metre: —

NOVEMBER IMPRESSION

The dawn is opalescent,
The air so cool and slow,
The moon, a fainting crescent,
Doth of our sorrow know.

The east is undulating
With rosy tongues of flame,
Tall trees are crepitating
As though in silent pain.

The brooks are plashing softly,
A cock the welkin rings,
But our Tess lies so stilly,
And no Keats sings.

It need not be Keats. Any bird will do.

V

I have endeavored to describe some of the homemade products that are pouring into our magazine offices, and the thought that has gone into their making. And what, as we say to-day, do they prove? They prove, in the first place, that *cacoethes scribendi*, the 'itch to write,' is becoming, as James Norman Hall says, 'a common malady.' They prove that there is a very genuine, aspiring, and democratic interest in 'self-expression.' They prove that neither in college nor in correspondence courses can one be taught to write better than grammatical English. They prove, despite all that George Gissing had to say, that a literary career is still conceived to be more glamorous than any other. And, finally, they prove that the counterattractions of the movies, the radio, the automobile, and golf have not lessened the hold of books (magazines are but tabloid books) upon the public.

ROUND THE HORN

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

A QUICK flurry of soft rain drove slantwise across the decks. The drops were large and scattered and made a pleasant pattering sound as they struck. In a minute the cloud from which they were falling had passed across the sun and was fleeing to leeward down a bright blue sky mottled with masses of gray and white. The drops that hung from the rigging and the spars, and from the eaves of the deck houses, glittered like gems in the rays of the westering sun. They trembled in the wind and ran together with the motion of the ship, or were shaken off by the vibration of her passage and fell with isolated small splashes here and there about the decks. The wind was westerly, a strong, steady breeze that filled the sails and heeled the ship gracefully to port, driving her swiftly to the south. An outflung curl of foam ran before her prow with a continuous mellow roar, as of light surf on a long sandy beach.

Davie Graham, the ordinary seaman in the port watch, came on deck at eight bells in the afternoon watch and went under the fo'c'sle head to get a broom from the bosun's locker. Swinging it over his shoulder, he went aft and mounted the poop ladder on the lee side, walked smartly past the cabin skylight, and crossed in front of the wheel to the weather side, where he started sweeping the deck. The captain and the mate were standing together near the forward taffrail talking about the weather, and Davie swept carefully all round them, finished the other side, and descended to the main deck, which he went over in something less than half an hour. From there he ran up the ladder to the fo'c'sle head, swept that small surface in a few minutes, then replaced the broom in the bosun's locker.

The day's work being finished, and having nothing to do now but wait for orders, he came from under the fo'c'sle head and leaned against the bulwark rail, gazing at the loom of land away on the starboard bow. They had told him that Staten Island lay over there, and the sight stirred him strangely, as the view of dim headlands from the sea always did. But at the moment his thoughts were partly occupied with the stormy threat of Cape Horn. He had no oilskins or sea boots and he could not afford to buy them from the slop chest because he needed every penny of wages he would get when the ship arrived at San Francisco. His watchmates had warned him that the need for oilskins and boots off the Horn was nothing short of imperative, that he would die from exposure without them. Timkins, the Londoner, a fattish, good-humored man with pop eyes, who joked a good deal about the parsimony of the Scots, had tried to convince him of this.

'Dammit, Davie, what d' yer want t' be so tight with yer money for? Yer'll bloody well croak off the 'Orn if yer don't 'ave oilskins an' sea boots. Wet t' the skin orl the time an' perishin'

wi' the cold. I knows you Scotchies are stingy with yer money, but this ain't no bloomin' picnic down 'ere. Better spend a few dollars an' save yer life.'

Another spatter of rain swept across the decks, heavier this time, but not enough to drive him to shelter, and he glanced at the cloud that was drifting overhead. It was larger and blacker than the one that had brought the previous shower, and he noticed there were more clouds in the sky, which did not seem so blue. A thin gray film was spreading over, and twisted streamers of lacy, snow-white stuff were flung across it from west to east.

The shower blew over, and the sun dipped into the sea under the edge of a cloud that suddenly became a flame of red and gold. The light spread across the west and broke into many colors among the masses of cloud, smoky saffron, livid purple, and dull blood-red. Davie gazed at it with parted lips until it faded and only the far white streamers showed a gleam of pale pink. The western sky began to look black and ominous; the wind gathered force and passed through the rigging with a faint whistling moan. The ship heeled over a little more and increased her speed, and Davie shivered. He was anxious to reach the rapidly nearing Horn and have done with it. When four bells went and the starboard watch came on deck he hurried to the galley for his tea.

The wind increased steadily as darkness came on and the night advanced. The half-moon rode high in a checkered, threatening sky, her light mostly hidden behind the dark masses of rain cloud that drove up with growing pace from the west. Light lashings of spray began to come over the rail forward; the showers of rain became heavier and developed into squalls that held a good deal of wind. The Staten Island light drew rapidly abeam, a faint glow far down in the black sky at the horizon.

It was getting colder, and Davie sat with his watchmates looking out on the dark deck and listening to the sounds of the rising storm. In the narrow space of their quarters it was still warm enough to be comfortable, and the door had been left open. Most of the men were in their bunks enjoying a smoke after the evening meal. Douglas, the New Yorker, was reading by the imperfect light of the lantern that hung by a small chain from the centre of one of the overhead beams. Drummond, a 'townie' of Davie's from Glasgow, sat on his sea chest darning a heavy woolen sock. Timkins was spinning a yarn about a girl he had known in Liverpool who had kept him for three months. He gave details of astonishing intimacy, and concluded with the statement that he left her because she refused to buy him a meerschaum pipe.

In the silence that followed they heard the second mate shouting the order to haul the staysails down, and listened to the bustle on deck as the watch executed the order, the singing-out on the downhauls, and the scraping rattle of the cringles as they slid down the stays. The sounds were louder when they came forward to the main staysails; later there was a stamping of boots and a series of shouted orders overhead while they were taking in the jibs. This shortening of sail eased the motion of the ship, and she did not heel over quite so much. When the work was finished, the watch waited in a group about the fore hatch, expecting that the royals would be furled immediately. But the captain held on to the royals as long as he could without running the risk of losing them. The passage so far had been slow, delayed by light airs and head winds, and he was anxious to make up some of his lost distance.

II

The port watch went on deck at eight bells, and the men were told to stand by and keep handy. They took their usual place on the fore hatch, but were driven from there by the heavy sprays that were now coming over frequently, and went aft to the main hatch, where it was dry. The bosun leaned against the rail, apart from the men but keeping in touch with them, and Davie sat on the deck in the lee of the forward house, where he was sheltered from the wind and the rain. The squalls were coming up at shorter intervals, and it seemed to him that the ship canted over dangerously while they were blowing, yet he liked the exhilaration of the night, the wailing sound of the wind in the rigging, and the swift, leaping motion of the ship. Even the thick darkness pleased him. It shut him away from the men, banishing his reluctant sense of their constant, though mostly silent, criticism, which, out of their presence, he forgot.

A pale blotch appeared in the darkness from the direction of the main hatch, and Drummond groped his way along the side of the house, sitting down on the deck beside him.

'Why don't ye buy oilskins an' boots from the slop chest?' he asked unpleasantly as soon as he had settled himself. 'The whole ship's talkin' aboot it.'

Davie resented this remark and the tone in which it was uttered, but he made no reply.

'Ye're the sort o' felly that gives the Scotch a bad name. Ye're too close tae buy the things ye need. Mibbe ye think somebody might give ye thum fur nothing.' His face was barely visible in the darkness, but Davie knew the look of sour resentment that was on it, and he had one of his rare flashes of anger.

'No,' he replied, 'I don't expect anything like that.' He leaned over toward Drummond's sou'westered head. 'I have a good reason for what I'm doing, and I'll thank you to understand that and mind your own business.'

Drummond was considering what reply to make, when the wind rose suddenly to a hard wail in the rigging and the deck slanted under them till they could hear the water bubbling in the scuppers. The man and the boy rose and leaned against the house till they heard the stentorian voice of the bosun roaring the order to clew up the royals. Drummond disappeared on his way to the foremast, and Davie followed him. The rain was driving across the decks at a sharp angle and as he passed from the shelter of the deck house it dashed stormily against his face and hands. Running to the weather side of the deck, he took hold of the clew line with the others and hauled cheerily as the mate slacked away the clew. He was under the lee of the bulwarks here and partly sheltered from the rain.

By the time they had both royals clewed up and the buntlines hauled taut, the squall had passed over, and the ship was running on a more even keel. But the wind was blowing stronger and they were rapidly approaching the open seas in the latitude of Cape Horn; therefore the captain decided to shorten her down at once, and gave the order to take in the topgallant sails. When they had been clewed up and the lines hauled taut, Davie jumped into the fore rigging and climbed aloft to make the royal fast, the bosun coming after him with the watch to tie up the topgallant sail.

There was something like half a gale blowing now, but furling the royal was not such a difficult job, and almost as simple as folding a table napkin. Davie

handled it into a neat roll on top of the yard and passed round the gaskets, one on each yardarm, making a tight, snug job of it so that the sail would not blow adrift in the heavy gales to be met during the next few weeks. He could hear the men on the topgallant below him singing out as they dragged the sail on top of the yard.

Up here on the royal yard Davie felt more at peace than anywhere else on the ship. In the darkness he had a pleasant impression of being all alone in a world of his own, the occasional cries of the men underneath seeming remote and casual sounds with which he was unconcerned. He paused to appreciate the scene for a moment before descending. All around him was wind-filled darkness, except close at hand, where the shadowy gleam of the furled sail on the yard was dimly visible. The mast made a mere blur that rose out of sight, although the truck was only a few feet above his head. Black and ominous as the night appeared, with its thick clouds and rising gale, it did not daunt him. He had shaken off the shivery mood of the early evening and was now firm and resolute.

The Staten Island light sank rapidly astern to starboard and went out in blackness. They took in the mainsail and foresail and braced the yards up till the ship was close-hauled on the starboard tack, changing the course to southwest and bringing her head up to the sea. By the time this work was done it was eight bells, and blowing a full gale. She was now carrying all four topsails, the storm staysail, and a narrow strip of spanker on the mizzen. A fine wind-blown rain drove steadily across the decks, and the scud raced overhead close above the mastheads.

Davie was soaking wet when he went below, but he had been so active helping to shorten down that he had not felt the cold. Inside the fo'c'sle he stripped to the skin, gave himself a sharp rubdown with a rough towel, hastily pulled on a dry suit of woolen underwear, old and patched, but still good, dived under the blankets, and slept as his head touched the pillow.

It seemed an incredibly short space of time till he was awakened by the raucous yell of the man calling watch, which wrenched him up from the deep wells of sleep at fifteen minutes to four. Dragging himself over the edge of his bunk, he got a dry woolen shirt and a suit out of his battered trunk, a pair of socks and shoes which he had never expected to wear again, and a woolen muffler. Thus equipped, he was ready for the howling deck. He was dressed a minute or two before eight bells, and sat listening to the seas breaking over the rail forward. The water thundered about the decks and washed past the door, but was kept out of the fo'c'sle by the high doorsill. Sometimes, when a heavier sea came over, thin streams spurted in through the cracks of the closed door. He noticed the wildly tossing motion of the ship and heard the shrill scream of the wind in the rigging.

In weather like this the watch were not required to muster aft, it being the duty of the bosun to see that they were all on deck and report any absentees to the mate on the poop. When eight bells went, Davie opened the door cautiously and peered out, but a sea broke aboard just then, and he shut the door with a bang and waited till the water had sluiced past and was foaming aft to the waist. It was his lookout from four to six, and he stepped briskly on deck as soon as it was clear of water and ran to the after end of the house, climbed the vertical iron ladder to the top, and relieved the man on lookout, who reported nothing in sight and went below. Up there Davie was out of the

reach of the seas that came aboard, and mostly shielded from the driving spray by the lifeboat lashed to the skids alongside. The men came up the ladder immediately after him, relieved the starboard watch, and found the most sheltered spot in the lee of the boat, where they settled themselves in a huddled group.

Davie leaned against the gunnel of the lifeboat, his keen eyes fixed ahead. All he could see was a wall of blackness, except when the surges rose above the level of the head and the angry waters glittered in the red or green rays of the port or starboard side light. There were frequent dashes of spray, heavy clouds that burst upward in front of the windward light, shot high above the rail by the smashing impact of the bow against an oncoming wave, then were caught by the wind and whipped across the deck. These leaping masses of white water flashed into the rays of the green light with an effect that was weirdly beautiful, and Davie gazed at them from time to time, but always brought his eyes sharply back to the darkness ahead, where the lights of a running ship might lift into view at any moment. But no light appeared.

The boat did not shelter him completely from the spray, which came over the top, round the bows, and under the keel. By two bells he was wet to the skin, and when Douglas relieved him at four bells he was thoroughly soaked and shivering so violently from the cold that he could hardly speak the words, 'Nothing in sight.' The man just relieved from the wheel and the lookout were always allowed ten minutes in the fo'c'sle for a smoke. Davie used this time to strip off his wet clothing, give himself a brisk rubdown as before, and wring most of the water out of his clothes before putting them on again. He had the good sense to reserve his third and last dry suit of underwear for sleeping in, believing he could endure the hardships of the deck so long as he slept dry and warm during his watches below.

III

The westerly gale blew for three weeks, and Davie was wet and cold in his watches on deck during all that time. Then the wind fell suddenly and hauled round to south, and it grew colder. During the lull the glass was very low and they furled the upper topsails, braced the yards sharp up on the port tack, and hove to. A roaring gale came out of the south with squalls that carried hail and sleet, but except when these wintry storms were raging the sky was clear and the stars were beautiful at night. Storm and wetness and misery became an accepted fact in Davie's life, and he held to his purpose day by day with a resolution as grim and hard as the conditions he had to face. The gale blew out in two weeks and came away again from the west. After three weeks of that it changed again. Most of this time they were hove to and went backward instead of forward.

They had now been nearly nine weeks beating off the Horn. The present gale was from the south, a hard, cold wind that blew from a clear sky, and the heaviest they had yet met. The men of the starboard watch were certain that the fore upper topsail would have to come in, and lay crouched in a huddled group behind the boat on the roof of the forward house, expecting and dreading the order. But the watch wore away without any sign from the poop, and at eight bells they were relieved and went below feeling thankful and a little bit sorry for the other fellows.

By carrying all his topsails, the captain was able to drive the ship some small distance, perhaps ten miles a

day, to the south and west. Hove to under lower topsails, she would have made leeway, drifting to the north and east — the two directions in which the captain did not wish to go. To the north lay the deadly shores of Cape Horn; to the east was distance that would have to be won back again with bitter toil and hardship to the men, of which they had already suffered more than enough.

Davie crouched among the men and gazed at the stars. He never tired of watching that marvelous sky, where the Southern Cross blazed like four small suns and all the stars glittered with a sparkling brilliance that charmed him. But it was bitterly cold in the roaring wind that came straight from the white antarctic. Even the men were cold, although their oilskins and boots protected them from the continual gusts of icy spray that swept the ship from stem to stern.

A sudden stir among his mates attracted Davie's attention aft, and he saw the mate running forward along the main deck, keeping a wary eye over the weather bulwarks for seas coming aboard. When he reached the main hatch the bosun met him and got his order, which was unheard by the men in the dominant roar of the storm. But they knew very well what it was, and the bosun hardly needed to climb the ladder to repeat the order: —

'Stand by fore tops'l halyards.'

The watch rose wearily and scrambled down from the top of the house, hating to go and hating to hang back. No seas came over while they staggered across the reeling deck and crouched by the dripping rail. Davie was accustomed to this sort of thing by now, but the weather side of the ship never ceased to interest him. The first sea that came over would drench him to the skin, and he was already cold. He shut his jaws tight and tailed on at the end of the buntline. The spray lashed over and stung his face and hands, but he put all his weight on the rope as the mate slacked away the halyards and the yard came down. Davie took his eyes off the weather rail for a moment, and he did not hear the warning hail of the mate in time to dive under the bulwarks and hang on to a stanchion.

The sea came over with a swift downward leap and beat him to his knees. He had learned to hold on to what he had and not to try for something better unless he was actually touching it, so he clung desperately to the buntline. The icy water went through his clothing to his skin almost as the sea struck him, but that did not concern him at the moment. His chief anxiety was to save himself from being swept overboard. The sea went boiling aft and dragged at him powerfully, and he had all he could do to keep his grip on the buntline. When the ship rolled he was flung against the side of the house, and as she swung to the other side he went down in a cascade of foam to the bulwarks. He received no serious injury from these concussions, but the rush of the water toward the waist as her head rose to the next sea was more than he could hold on against. Though his grip on the rope was so intense that he had the sensation of tearing muscles in his arms, the sea wrenched him loose and swept him aft. He groped wildly for a fresh hold, felt himself carried against the main hatch, but could not find a grip there, was washed down to the lee scuppers and back between the hatch and the after end of the deck house, where he came against the ladder and found a grip. Dragging himself upward, he held on till he got his breath and collected his senses, coughing up some of the rank sea water he had swallowed. Timkins rose from the welter of foam beneath him and clung to the ladder at his side.

Davie was blue with the cold and shivering violently, but as soon as the deck had drained clear he stumbled off the ladder and worked his way cautiously forward, where he took his place again on the buntline, Timkins following close behind him. Other seas came aboard, but Davie watched for them and dived under the topgallant rail, embracing a stanchion with both arms until the water had run aft. He was blinded and battered by the cold spray, drenched and beaten and just about drowned by the seas, but they got the lines hauled taut at last, and the mate gave the order, 'Up an' make fast.'

IV

The men swung themselves into the weather rigging willingly, glad of the change from the reeling fury of the deck to the wild hazard of the topsail yard. Davie seized the swifter and heaved himself on top of the rail, hardly caring now whether a sea caught him or not. He was as wet and cold as it was possible to be, so why try to dodge a little more water? Turning his back to the shrieking wind, he started to climb the rigging. The weight of the gale when the ship rolled to windward flattened him against the shrouds and held him helpless. As she rolled to leeward the pressure lessened, and he climbed up a few ratlines till she came back to port again. He had thought he could feel no colder while on deck, but as he mounted into the full sweep of the icy wind he discovered his mistake.

Trying to control the convulsive trembling of his half-frozen body, he reached the futtock shrouds, where he had to make sure of his grip while climbing over the top. With the double grip of hand and elbow he worked himself slowly over the edge and clung to the topmast rigging with a sensation of relief, a little warmer from the exertion. Arrived at the level of the topsail yard, he waited a moment while the man above him stepped across to the swinging foot rope. Davie glanced at the sail and wondered how human beings could possibly control and tie up a thing like that. From where the buntlines and leech lines held it close to the yard, it bellied out in enormous balloon shapes that swayed up and down in the gale. Occasionally by some twist or eddy in the storm the sail seemed to lose the wind and partly flattened down. But the next moment it snapped out with the report of a big gun and a force that shook the ship from truck to keelson. Running through these loud boomings were series of sharp cracks like the noise of heavy whips, and an unbroken rumble like thunder. Davie stepped on the yard behind Douglas, who turned to him and roared at the pitch of his voice: —

'One hand for the owner and one for yourself!'

Davie heard the words remotely, as slender threads of sound, delicate as gossamer. They brought him back again into that working communion with his fellows from which his intense misery had isolated him, and he clawed his way out on the yardarm with a slight lessening of physical discomfort, as if warmed by the realization that a mate had thought of his safety. Arrived at his place on the yard, he clutched the jackstay with a straining grip and leaned forward against the yard, his right hand resting on the bellying sail, which felt cold and hard as iron. The motion of the yard was indescribably wild, and he needed all the strength of his grip to hold his place on the slender footrope. He stood crouched over the yard and leaning on it, watching the actions of Douglas on his right, beating the sail with what seemed puny and ineffectual blows in the effort to make

a crease in the canvas, a fold that he could grip in order to drag it on top of the yard, where he could hold it with the pressure of his body while working for the next hold. When one of the men achieved such a grip the one next him picked it up, and it was seized by each man in turn all along the yardarm. Sometimes a grip was secured during the moments when the sail slackened, but they did not always succeed in dragging it up, for after these comparative lulls the canvas flung outward with such violence that it was wrenched out of their hands, and once or twice they lost all they had gathered on the yard. When this happened they cursed from their hearts, deep growling oaths that nobody heard but themselves.

Davie's eyes flickered from sail to hull as he put every ounce of his strength into the work. He saw the bows plunge into the boiling foam, caught the gleam of white water as she rose and poured it back over her head, tightened his grip instinctively as the mast whistled down, hung on to jackstay and sail and hugged the yard as she flogged to leeward. He forgot his wet, shivering body in that wild scramble with death, lost interest after a while in what the hull of the ship was doing, and became a primitive battling creature with clenched teeth and flailing arm, fighting the shrieking demon in the sail. Faint sounds of a human voice came from vast distances to his ears. They were from the bosun at the bunt, the heaviest part of the sail, who sent roaring curses of encouragement from time to time: —

'Hold what you get, men! Keep the damned rag on the yard or we'll hang up here till we die!'

Davie's legs, held rigid in the same position on the slender footrope, became numb and stiff. The nails tore away from the fingers of his right hand, which became so painful that he was made aware of it and changed his grip, holding to the jackstay with his right and working with his left. He knew nothing of the passage of time, and only dimly felt the white squalls that began to bluster up, bringing heavy showers of hailstones and sleet that froze into the canvas and made it still more difficult to handle. He was numb to the waist and bruised about the chest from the heavy pressure against the yard, but he kept on fighting the sail, which now seemed a personal and malignant enemy. When it became apparent that they were winning the battle against this beast, he felt a glow of immense satisfaction and joy.

They finished on the weather yardarm and crawled painfully to the lee side, which was comparatively easy to take in, and suddenly Davie saw himself hauling taut one of the gaskets. When this was done he looked round him strangely, glancing with tired wonder into the faces of the other men. It was broad daylight and the topsail was furled.

They crept exhausted from the yard and down to the sea-swept deck as eight bells went. When they saw the man on lookout run across the fore hatch and strike the bell, they looked at the mate in a kind of anguish, wondering if he would let them go below or keep them on deck to help take in the main upper topsail. But the mate sang out as they reached the deck: —

'Relieve the wheel and lookout!'

V

The weary men slouched into the fo'c'sle, filled their pipes, and lit them at the lantern, breathing curses on their raw-tipped fingers. Davie dropped into his bunk and slept instantly. Douglas puffed at his pipe, leaned against the front board of Davie's bunk, and looked at the eighteen-year-old boy with pity

and admiration. 'Good Lord, kid,' he thought, 'I'd buy you a suit of oilskins and a pair of boots, but you have n't asked me to, and I'd sure like you to have the satisfaction of going through with it.'

They forgot breakfast in their weariness, had not the strength to go for it, and dropped into their bunks, smoking. Their pipes fell out of their mouths almost as their heads touched the pillows, and they slept. As pillows, bed, and blankets were damp and clammy, there was no fear of fire. The cook had breakfast ready and waiting for them, and after a while he ran forward to the fo'c'sle door to ask them why they did not come for their grub. But when he put his head inside and saw them sunk in sleep he muttered, 'Poor beggars,' and ran aft again, barely escaping a sea that came over and lashed at his heels as he slammed the galley door.

The sea had played the port watch a cruel trick. The captain had taken in the fore upper topsail because the glass fell ominously before the coming of the white squalls. But they were the last efforts of the gale, which died down rapidly to a flat calm within a few hours. The sea went down and the sky clouded over with a gray scud that foretold the coming of a wind from the west. The port watch was called at seven bells for dinner, and Davie dragged himself with a supreme effort out of his bunk. After a while the strange stillness penetrated the dullness of his mind, and he noticed first that there was no deck water swishing about the fo'c'sle as she rolled. He listened and heard no sound of wind or any crash of seas falling aboard, and, making his way painfully to the door, he opened it and looked out. The deck was dry and the sails were flapping against the masts. Amazement held him speechless; then he turned and said to the men inside, 'It's dead calm.'

They had a good dinner, the cook giving them double rations and plenty of coffee, which they ate and drank with keen relish and felt themselves renewed and restored for the battle. The starboard watch loosed the fore topsail and were kept on deck to put their weight on the halyards. The foresail was then loosed and reefed, and when this was done the starboard watch were sent below. It ran through the ship that the captain was tired of beating off the Horn and was going to carry on with all his topsails and the reefed foresail if the coming wind would let him steer a safe course. They had been nine weeks down there, and he intended to drive the ship the rest of the way.

Davie lay on the fore hatch in his partially dry clothes most of his watch on deck, dozing and waking and aware of a feeling that was akin to happiness. There seemed something of good omen in the reefed foresail, a sign of danger past and the end of hardship manfully endured. With drowsy eyes he watched an albatross floating serenely on the rolling swell, and he remembered its magical riding of the storm when the gales were blowing. It seemed to be enjoying the calm as much as he was.

About six bells there was a ripple along the water from the southwest as the wind came away from that quarter, and the sails filled sluggishly, heavy with frozen sleet. The breeze gathered strength rapidly, and the ship began to move slowly through the water, heading west by north on the port tack, which was near enough to her proper course to please the captain. The order was given to the man at the wheel: —

'Full an' by — an' don't let her luff.'

The wind increased by leaps, and at eight bells in the afternoon watch, when Davie and his mates went below, it was blowing a hard gale. The order came

for all hands to have their supper at two bells, and an hour later the bosun opened the door of the port fo'c'sle violently and came in, slamming it behind him. Heavy seas were coming aboard again and spray swept the decks.

'Say, lads,' remarked the bosun, 'the Skipper's gonna drive her, and it's gonna blow great guns. Once the sea gets up an' she's buckin' into it there'll be no livin' for'ard here. So all hands lay aft on the poop.'

He slammed his way out again and repeated his message to the men of the starboard watch. All hands took tobacco, matches, and pipes and ran aft between seas to the poop, where they huddled on deck in the lee of the companion hatch and the cabin skylight, glad there was no sail to be taken in and hoping they would sight the Diego Ramirez before long and turn the ship's head to the north for lower latitudes and long days of fine weather.

The wind rose almost to hurricane force, and they were afraid the foresail would be blown away, but the captain had made his decision and held grimly on. Davie crouched on the deck in the lee of the companion between Douglas and Timkins, watching the sea to leeward as it went hissing away from the plunging stern, and listening to the thunderous shocks from the bows. The ship was moving at a speed of three knots an hour, and as she met the oncoming seas her bows cut right through them. Massive seas fell aboard, filling the main deck from time to time, and as the long hours of the night went past Davie wondered how anything made by human hands could endure that terrible battering and stay afloat. One of the long thoughts that dwelt in his mind that night was concerned with the quality of man's handiwork. A loose rivet or faulty plate in her bows would have foundered the ship and sent her crew adrift in open boats, if they could have launched them in that wild sea. Queer ideas came to him, lying huddled among the men, soaking wet and stiff with cold, but one seemed true enough — that good workmanship, by the faith it inspires, is the foundation of the world.

Some time before dawn there was a stir among the men, who were turning their hooded heads to look at the captain and the mate. Davie saw their heavy, slow-moving forms passing to the lee side of the poop as the first herald of dawn appeared. Their grave bearded faces fascinated him. These two men had toiled and suffered and learned and knew how to work a ship over these trackless wastes, meeting all dangers as they came and bringing their charge safely into harbor at the end of the long voyage. They were quiet, unassuming men, who did not boast of what they had done. Davie watched them, saw them suddenly stiffen to attention and gaze steadfastly at something away on the beam. The men rose quietly to their feet and searched to leeward to see what their officers were looking at.

There were three black rocks about five miles off, moving slowly astern. The seas charged down on them, struck at their bases, and leaped in spouting foam a hundred feet into the air. They glistened between seas with a black gleam, as savage and sullen as they had to be to withstand the merciless fury of such onslaught through the centuries. They were the Diego Ramirez, lying sixty miles southwest of Cape Horn. The men's eyes brightened and their faces broke into smiles; their backs straightened and they glanced joyfully at each other. They were round the Horn.

The captain gave an order to the man at the wheel, who put the helm aport. The ship's head fell away from the

seas, and the mate swung round to the men.

'Square the main yard!' he roared.

They squared the yards and turned the ship's head to the north, loosed the topgallants and set them, shook the reef out of the foresail and hauled the sheets aft. All hands went to breakfast at two bells; there was shouting with laughter, and jubilant swearing; and after breakfast they set the mainsail, the royals, and the jibs. With the wind on the port quarter every stitch of canvas was drawing, and the ship fled before it, leaping and rolling and singing with all her thousand voices.

Davie ran up to the fo'c'sle head to be alone, to watch the ship and listen to her song of victory. The pursuing seas came rolling up under her quarter, lifted her gently, rolled her easily to starboard and lowered her to port. They were no longer hissing monsters that battered her bows and swept her reeling decks, but friendly leviathans running a race with her. Sometimes they poured over her weather rail with a subdued purring roar like the sound of a low waterfall in a forest. Davie was thrilled and happy as he watched her flying to the north, saw the rolling seas glide along her rails and pass ahead. When her bows went down she dipped her bowsprit, and it came up next time with foamy spray streaming away in the wind.

Timkins came running up the ladder and started waving his arms in exuberant celebration. He looked at Davie with a wide grin which suddenly froze to a grimace of ferocious triumph as he faced astern and shook his extended fists at the flying scud, the wild sea, and the spirit of the Horn.

'Blow, blast yer!' he screamed. 'Blow, curse yer! Do yer damnedest, old Cape Stiff. Blow yer bloody 'ead off. The 'arder yer blows, the fahster she goes.'

VI

They ran into sunny seas, and the ship drew slowly north. One morning at dawn a towboat picked them up outside the Golden Gate and towed them to their berth in the San Francisco docks. The long voyage was over, and the crew went ashore to gather at the British Consulate and be paid off.

The men came out of the office one by one, as they received their pay, and stood in groups about the sidewalk, excited by the possession of money. Released from the routine of ship's discipline, they were restless and eager to enjoy themselves. Davie was the last to be paid off. He counted his money in the office, eighty-nine dollars and ten cents, and put it carefully into an inside pocket before joining the men outside.

''Ello, Davie,' said Timkins. 'Comin' with us?'

'No,' Davie answered quietly. 'I must go to the post office first.'

The men glanced at him with varying degrees of interest as they turned and moved slowly toward the corner, where a street car was standing. Davie thought he would take the car and started toward it, but was halted by the facetious voice of the Londoner.

''Old on there, Davie. Wotcha thinkin' about? A ride on a street car costs five cents in this 'ere kentry.'

Davie paused and considered swiftly. Would he have enough money for his need? Five cents might make a decisive difference, he concluded, and smiled at Timkins in his diffident fashion.

'I believe I'll walk,' he remarked. He looked from one to the other of the men with whom he had spent the past six months in such close companionship. Douglas and Timkins, the only two he really liked, smiled at him,

and the former came over and held his hand in a friendly grip.

'Glad I've known you, Davie,' he remarked in his cool, even voice. 'Let me give you some advice. Don't go to sea again. Stay in this country and take out citizenship papers. You're the sort of man we want here. I wish you all the luck in the world, kid. So long.'

He turned away, and Davie felt a pang of regret as he returned the sailor's word of farewell.

Timkins strolled over and wished him good luck in a surprisingly gentle voice.

'Yer 'ave n't minded my kiddin', 'ave yer, Davie? Blimey, matey, I knows bloody well yer 'as a reason fer bein' so tight with yer money.'

Davie's reticence at this last moment was shattered as it had not been during all the voyage.

'It's for my mother,' he said. 'She's ill.'

'Yer mother,' repeated Timkins softly. 'I thort it wuz somethink like that. Gord bless 'er, Davie, an' good luck to yer.' He shook hands and they said, 'So long.'

Davie started up Market Street, headed for the post office, while Timkins rejoined his companions and told them he had known all along that Davie was all right. His mother was ill, and it was for her sake he had been so tight with his money.

'Come an' have a drrink,' invited Drummond, slightly ashamed, after Timkins's explanation, that he had not been friendlier with Davie. They turned, laughing, and strolled away, a group of sailors ashore, childish, reckless, heroic, in search of whiskey and women, both easily found.

Davie stopped at a stationer's to buy a sheet of paper and an envelope, which cost him five cents, and arrived at the post office perspiring from the walk in the hot sun. Finding an empty desk, he took possession of it and wrote a letter to his mother, part of which ran thus:—

> We had fine weather most of the voyage. It was rough off the Horn, but of course that was to be expected. I am sending you the amount of the fee the doctor demands to remove the cataracts from your eyes, and you will not be blind. I am glad to be able to send you this, Mother dear.

He bought the money order when he had finished writing, sealed the letter, and sent it off by registered mail, then counted the money he had left. It amounted to eighty-nine cents.

As he swung out of the post office into the crowded street the pæan of joy in his heart brought a radiance to his bronzed young face and a starry gleam to his eyes. Women glanced at him kindly as he passed with his head up, on the way to find a job.

Thoughts of his mother went singing through his mind. She would not be blind. She still would see the beauty of the world, the dawn and the stars, the moon in the summer night, and the faces of those she loved. Something of restraint and privation she might still have to bear until he could send for her. These she had always known. But the light in her eyes would not be quenched.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

No one wanted poor Clarissa;
No one ever seemed to miss her.
All her sisters and her brothers
Duly grew to fathers, mothers;
But she had a shrillness for a voice
That scared away the neighbors' boys,
A quirky pride hot in her brain —
And no beau ever called again.

Aunt Clarissa was not wanted.
She knew it well, but still undaunted
Rode up to Boston, and brought back
(With shocking evidence of her lack
Of what the family called taste)
A portrait of her, powdered, laced
Firm in her most expensive dress,
And not one hint of loveliness!
— Unless perhaps you did not mind her,
But looked away, and saw behind her
A purple curtain (decorated
With arms not quite authenticated)
Looped back upon a marble column
To show an ocean dim and solemn.
But the painter had no painter's tact:
He was, unfortunately, exact;
Her mouth was shrill and proud and vexed —
You knew just what she would say next.

And when Great-Aunt Clarissa died,
They buried her, for all her pride;
Were sorry she had been erratic,
And moved the portrait to the attic.

To-day, the rest of them are known
To genealogy alone:
Three words a name, three dates a life,
So many children by each wife.
Drained off to various family lots,
Politely private, each one rots
Too deep to fertilize the grass,
With stones to tell who each one was.
Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons —
No dreams cling round those skeletons.

At last the tables are quite turned.
Of all so quietly inurned,
Their silhouettes look commonplace
Next Great-Great-Aunt Clarissa's face.
Above the mantelpiece they frame her,
But their flat smiles can never shame her
Out of her glaring, old resplendence.
Meanwhile collateral descendants
Take pride in her stern piteousness,
Feel romance in the wooden dress.
She triumphs — sterile, overweening —
Our only ancestor with meaning.

S. Foster Damon

THE ADORATION OF GROUPS

BY H. D. HILL

I

THE American adoration of groups is in an advanced stage. It has both a theory and a practice, a theology and a ritual. It is only in a group that we feel ourselves whole; we therefore participate in as many groups as possible and have given enthusiastic attention to the theories as to how groups should be run.

Since the war the 'technique of group discussion' has received an extraordinary amount of attention. Group discussion has been taken up in education as an alternative to the lecture system, as a cure for the lethargy which accompanies fifty inevitable minutes of monologue. It has been brought particularly to the fore by the recent movement in workers' education, which is faced with the problem of education for adults. It has definitely been adopted as the technique of conference by such nation-wide bodies as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., as well as by a considerable number of economic organizations which hold regular meetings. It thus is strongly entrenched in the institutional life of the country.

The method has two aims. The first is to avoid the 'being told from above' character of the old type of lecture or conference address, partly because it is undemocratic, partly because it is uninfluential. The second is to bring the individual out of himself, to make him feel that he has 'something to contribute.'

The latter emphasis is illuminating with regard to the American mind. The first noticeable result of group discussion by people with an average background is the sense of adventure which they experience at uttering aloud anything which approaches a general idea, and the increased freedom which they feel as the strangeness wears off and joining in the discussion of the group becomes habitual and normal. These sensations bear witness to the subconscious limitations imposed by a life which is as external in its focus and as activist in its manner as ours ordinarily is. To the extent to which the method produces an increase of freedom, to the extent to which actual verbal formation of an idea clarifies the situation of the speaker, it has undoubtedly accomplished much.

That accomplishment, however, applies only to the very act of saying something. One must, alas, consider what is said. At that point appear the weaknesses of the egalitarian assumptions for which the method stands. In spite of the group discussionists' efforts always to 'start from scratch,' there is practically no subject on which all the members of a group are equally informed, or have done an equal amount of thinking. Even when each member of the group contributes his share, therefore, it is inevitable that the shares contributed should be unequal. Yet, because the final upshot of the discussion is a joint affair, there is a very great tendency on the part of the weaker members of the group to assume an understanding of the problem

in hand, and an extent of collaboration in its solution, out of all proportion to the actual facts of their ability. The method therefore lends itself easily to a flattering corroboration of democracy's fundamental mistrust of the value of solitary thinking and meditation, and of the difficulties which it involves. It is so much pleasanter to do our thinking all together in a cheerful group, where a good time can be had by all.

And if that is a possible effect of the method on the weaker members of the group, what about the stronger? Does it not afford them a possibility of imposing their view by a form of authoritarianism far more subtile than the old out-and-out statement? What, especially, does the practice of this method do to the leader? The leader's function is said to consist in assuring fair play and in drawing out budding ideas by means of questions. It seems inevitable that, consciously or unconsciously, he has an enormous share in moulding the final form of the discussion. The amount of study spent these last years on the technique of questioning has given him a tool of great finesse. And, since the members of the group are convinced out of their own mouths, the finally accepted conclusion becomes ten times more effective than if the leader had offered it under the old guise of a lecture; the group members feel themselves personally involved. After a certain amount of practice it is not difficult to 'plan a discussion' so as to have it come out all right — though the process sounds strangely like the organization of spontaneity.

Now neither of these unfortunate results would be possible on a large scale if it were not for a certain assumption that lies behind the whole group-discussion method. The method has been called 'a coöperative technique of conflict.' It aims to integrate conflicting positions. By integration it does not mean compromise; it means the bringing together of opposing parties on a higher plane where both shall be in accord without either of them feeling that he has sacrificed an intrinsic part of his point of view. The belief in the possibility of such a result is a clear-cut evidence of American pantheism. The group-discussion school assumes that an idea consists of a fact plus an emotion. By establishing agreement as to the fact, and by allowing the emotion to spend itself through being expressed by free discussion in a group, it is possible to arrive at a method of treating the fact that is acceptable to all. That is the programme.

The freedom achieved through breaking up the kind of *idée fixe* for which the school's assumption is correct is indeed great. But the assumption is applied to all sorts of conflicts — or, rather, it recognizes but one kind of conflict. The school believes in the possibility of a pragmatic solution of all differences; it sees the problem of difference only as a problem of method. Its pantheism does not admit a problem of good and evil; its externality is unable to understand a personal point of view based on deliberately made distinctions. It ignores the possibility of a desire to achieve a certain pattern of life, and an attempt to select among present phenomena in accordance with that pattern. An 'integration' with an opposing or different pattern in such a case means a complete loss of the form which is its guiding principle.

The group discussionists have not been aware of the existence of such personal positions. If they were, if they believed in intrinsic and enduring differences between the individuals of which their groups are composed, deliberate differences which form part of the individual's personal life, the results of their discussions could be

neither a democratic vitiation of the thought of their best members nor an authoritarian imposition on the ideas of their weaker constituents. The individual, while being part of the group, would nevertheless be a whole in himself; his mental life would not only be separate, but distinguishable in character from that of the group — it would have the resilience of its own fibre.

But a recognition of such possibilities would be destructive of the very core of the group discussionists' ideas; it would admit a pluralistic universe incapable from its very nature of being utterly resolved — or, rather, utterly integrated — into the unity which they find satisfying and which they ardently desire. It would be a troubling factor in the mysticism of their cult.

For it is a cult. It is a cult which has even invented a ritualistic (and highly hyphenated) language of its own, employed by all good 'group-individuals' in those 'problem-finding discussions' where they use 'the situation-approach' to 'break up the statement-wholes into the idea-factors that lie shut up within them.' The mystical feeling of holiness resulting from unity achieved by this means is not only reflected by the I-am-now-about-to-become-more-than-myself mood with which its adepts enter such meetings; it is consciously recognized by one of the leaders of the school's theorists, Mr. H. S. Elliott. In his most recent book, *The Process of Group Thinking*, under a section headed 'Group Thinking As Worship,' one reads: —

> Something happens which is in the highest sense dynamic when a group in fellowship and in confidence lays hold of the previously unreleased resources within itself. At such a time there comes insight as to what to do, and strength and ability to carry out the purposes, which represent more than the mathematical total of the resources of the members of the group when taken separately. Such release of spiritual power is a manifestation of the divine resources all around us which are at the command of all those who in a group process meet the conditions of spiritual creativity.

Ought not such a service to end with the formula, 'And now unto God the Method, God the Group, and God the Integration, be all honor and glory'?

II

Such theory is paralleled by a practice equally devoted if less conscious. We join all the groups that we can, because it is in groups that we find out what we are, and we want to live to the limit of our abundant energy. The group takes us and transforms us, and we view the transformation with satisfaction. This process can be seen on a small but graphic scale in our colleges. Imitation is of course a feature of any college anywhere — it is part of the essential conservatism of youth and also part of the learning process; what makes its American form unique is that there is only one standard to be imitated, only one way of being correct. In the English universities, for instance, the possibilities, mental as well as sartorial, range from the hearty through the honors man to the æsthete. With us, the lack of any choice among types canalizes social pressure into one single channel, and thereby enormously increases its force. The new arrival becomes either all right or all wrong; there is no possibility of his being different without being wrong. It is to the group that he goes to find out what he is, and the group says, 'We recognize one single type. Be that, or go under.'

Among the people whom we know there are no differences. We have little experience of liking people with whom we disagree on matters more fundamental than the relative merits of a La Salle and a Chrysler, or even of

recognizing them as valuable and stimulating members of our community. The person and his opinion are one to us; if we disagree with the opinion we have no tolerance for the man. We are incapable of reasoned discussion in general subjects; when someone challenges our point of view we feel attacked all over, as though if the challenger made good his claim our entire personal validity would be annihilated. That is why in America discussion so often becomes charged with all the emotions which accompany a struggle for survival.

There is a curious paradox in this defensive attitude. Owing to the fact that it is from our group that we obtain our mental standards, the point of view which we defend as a condition of personal survival is not really our own point of view. And we defend it all the more violently because it is not our own. What we receive from the group is a text, which loses its recognizable character if it is not maintained wholly intact and in its original form. Since the group standard is essentially external to us, we are not able to affirm, modulate, or reject various parts of it according to whether or not they appear living and true in the light of our personal experience. The fact that our social milieu provides no education in the development and exercise of personal criteria makes them weak and faltering when occasionally we do try to use them as supports, and consequently drives us back to the standardized props recommended by the social groups to which we belong.

The predominance of groups in our society and the absence from it of all variety explain why our personal life is such a negligible affair. The activism necessitated by the exigencies of the pioneeer days has become a tradition and a pride, and it has not only condemned idleness, but confused idleness with leisure. The mood of the community is set against the conditions of an inner development, of the attainment of a tempered personality. Intangibles such as the fruits of contemplation, or the insight that comes from stepping aside from time to time to try to catch a glimpse of the direction of our dynamic world, are difficult to justify to a community which is looking for concrete results. The social pressure is dead against them. Consequently we have the most curious spectacle of all: the division of leisure itself into activities — other and different activities than those of the workday, but activities, none the less. Leisure, in truth, is with us at bottom not a contrast to work. The psychology of the world of production is so strong that it has brought about the organization of even the personal life.

The group's unquestionable rightness becomes the individual's morality. Here lies perhaps the greatest single danger in America's future. As yet it is only latent. The most popular of the existing groups are the recently established clubs for more and better business, for a bigger and better community; they are bent upon the creation of good will, and consequently wish to alienate no one. There are also the older fellowships of one sort or another, founded upon the idea of brotherhood. And lastly there are the societies for the attainment of a specific end, of which the various 'anti' societies are the type. At present the last of these groups, with the Anti-Saloon League as its archetype, is causing a good deal of amusement. The simplification of good and evil which members of such organizations assume in measuring all men according to whether they do or do not agree with the Anti-Blank League's principle, and their efforts to extend the application of that principle by whatever means are at hand, are funny

when watched from a distance. Yet it is worth questioning whether the methods of these societies are not the very methods which larger and more effective groups will in the future be increasingly ready to employ.

The fact that the individual does not feel his sense of values personally, but depends for it on his group, means that the establishment by that body of an external credo is extremely easy. And the group is so conscious of the dependence on it of its members, and so jealous of its control of them, that any attempt of a person within the group to temper its formulæ is met with 'Who are you to be suggesting this?' And behind the phrase the thought, 'What outside influence has been after you, putting that into your head?' Once the credo is established, all those who accede to it are 'our kind'; they are 'the boys.' That is the mood of the period of expansion; all of the members' energy is absorbed in welcoming new boys. But there is a limit to that period. The next step is to further the 'activities programme' of the organization. Here the question of legitimate methods raises itself. There is a strong tendency to throw it aside as nonexistent. A morality for our group has been not only decided upon, but proclaimed, in the official credo. Since all the boys agree that that is what we want, is it very relevant how we get it? For, after all, those who don't want what we want can't be regular boys; if they were they would believe in our credo, too. And since their beliefs are not our beliefs and therefore all right, they are obviously all wrong, — here is the point of distinction which may widen into the line of future social cleavage, — and is it not our moral duty to treat them accordingly? And what is accordingly? From the frontier on, we have been a people with no particular repugnance to the use of force.

This seems like a far cry from the mood of a country which has SMILE signs on every office desk. The picture of a large and uniform mass of men, recognizing no limits except the limits of its land, worshiping a god of that land's productivity, enforcing its customs with tribal severity, and purging itself of those who practise different rites with the joyful hate of a holy war, is not easily recognizable as These United States. It is in fact a ridiculous caricature. And yet . . .

The time is coming when the superproductivity of the land will find equilibrium, when the cry of 'more and better' will be met by a law of diminishing returns. We do not believe this. Neither did the Englishman of 1840, when the possibilities of the Kingdom of Coal and Iron were at dawn; now, less than a hundred years later, he is realizing that it is afternoon. When that time comes to us it will no longer be a case of everyone having a share in an increasing total. Once the total is constant, the struggle for shares will be sharpened. The boys will gather more closely together; the distinction between 'our kind' and 'not our sort' will be more pronounced, and will be invoked oftener.

We have already seen a little of groups arming for group defense. The definition of what we mean by 'our kind' began in a mild way in the early 'Americanization' programmes. Those were to help the immigrant to become 'one of ours.' Now we have reached the stage where we think we have had enough immigrants, and the tone changes. We have begun to define 'Americanism' with a view to enforcing the acceptance of certain standards. The action of the Attorney-General and of the local courts during the anti-Red period of 1920, of which the Sacco-Vanzetti case was only the most noteworthy example, applied these

standards to political ideas. The organization of the Open Shop Drive to enforce the antiunion 'American' plan in our factories took the standards on to the industrial field. The Anti-Saloon League is attempting to put into practice a legal victory in the social sphere. And all of these are only specific manifestations of a much more fundamental cleavage — the cleavage between the Anglo-Saxon stock of the First Immigration and the later comers who alone are known as immigrants. In the Hoover-Smith election, the former stock won a decisive victory on the issue of group dominance, an issue which will continue increasingly to be raised in American politics.

And if American life cannot learn to accept the existence of differences, if the controlling group elects to fight it out on a straight issue of dominance, the tribal caricature will become a likeness. The question of an order, our order, will gradually become a question of order pure and simple, with force used to maintain it. Even now, American industry cannot be allowed to stop; if the weight of its superstructure came down, fire would spring from the ruins. We have moved from the farm to the city, and we intend that city life shall continue. The fear which keeps a million people out of the subway the day after there has been an accident due to a slipped rail is only a faint shadow of the hate which would break against any group that could with some degree of truth be accused of deliberately interrupting means of transport. The suburban community is the dominant American group. It is the group which conforms most willingly and most closely to the group standards, and feels itself emptiest apart from them. It is the group which is therefore willing to stake most on the continued functioning of things as they are, to put order above all — the group from which the Fascisti of the future will be drawn, if there are Fascisti.

If there are Fascisti! Surely the commuters on the 5.10 train do not look very much like intent and determined imperialists of production. The idea is ridiculous. Put the person of a Gluyas Williams cartoon into a black shirt and he is funnier than ever. Put him into a white sheet, however, and he is at least recognizable as a factor in American life; muster him as a Minute Man of America and he even gains a certain prestige.

One thing is certain. If there are not to be Fascisti when the check in production produces a check on the facile type of 'Service' good humor, it will be because an element of tolerance has entered into American life and become an integral part of it. The present system does not permit variety, let alone accepting it as a communal good. What are the sources of this weakness in our social outlook? How could it be overcome? If an understanding of and a respect for differences are to become part of our make-up, both a personal change and an institutional change will have to take place. We shall have to acquire an ability, both personal and institutional, to recognize not only the existence of something, but also the existence of something else; to differentiate the All into parts with forms of their own.

It means establishing conditions in which variety can flourish, and believing in variety even when it takes the form of opposition.

RETICENT EPISODES

From the Magistrate's Indian Diary

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

'SPARTAN' and I went on, over the fields smooth as a carpet, dipping occasionally into some tiny river bed, which ran like a great brown gash across the green face of the country. The villagers are glad to see one, and talk freely of their little affairs: how the floods spoiled the maize crop, how lack of rain at the right time damaged the rice, how the new landlord is trying —illicitly— to raise their rents. The bridge on such and such a road has been swept away; can that be put right? It can be; and steps are taken to make sure that it is.

About noon, or a little earlier, one gets to camp. The tents are almost hidden in a thick grove of mango trees, but one sees their white tops gleaming far across the fields. I noticed a little group to the right, where the cart track from headquarters entered the village, and galloped up to find the local landowner waiting to salaam me on my arrival. Ram Sahai was incredibly frail, but enormously dignified in his *tamjan* — a sort of open sedan chair, heavily armored with silver, and containing more red plush than would ever seem possible. Eighty, I think he is; his teeth have gone long ago, and his nose and chin almost meet. The old man had donned his garments of ceremony, and wore a turban with an aigrette. There he stood, swaying with age, encrusted with gold lace and barbaric jewels. He is proud, intensely proud, of the fact that his lands were given him by the Government, as a direct reward for services rendered in the mutiny; and he is — and always has been — *plus royaliste que le roi.*

The story of how he came to possess his large estate, and his title of taluqdar, is interesting. During the mutiny, the magistrate of this district was, at one time, hunted like a rat by large gangs of mutineers from Lucknow. Ram Sahai's father, Kallu Ram, had a distant cousin of the same name who knew the magistrate slightly. This cousin harbored the latter for weeks, at the gravest risk to his own life; when things got too hot to last, and detection seemed inevitable, he provided a disguise, and gave the magistrate all his available cash in order to assist him to escape. The hope was that he might find his way to some centre where the British still held out. That hope was not realized; but on the way the magistrate did fall in with a party of his compatriots, and shortly afterward he fell, fighting. He had, however, done what most men in similar circumstances did during these troublous times — jotted down the main facts as regards his escape; and he asked the Government to see that his protector, Kallu Ram, was suitably rewarded.

Many months afterward, when 'the great trouble' was over, and when

the English were administering justice with a somewhat heavy hand and rewarding with a profuse liberality those who had stood by them in the dark days of the mutiny, Kallu Ram (who by that time had died) was summoned to Lucknow, to the presence of the Chief Commissioner. The summons was delivered to his distant cousin, Kallu Ram, the father of Ram Sahai. There must have been anxious consultations and debate as to what should be done! The ways of the English were inscrutable. Men were being hanged; men were being rewarded; the dice might fall anyhow, so they thought in the villages. But Kallu Ram had 'stuff' in him. He went to his namesake's widow — the widow of his distant cousin — in her little mud hut under the nim trees: —

'This writing has come. In the village, as thou knowest, there is now no Kallu Ram of our caste but me. I know not what this thing may bring. It may be death — hanging; it may be a rich reward — land, money, honors. All that is in the hand of God. But this I do know, and promise on the head of my son, Ram Sahai, that if it be reward, then thou shalt be my mother while thou livest, and my house shall be thy house, and my lands thy lands, and thou shalt share with us and live with us while life lasts. Is it agreed? If it be hanging, then art thou free from blame, and Ram Sahai shall be to thee as a son in my stead. Is it agreed, O my mother?' It was agreed; and Kallu Ram went off, ready for death or for reward, as Parmeshwar might in his wisdom decide. Stout-hearted fellow!

His reward was great. The English made much of him; twenty thousand broad acres were assigned to him and his heirs; they gave him five lakhs of rupees, and a robe of honor stiff with gold and gems; and they made him a taluqdar of Oudh. He, Kallu Ram, of the cultivator caste, who had never seen three hundred rupees together in all his lifetime, was set in the seats of the mighty, and became one of the lords of the land.

The village knew the facts; but it was felt that substantial justice had been done. He was the wrong Kallu Ram — but that did n't matter; it was fitting that the splendid recompense should not be lost to the family. Everyone knew that the dead Kallu's widow was regarded as a mother by the new Kallu; she would share, to the uttermost farthing, so far as a Hindu widow could still have any joy in life, in the new Kallu's prosperity. Further, it was ill meddling in such high matters. The English had selected Kallu for high honor; he was now the overlord of them all; he had money, which is all-potent; and, though the tale passed from father to son was the common property of all, and still remains known to everyone in the village, it went no farther. An Indian village can, when need be, keep its secrets as closely as the tomb.

One tangible thing remains. On a high site, beside the village, there is a heavy marble monument to the dead English magistrate. Round it are tanks, — huge masonry reservoirs with steps for bathers, — little kiosks here and there where one may shelter from the burning sun, oleanders and acacias to give grateful shade. The tanks are dry, but they are kept in excellent order; and the monument is as fresh as when it left the sculptor's hands. Kallu Ram meant, at all costs, to show his gratitude; and his son, frail old man as he is, would still grip his gold-hilted and jeweled scimitar, if the need arose, to strike a blow for the English. The years have used him and his property; he is deep in debt; he cannot understand many of our ways; he resents the

irksome control that is essential to save for him and his sons the broad lands that the Government gave to his stout-hearted father. But through it all, and despite it all, his deep faith in the English has never wavered or been shaken. High and low, from the sodden marshes of the Terai to the burning plains of Rajputana, you will find many Ram Sahais — if you know where to look for them.

II

I am camping in what I always think is the most uninteresting part of my district. The country is dead flat, and one sluggish river winds through it.

For the moment, one rather curious happening holds the field of interest. Some obscure pundit or other in the holy city of Benares, upset probably by too copious and indigestible a meal, decided that the world would come to an end toward the last of this month. Such a decision is in itself not very surprising; it has been made before, and will doubtless be made again, in India and elsewhere. What is troubling me here, however, is that the pundit — may he die of soul-twisting colics — coupled his rather banal announcement with a cheerful intimation that, three days before the end of everything, the Muhammadans would rise, at a preconcerted signal, and massacre the Hindus. I feel that in making this addition he was hardly playing fair; he quite evidently had no sympathy with the race of hard-worked and necessarily anxious district officers.

The peasants are not sowing — why should they toil, when the end of the world is at hand? The revenue is not coming in — why should one pay, when the whole world will shortly vanish in smoke? Worst of all, the Hindus are watching the Muhammadans with fear in their eyes; the Muhammadans are glancing askance at the Hindus — will these soft throats offer much resistance to slitting? Will there be much loot? Will it really come to the Armageddon of the two races so soon? It does not do to treat that sort of thing too seriously; it is equally dangerous to treat it too lightly. What I do know, and can see everywhere, is that the plough is not working; the land is not sown; it is as if some infernal fellow had stuck a crowbar into the works of a delicate machine. Everywhere there is anxiety, even dread. Things have stopped with a click.

There is nothing I can do, except carry on as usual, and banter those who broach the subject. I have, however, rearranged my mighty small force of mounted police (I have eighty men for a population of a million and a quarter) so that, if trouble does come, they will be where they are most likely to be wanted. What perturbs me most is that my highest Indian officers — Hindus and Muhammadans alike — are nervous and excited. Some of them are obviously terrified. In the course of the last two days, I had long talks with two of them, one a Hindu magistrate, the other a Muhammadan tahsildar (that is, a chief revenue officer, in charge of a subdivision consisting of about one quarter of the whole district). Both explained how widespread the uneasiness was; both laughed at the absurd prophecy; and — confound them — both finished up by suggesting that it would make for security, and would protect a vital point, if I arranged that the police force at *their* station should be quadrupled during the decisive days. In other words, both of them 'had the wind up,' and badly. I told them coldly that I had already given orders as regards the distribution of the police; and added that I myself was camping,

with my family, without a guard, at such and such a centre. The thing would pass. Their business was to carry on precisely as before; to ignore all alarmist rumors unless there seemed to be some substantial foundation for them and preventive measures were in fact possible. In that case, they must do the best they could with the resources under their own control. If things looked really serious, they could of course always come to me again; but all I wanted them to do for the moment was to carry on, as if nothing were happening, and to do all they could, by talk and by example, to tranquilize the people.

III

I had an unusual conversation today. I spent nearly two hours discussing with the father of two sons — his only children — whether there was any possible means of saving them from being hanged. A peculiarly brutal murder had been committed; and, as a result of patient and careful investigation, the police sent up these two men for trial on a charge of murder. The details would not interest you; the men were tried before an Indian judge, and were acquitted. It is one of the multifarious duties of a district officer to keep an eye on the general administration of justice in his district. If there is an acquittal in an important case, such as murder or dacoity, which seems at variance with the facts and the evidence, the district magistrate has to bring the matter to the notice of the Government, which has a right of appeal (to the High Court only) against the acquittal. The High Court then retries the case, and can inflict such penalty — even death — as may seem to it proper. In this case, it seemed to me that the acquittal was dead against the facts and the evidence. I had therefore advised the Government to appeal against the acquittal; they had done so, and the case was about to be retried by the High Court. It was at this juncture that the father of the two accused came to see me.

He was an ordinary cultivator, and not of high caste. By some means (one can guess at the method) he had got hold of the substance of my letter advising the appeal; and he set himself to combat, point by point, the arguments advanced. The whole thing was done with a cold abstraction, a logical precision, an entire absence of emotion, that confounded me. There he was, the father of the two men who would almost certainly be hanged, discussing their deadly peril with acuteness and sang-froid, with ability which was in itself remarkable, and with a kind of intellectual aloofness from the human interests at stake. For a Hindu, as he was, the existence of a son is essential to prestige in this world, and to salvation in the next. The son must perform the funeral rites; the son carries on the family; without a son it is 'death, disaster, and damnation.' All that he seemed to have put out of his mind. No human emotion peeped out. It was cold, able, precise, even brilliant advocacy only. I inquired later if there had been tension between the father and his sons to account for it. I could find no evidence of that, or of anything peculiar in the family history. It finally came to this: he agreed that there were two crucial points. I told him that if he could satisfy me that his statement of the facts as to these two points was correct, or probably correct, I would, even at that very late stage of the proceedings, do all I could to stop the wheels I had set in motion. I said frankly that I saw no probability that he could satisfy me as to that; I had been through the whole case twice, and

had examined most carefully all the points at issue. I saw no avenue of escape, and was at the moment firmly convinced that his sons had committed the murder. I was, however, ready to reopen the whole affair if, on the two points admittedly vital, he could convince me that his allegations were correct. He thanked me, again without any display of emotion, and said that he would call again in a few days. That was ten days ago, and he has not been back. I doubt if he will return.

In all my twenty years' experience, that case is unique. District officers are often appealed to by the most unexpected people, and the confidence and trust reposed in them are great. The people generally feel real confidence in their desire for justice and in their sense of fair play; they know that no trouble is too great if it is a question of preventing injustice. Here, with everything at stake in this world and the next, the father had short-circuited the Government (which alone had power to take action in the matter), and he apparently intended to take no steps in the High Court when the case came before them. It was all done with an inhuman detachment which leaves me marveling. He put the whole burden on my shoulders, did his best with me, and was apparently prepared to leave it at that. In India one has fresh surprises every day.

IV

I am now on my way north again, and my spirits rise whenever I think of it. It comforts me to get as close as I can to the shadow of the Himalayas; to see the glittering, aloof peaks stand up stark at dawn; to watch them glow in the sunset; to see their cold leaden slopes when the short sunset flush is over and they withdraw majestically into the gloom of night. North, there are wide open spaces; north, there are forests. One gets to cleaner, purer air.

My first stage on that northward journey has been taken, and my tents are cosily arranged in a little clearing in a tiny bit of outlying forest that bestrides the long white dusty road to the more populous regions I have just left. I am still far from the 'really truly' forests, but even this pale simulacrum is immensely satisfying for the moment. This camp, too, is particularly interesting, as the whole place is a 'criminal settlement' inhabited by Sansiyahs. The Sansiyahs are of unknown origin; gypsies, probably, of some sort — possibly from Persia. They are fine upstanding men and women, markedly above the average as regards height and physique; they are hereditary criminals, and proud of it. Crime is their profession, and, except so far as we can prevent it, their sole occupation. They have, of course, an argot of their own, though they can speak good Hindustani. Their proficiency as thieves is remarkable; and they devote to this life work of theirs an amount of thought and energy which is amazing. Time after time, in case after case, we have found them executing a coup of some kind or other at a place about twenty miles off, leaving their settlement after the last roll call (say about ten at night) and returning in time for the roll call at six in the morning. They know the local jungles like the backs of their hands; they lope along in the dark, in single file, noiselessly, tirelessly, strike suddenly, and disappear into the blackness of the night. They are not 'scientific' criminals, in any sense of the term; and their game is usually petty theft, fairly safe housebreaking, the snatching of a goat here or a sheep there, shoplifting where good chances offer, and occasionally an excursion into bolder forms of

crime such as dacoity, though they seldom run to murder.

There are about three hundred of them here, and they have been 'settled' in a huge clearing in this strip of forest. Unwisely, I think, for the forest gives them exactly the terrain they like. Land has been allotted to them; they have cattle; they are taught to weave, and so on, and to supplement their agricultural earnings by minor home industries. But their hearts are not in the work. Like the wild dogs, they seem untamable. They are repulsively dirty in their habits; and the women in particular love the 'stalwart beggar' act, and terrify peaceable Hindu households by demanding money, threatening in the event of refusal to throw unspeakable ordures into the courtyards. That would usually mean elaborate purifications, and so on — time, trouble, and expense. So, usually, the Sansiyahs are bought off, and the game proceeds merrily. Meantime, the women note the position of things; mark down houses which are worth burgling; note which children are wearing silver ornaments; and collect information useful to their scallywag husbands — for future use.

This particular settlement is in charge of a European officer of the Salvation Army. He, his wife, and one young child live in the midst of these ruffians, in a mud hut thatched with jungle grass. There they remain, summer, rains, and winter, in conditions which one can only describe as appalling. They live on such food as is locally obtainable, for their combined salary is roughly fifty pounds a year. They may possibly see three or four Europeans each season. They are isolated from everything that makes life worth living; their only literature, except for the Bible, is a daily paper which is delivered by the post one day late. There is no doctor, of course; medical aid of a very inferior kind could possibly be obtained some fifteen miles away. In the rains, the jungle clearing is sodden with fever; in the hot weather, the earth is iron, and the skies are brass. No ice, of course; no mineral waters; and nothing to do but work. Yet they stand it all; they are always cheerful, always optimistic. They have no delusions, either — they know the breed they have to work with.

Their lives must often be in danger, but the husband sallies forth undauntedly, clad in his red army sweater, with a huge blackthorn in his hand; and he plunges into the midst of the quarreling, excited groups, calms them down, hears the story, and gives his instant decision. When necessary, the blackthorn makes that decision respected. He is 'a good man of his hands,' and has established a domination, chiefly moral, in part physical, on which the whole conduct of the settlement turns. They know there is no money in the game for him; they cannot make him out. He enforces a roll call every two hours at all critical periods of the day; it is the only way to make sure that the men do not go off thieving. He pays surprise visits to their houses at all hours of the night with the same object. His Hindustani is rather elementary (he has not been there very long), but he is learning the language fast; and meantime he ekes out his scrappy vocabulary in the expressive manner of the British Tommy. Signs and gestures; a firm tone of voice; infinite patience — and always the blackthorn firmly gripped in his muscular fist. Checking by every means I can employ for ascertaining the real facts, I find that he has got that settlement feeding out of his hand. Crime in the vicinity is practically normal; there are few complaints of any importance from the surrounding villages; the

police are satisfied; the people round about are reasonably contented. Is n't it a marvel? And when one thinks of the driving motive that can lead a man — and his wife — to devote their lives to such work, in such surroundings, and to remain cheerful and happy through it all!

The district policeman told me a curious story regarding this settlement. About a year ago, despite all the restrictions, despite the roll calls and the control, petty thefts in the neighboring market town, fifteen miles off, were steadily increasing. Articles of considerable value were constantly disappearing from the shops. The local police could do nothing, and had no suggestions to make; they were 'flummoxed,' and gave it up.

About that time the policeman was visiting this settlement. One evening, having spotted the tracks of a large leopard in the jungle near the river, he decided to 'sit up for it.' He went back at once to his camp, took his machan, — a little tape-strung wooden frame with iron rings at the corners which one can fix in a tree, — and prepared for his long vigil, perched uncomfortably in the machan, some eighteen feet or so above the ground. The jungle was scrub, *karunda*, thorn bushes, and so on, and it was fairly open, so that, from a height, one could see some distance.

After sitting in absolute stillness for an hour or more, he heard someone coming along the jungle path. Soon he saw the intruder — a Sansiyah boy whom he knew well by sight. There was little danger of the policeman's being seen, for when one is walking on a winding, narrow jungle path one seldom looks up, and the machan was, in any case, screened by leaves. That one always attends to — it is part of the game. The boy came sauntering along, stopping every now and then to pick a berry. Thirty yards or so from the machan, he was attracted by a dhak tree — a tree that bears brilliant scarlet blossoms before the leaves come out. 'Flame of the forest,' it is sometimes called. Now, as all Indian boys know, the flower of the dhak, properly manipulated, makes an admirable sort of jew's-harp; and this Sansiyah child — he was about twelve years old — sat down on the path to make one. Delicately he shredded off the unwanted parts; appreciatively he tried his new toy; and when all was satisfactory he resumed his stroll, passing finally out of sight without having been conscious that the policeman was watching every movement with intense interest.

The reason for the intense interest was that the policeman knew that this child had been blind from birth! He had seen him a hundred times, feeling his pitiful way through the settlement; he had often watched his pale blue eyes with their fixed unseeing stare; he knew by heart that peculiar expression of peace and calm which the faces of the blind so often wear. Every act, every gesture, had fitted in to perfection with the idea that the boy was blind, and had never known sight. It was all acting, he now knew; the boy had been trained from infancy to act as the blind act — and never had his acting failed! In that lonely jungle path, with no one likely to be there but Sansiyahs who knew and profited by his secret, he doubtless felt he could take an hour or so off. He had done so, to his own undoing. While waiting for the leopard (which never came) the policeman thought it all over, and became convinced that chance had enabled him to solve the mystery of the shop thefts. The blind boy went everywhere; everyone knew he was blind; he was unsuspected and unwatched. When the head of the local police station was

told the tale, he laughed at it at first. Why, he had known the boy for five years — the sahib must be wrong. He, everyone, knew with the certainty of absolute conviction that the boy was stone-blind.

We had the child examined by the Civil Surgeon: his eyes were perfect. Eventually, the Sansiyahs gave up the game; they admitted that the boy had normal sight, and that he had been trained, through all these years, to simulate the acts and appearance of a blind child. Think of the infinite patience required, of the supreme ability necessary, of the iron control requisite, to carry through successfully such a deception. And the boy was only twelve years old! Truly, the Sansiyah is never weary in ill-doing.

V

Here are two little thumb-nail sketches that will perhaps bring home to you the variety and the sharpness of the contrasts one comes across in one's daily work.

Out duck shooting the other evening, I picked up a village coolie to carry the birds I had shot, and to help in retrieving others. We were passing through his village on the way back, and as we rounded a clay pit of large extent, deep and full of water, and with absolutely vertical sides, he began to shake with laughter. I asked him what the joke was. And this is the tale he told: —

'I never pass here without laughing. The reason is that, about a month ago, a stranger somehow fell into that tank. [In passing, I may say that a 'stranger' often means anyone from a village not quite close to the home of the speaker.] The sides are slippery and give no hold; round and round he went, like a rat in a barrel of water, round and round and round, splashing, struggling, going under, coming up again. He could not swim well. And we all came out and sat on the sides, and watched him. It was very funny: up he came, shouted; down he went, splashing. And when he was tired, he sank. I never saw anything so funny, and when I pass here I remember it all, and laugh.'

They could have saved him, without the slightest risk, by merely pushing into his hand any one of the hundreds of bamboos that lay near. That evidently did not occur to anyone; so they sat and enjoyed the entertainment provided.

Now for the second story: A week ago, in a district close to mine, an old lady was buried alive. The funeral was attended by all the villagers, and of course by her own family — two grown-up sons and three grandsons. And this is how it all happened. The facts came out in open court, and there can be no doubt as to their accuracy.

The two sons, after working all day in their fields, bathed, prior to their evening meal. One of them noticed, with horror, that a white patch had appeared on his thigh. Leprosy! They talked the matter over with their mother. One can picture the scene: the mud-walled house, the thatched roof with the untrimmed beams showing, the flickering light of the little *chiragh* of coconut oil in which a tiny wick guttered, the swaying shadows of the great clay corn bin that rose from the beaten floor smooth and fresh from its daily coating of mud and cow dung, the stricken man, the wrinkled old woman bent with age and exhausting labor. It was common knowledge that the gods were angry, and it was of course very evident that there was but one sure method of propitiating them — a human sacrifice. That everyone knew. There was the family to think of. The grandsons would suffer unless the sacrifice was made; the second son might be stricken also. Clearly, there

must be a sacrifice — but who should be the victim? They argued it out, dispassionately. The leper son contended that he should be buried — he was already attacked; a sacrifice might, or possibly might not, cure him; but he at least could certainly purchase by his own life immunity for his brother and their sons.

The mother did not agree. Her son was in the prime of life; his sons needed him; he was required to work the family holding. Her death would earn not only a cure for him, but also immunity for the others. She had lived her life; she was finished; she must die soon, anyhow — why wait for death when death, if sought, would fetch so great a price? The life of her sons, the safety of her grandsons, the power to wring a living from the soil — all was at stake. No! She must die, and die she would, gladly. It was a little thing to give to get so much. Far into the night they talked, debating these high issues of life and death. Finally, all agreed that the mother's offer should be accepted; it was the wisest course. Early next morning they laid the matter before the village elders; and there again, under the great peepul tree, the question was debated afresh, gravely, dispassionately, with all the wisdom that the old men of the village could bring to bear on it. Of the efficacy of the course proposed no one had any doubt; that was quite clear. It was merely a question of deciding on the most appropriate victim. And the village council, after much high debate, agreed that the best plan was to bury the old lady. That evening she walked firmly to the grave they had dug, embraced her sons and grandsons, said her sad partings, and lay down, with her sari drawn across her face, at the bottom of her living tomb. They spread boughs rent from neighboring trees over her, and then filled up the grave. She was not drugged; she was, to the last, the dominating personality in all that tragic affair. One little touch of tremendous realism was preserved by the dry official record. When they began to fill in the earth, the old woman's voice came muffled through the boughs and the clods: '*Dhirti sambhalke dalo.*' ('Throw in the earth carefully — gently.')

One wonders what the sons and the village folk thought as they went back to their homes? Possibly, some Indian version of the familiar words, 'Greater love hath no man than this. . . .'

ALMUS PATER

Antioch Introduces a Masculine Element into Higher Education

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

VERY clearly do I remember my first visit to a great Eastern university. My friend, a department head, introduced me to another member of the faculty, and I was invited to call.

It was almost my initial acquaintance with the East. I was at home in desert sagebrush, in mountain lumber camps, in frozen winter travel in the North, and with mosquitoes and moccasin snakes of Southern swamps. Browbeating a 'roughneck' contractor into doing a decent construction job, or hunting a lost surveying party in the jungles, was familiar experience. But here was something new.

My host received me in his apartments and bade me be seated. The room was nicely and delicately furnished. I have the impression of filmy curtains and fragile bric-a-brac, presided over by a man who was appropriate to the room. After a few commonplaces about politics, he suggested we have tea.

Tea! I had thought these were bachelor quarters, and I did not know that my host was married. Perhaps his mother was taking care of him. But I was mistaken. He produced a set of dainty, translucent porcelain, and proceeded to make tea himself, before my astonished eyes.

I had affection for the forests and the deserts. Who would not roll up in his blanket on the winter ground in order to wake and see the rose tints of the morning twilight creep over the Western peaks? But that life has disadvantages. The open spaces furnish too few congenial associates. I had consorted with Emerson and Carlyle, with Thoreau and Wordsworth, with Huxley and Darwin, and with Plato, and I was permanently hungry for the company of friends with similar tastes. Was it not worth while to swallow the tea for the sake of finding such companionship?

So I visited more faculty members, dined at the faculty club, and loafed at the faculty quarters, always with my ears open. Of course my expectations were not fulfilled. It was not within reason that men of vigorous intellectual interests would wear their opinions upon their sleeves, or expose their substantial convictions to a stranger. The commonplaces I heard, and the mild discussions, doubtless were but the efforts of sensitive and modest men to avoid ostentation.

It is more than twenty years since that experience, but the impression still remains of a lack of masculine atmosphere about the institution. Yet, so far as I can recall, I did not see a woman on the campus. Does not the phrase 'Alma Mater' properly describe the characteristic influence of the undergraduate college? Does not the college in the main afford a mother's influence to its students? It is the

traditional mother's part to provide mild discipline, sympathy, understanding, patience, forgiveness, and aspiration to her children.

The father should supply understanding, too, but of another sort. He knows that the storm can make its contribution as well as the fireside, that only rigorous living can develop stamina, that a morality which never has faced stress is not yet secure. He knows that the man who faces the world and holds to his own best standards has a quality never achieved by him who keeps under shelter. He knows that the stresses are surely coming, and he would temper his son or daughter to them while he is yet near by to offer a friendly hand or a word of encouragement or caution. Where we find a father who is mothering his children, it generally is because his own life lacked a father's proper influence.

The father influence is waning in America, and, unless we beware, the rugged temper of our people will begin to grow soft, or they will get their tempering in the arbitrary school of military training. Less and less do fathers see their sons and daughters. They are too busy, and the job is left to mother. Moreover, until high school is past, most teaching is by women.

Much modern employment is but little better. A man or woman very often works in shop or store or office where only a few adjustments are required, and where striking weaknesses of personality do not seriously affect the highly standardized and carefully supervised production.

And college continues to be Alma Mater. The student is still sheltered from the stresses which develop self-reliance. Coonskin coats and rakish motor cars may give a semblance of masculinity, but not the substance, and football supplies but a very specialized kind of stamina, quite different from that needed to hold down a lone job with no cheering on the side lines. Even the student who is tempered to rigorous intellectual work may be quite unfitted to meet many other kinds of stress.

A boy or girl needs both mother and father, and our systems of higher education will be sadly incomplete until Alma Mater and Almus Pater have coördinate jurisdiction and influence.

II

At Antioch College we hold that a true sense of proportion is a pearl of great price, for which we should be ready to sell very much of what we have. No quality of character, no element of personal development, is of such superlative worth that one does well to give it unlimited attention to the exclusion of all other interests. Even the pursuit of proportion may be carried to a point where it will absorb energy that otherwise could better be used in increasing the total value of living.

There is a temper of mind which assumes that we may care *either* for this *or* for that, but that the presence of any strong interest must exclude its opposite. Such minds are insensitive to fine proportion. I cannot endure these 'either-or' persons. A one-track mind assumes that all others must be similarly afflicted, and that attention to any particular interest necessarily implies a disregard for contrasting interests. Tell such a person that you are interested in science, and he will say, 'Oh, but religion is so much more important,' as though they were mutually exclusive. Tell him you are interested in developing in young people a practical adjustment to real life, and he will assume that you have no care for a liberal education.

Therefore, regardless of everything to

the contrary that may be said in this article, it will be quoted by many people as expressing the point of view that college influences are not important, but that practical experience should dominate in higher education. Than which nothing is further from the truth!

In the unconventional college programme that has been in operation at Antioch for nearly eight years, Almus Pater has reigned with Alma Mater. The sheltering, stimulating, and inspiring influences of academic halls have been blended with the sterner stuff of real living in a real world. The boys and girls of Antioch are having both kinds of influence in their lives, in the proportions that seem by experience best to bring about the complete development of personality.

Lest there still be a lurking suspicion in the reader's mind that Antioch is chiefly interested in the tempering influences of practical contacts, before describing Antioch's methods of introducing a masculine element into education let me just briefly describe Alma Mater at Antioch, or the 'intramural college,' as it is styled with academic dignity.

Antioch stands for liberal education, and the practical-minded student who wants only courses that lead to financial competence or to highly specialized interests is advised to readjust his outlook greatly, or to go elsewhere. One-track minds are relatively few in the student body, and these few tend to broaden out, or to seek more congenial environment. Of the entire time spent in college halls, at least half must be given to the pursuit of a liberal education, regardless of the prospective calling to be followed.

In its interpretation of the meaning of a liberal education, Antioch is more liberal than most liberal colleges. President Eliot often criticized football on the ground that it had little continuing value after college. With graduation that chapter of the student's athletic experience is permanently closed. So too often graduation completes a liberal education. Many educators who hold this belief object to introductory college courses on the ground that they do not establish a mastery of the subjects treated. They tacitly assume that there will be no further pursuit of those subjects after graduation.

Antioch sees a liberal education as a lifelong process, and includes introductory courses in all the major sciences, in literature, history, economics, philosophy, and æsthetics, as a beginning of that process. Advanced courses follow for students who are qualified and interested in the several fields.

A liberal education does imply an experience of mastery, and each Antioch student is asked to spend at least a third of his college time in a thoroughgoing treatment of a subject of his choice. This 'field of concentration' may be cultural, or, as is frequently the case, preparatory for the student's life work. There are now under consideration additional methods for emphasizing mastery in some field which, we believe, may add to Antioch's contribution to educational methods.

The widening and deepening of cultural interests which follow upon participation in the Antioch programme constitute one of the most notable influences of the college. Those interests arise not only from the subjects taught, but from the manner of teaching. During the last three years of the college course formal classes are for the most part dispensed with, and the students are largely left to their own initiative to develop the methods of substantial scholarship. The approval of this so-called 'autonomous programme' on the part of the better students is decisive.

The faculty in liberal subjects, as in other fields, has been developed with the utmost painstaking care, with scholarship, sound human quality, and skill and enthusiasm in teaching as the dominant considerations. Relations between students and faculty are intimate and friendly to a very exceptional degree. The environment is one to stimulate and to develop scholarly interests. Antioch alumni in graduate schools are conspicuous for the range and variety of their cultural interests.

III

The fine arts and their applications are springing into life at Antioch in interesting and surprising fashion. As is natural with the creative spirit which finds expression in the Antioch programme, productive action tends to grow out of theoretical study. The publishing of fine books, begun by a student, is continuing as a profitable industry since his graduation. Another student designs bookplates, and last year sold twenty-seven hundred dollars' worth of them. He expects his sales this year, while he is still a student, to reach four thousand dollars. The Antioch bronze foundry makes fine art bronzes by the Italian 'lost wax' process. The Antioch Press does thirty thousand dollars' worth of fine printing a year. Postural difficulties of girl students led to a study of women's shoes, and four years of experiment finally developed the 'Antioch shoe,' which is a beautiful creation, while it also meets the most critical demands of orthopædists. Made by manufacturers after Antioch designs, last year over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of these shoes were sold, and there are indications of a rapid increase in their use.

Classes in music, dramatics, drawing, painting, and modeling in clay follow after introductory courses in æsthetics, and are eagerly patronized. Few subjects are so generally elected as advance courses in literature.

In its physical setting the intramural college is rapidly becoming fitted for its work. The addition of a library, a men's dormitory, a nursery-school plant with spacious and beautiful grounds, a gymnasium, and an excellent and adequate building to be completed during the current year to house all the natural sciences, provides reasonably suitable physical facilities.

But perhaps most remarkable is the recent accession to the Antioch campus. Through the gift of friends, Antioch now possesses a wonderful tract of forested hills and streams extending over a length of three miles, and connecting with the Clifton Gorge, perhaps the wildest and most rugged bit of forest in Ohio.

For the poet and the naturalist, as well as for young people who love skating and swimming and tramping in the woods and among the cliffs, this campus is priceless. In its hundreds of acres of natural forests there are more species of native trees than are found in all Europe, and the tract also has strong interests for the anthropologist, the geologist, the entomologist, and the general biologist. For the Antioch alumnus, college memories recall not only academic halls, but spring or autumn days beside the still waters.

This article could be taken up entirely with illustrations of contributions to the methods of higher education that have been made by Antioch. Some methods and policies that were almost unprecedented in American higher education when Antioch initiated them eight years ago already have been quite fully accepted, and others of these policies are slowly but surely fighting their way to general adoption.

Among such are the programme of

autonomous courses, in some colleges called honors courses, the policy of giving treatment to initial science courses for the general student different from those given to specialists, the policy of admissions based on thorough individual examination of student fitness rather than upon certificate or formal examination, and the policy of giving greater weight to fundamentals and less weight to applied courses in such fields as engineering and business. The proportion of innovations in education made at Antioch eight years ago which have held their own and are gaining general acceptance is very high.

But this article concerns another phase of the Antioch programme, and if now I have convinced my readers that the Antioch Alma Mater is thriving and vigorous, perhaps I may safely refer with enthusiasm to Almus Pater, the 'extramural college.'

IV

On one or two afternoons each week, various normal young Antiochians of both sexes present themselves at our home, where they are served with tea at the hands of their hostess. The experience no longer disturbs me, perhaps because I am now accustomed to it, perhaps because I know that Almus Pater will soon be getting in his work. In a few weeks at most these young men and women will be scattered to the four winds, handling real responsibilities on real jobs in real life, while another similar army of young men and women will be flocking back from five- or ten-week periods on these same jobs, for a similar period in college halls.

And so this programme continues during the year, the two groups of students alternating between five or ten weeks with Alma Mater in the study halls of the intramural college and similar periods with Almus Pater, getting tempered to the real life of the world. Each job is filled by two students, who take turns.

What is there about these outside working experiences that deserves the name of 'extramural college'? Are they more than just part-time jobs for paying the student's way at college or for teaching him a calling? We believe they are.

To begin with, this extramural college has its own faculty. The dean of this college has his staff of trained and experienced men and women. These extramural faculty members search the entire Eastern United States for exceptional practical opportunities for cooperative students.

Is some modern school doing remarkably fine work? In several such schools Antioch students of education are teaching on a coöperative basis. Is an industrial laboratory blazing a trail in applied science? There Antioch coöperative students are in responsible positions. Is some industrial corporation demonstrating that discriminating ethical standards and fairness in human relations can harmonize with financial success? In such institutions, also, Antioch students are being inoculated with the newer and greater tradition.

The writing of this article has just been interrupted by a visit from the head of the department of chemistry, who related this incident. He had announced a lecture on the chemistry of the purification of city water supplies, and an engineering student volunteered to build a demonstration apparatus for him. This student designed and built in the lecture room a model water-purification system. Muddy and polluted water from a road puddle was poured in, and, passing through the processes of agitation, coagulation, settlement, chlorination, and filtration, all visible to the observers, flowed out crystal clear for the audience to drink.

Anyone who understands the necessary mechanical and chemical controls required to produce such a result will realize that this boy had profited by his coöperative job in the filtration plant of a water company in a large city.

In stores, factories, hospitals, architects' offices, research laboratories, art institutes, newspaper offices, social-service organizations, engineering and construction work, nursery schools, and in a bewildering variety of other undertakings, Antioch young men and women students are being introduced to real life. The three hundred pairs of coöperative students are at work for two hundred employers in sixteen states.

But the extramural faculty has not finished when it has placed the students. The jobs must be made educational. Conferences with the employers and with the students bring out strong and weak points, and furnish counsel on many troublesome matters. The members of the extramural faculty are truly in the place of the father. (This may seem a paradox in case of the woman members, but our analogy must not be strained too far; women as well as men are necessary for the services of Almus Pater, as both are necessary for Alma Mater.) This faculty furnishes the advice, encouragement, warning, understanding, and discipline that a wise father would wish to give his son or daughter.

Almus Pater at Antioch must be familiar with employment possibilities and with economic, social, and educational standards over the entire Eastern United States. Where else could men or women be found so well qualified to furnish the needed counsel? They have been carefully selected from hundreds of able and experienced men and women well equipped by nature and training, who make it their business to know life, to know industry and a wide range of human activities; and to know young men and women, their hopes and despairs, their possibilities and limitations, their adaptability to varying fields of human endeavor.

There are many important lessons to be learned in this extramural college. The experience of having to be responsible away from the flock, the gradual tempering to the winds of reality, the growing assurance that practical life is not hopelessly difficult and complex, but can be mastered without sacrifice of sound personal hopes and standards — all this comes from successfully meeting practical situations that are gradually increased in difficulty under the guidance of experienced leaders.

This may all be well for men students, but what about the young women? The best analogy will fail if pursued beyond reasonable limits, yet I venture the opinion that the American 'co-ed' needs Almus Pater not a whit less than does her brother.

A girl deprived of a father's friendship and counsel is imperfectly equipped for life, as surely as is a boy without a mother. All her lifetime she will deal with the male sex, and she probably never will have a friend who can interpret men to her as well as can a wise and sympathetic father. He knows men and the world of men, their motives and qualities, and may save her from blunders, disappointments, and disillusionment.

The extramural college can serve its women students no less than its men. Unless a young woman is content with the status of ornamental parasite, she also wants to make practical adjustment to a real world. The barriers in her way are more formidable. She has not the same freedom to venture; her opportunities are fewer, and a mistake on her part is more difficult to correct.

Hundreds of alumnæ of our women's colleges are beginning back at the level of high-school graduates, taking

business-school courses in the hope of getting a foothold in economic life. Hundreds more are in fields of limited opportunity, with no vision of an open road ahead. Though home and family are their desires, they wish to approach them through free choice, and not through economic compulsion.

The service of the extramural college to young women is no less important than to young men. Antioch co-eds and graduates are being directed to openings in many fields, and guided in their working experiences. Some are finding their way into conventional careers for women. They are managing or teaching in nursery schools, kindergartens, and day schools, and teaching physical education, home economics, and dramatics in high schools and social settlements. Some are librarians, dietitians in hospitals, secretaries, managers of clubs, and social-service workers.

Others are finding their way into fields more recently opening to women. They are at work as editorial writers and reporters on newspapers and magazines, in architects' offices, in bacteriological laboratories, in industrial employment service, in department-store administration, in industrial promotion, in commercial art, in accounting, and here and there in a great variety of occupations. There are defects of personality to be corrected, courage and patience to be developed, understanding of fellow workmen to be achieved, self-restraint to be practised, initiative to be exercised.

The average father lacks the experience he needs. He does not know whether to be stern or sympathetic, whether to praise or blame. He knows little of callings, and cannot advise his son or daughter wisely. The extramural faculty has had more than a thousand sons and daughters. Understanding and judgment grow out of experience. Sometimes parents have spoiled their children, and sternness is demanded. Sometimes harsh judgment from home hangs like a cloud over a boy or girl of honest purpose, and the chief need is sympathy and encouragement. Sometimes physical defects interfere with good work.

Learning a calling is of importance; opportunity to contribute very materially to one's self-support in college, as Antioch students can do, means much to some young men and women; but perhaps the chief value of the 'coöperative' plan, as Antioch College has developed it, is that it allows Almus Pater to come into his own.

V

Nearly eight years of the Antioch programme are completed, and no one who observes the results can fail to be encouraged. In the establishment of intellectual interests we believe Antioch graduates will stand comparison with any American body of alumni. Few students work harder at academic pursuits. In satisfactory selection of callings there seems little doubt that a large amount of lost motion and blind fumbling is being prevented. Upon graduation more than half of Antioch students — except those continuing in graduate schools or entering educational fields — continue with employers chosen during college years.

Yet, as we see the possibilities still untouched, we feel that the extramural college is only in its infancy. Just as the work of three or four years ago seems now impossibly crude, so we believe that the coöperative programme of to-day will soon be made obsolete by possible improvements that every day present themselves. There seems little doubt that the extramural college will make contribution to personality and character no less important than that of college halls.

That the college is actually achieving its purpose of filling out undeveloped phases of personality and character is indicated by the young men and women who are attracted to it. They are predominantly the sons and daughters of business executives, professional men, and educators. They come from every part of America. For 1928–1929 Antioch has students from every state except Nevada and Mississippi, and from several foreign countries. Only 20 per cent come from Ohio. They see the programme primarily as a liberal education for living, and not as apprenticeship to a job or as a short cut to technical proficiency. Good students are always welcome, and always in demand, but there is no room for those who cannot do good academic work and also meet the requirements of practical life in a reasonably responsible manner.

Seven years ago we were forced to place our students in stores or factories wherever there were openings. To-day an employer must have a good reputation in order to secure Antioch students, and if he does not give them a fair chance to develop he is not able to keep them. Numerous excellent opportunities for educational employment sometimes remain untaken for months because every student fitted for those particular openings is already satisfactorily engaged. In some fields it still is difficult to find just the cooperative positions wanted, especially for students with highly specialized interests, such as in foreign trade, oil geology, or the teaching of dramatics; but little by little many very special cases are being well served, as in ceramics, aeronautical engineering, and physical research.

The notable success Antioch coöperative students are achieving after graduation indicates that they have an almost immediate advantage over students who have been satisfied with a narrower educational outlook. Two young men, graduates of two years ago, are already in executive positions just below the chief officers of two of Ohio's largest department stores, with salaries already equal to those of many college presidents.

Of seven men graduated in chemistry within two years, every one has made a marked success. One of them, who joined a large corporation along with forty chemists from other institutions, already is at the head of the group in salary and responsibility. Two were in charge of industrial laboratories before graduation. Another, a year and a half out of college, is in charge of an important department in a large chemical industry. Others have made brilliant records in graduate schools.

Of twenty graduates in education, nineteen are successful, some in a very marked degree. One student, a year out of college, is head of a small department in a prominent investment banking firm. Two young women, a year out of college, are chief dietitians in large hospitals. Another co-ed, who left before graduation, is managing a club of six hundred members with a quarter of a million dollar plant, and also directs the dining-room service of several hundred meals a day.

A week with the Antioch extramural college is an interesting experience. Within a month there have been opportunities to place ten pairs of Antioch coöperative students as chemists, for biochemical work in a large clinic, for service in metallographic laboratories, and for other positions. A hurry call from the promoters of a nursery school reported that the teacher had suddenly left, and that qualified nursery-school teachers were wanted to take charge for the remainder of the year. Well-trained women students were supplied, and the school proceeded as usual.

The Arden Players were in distress,

for Julius Cæsar had been taken sick. Student dramatics flourish at Antioch; a qualified student took the job of playing the rôle of Julius Cæsar, acting as stage manager as well. He appeared regularly at one-night stands, to be stabbed by friend Brutus. When he joined the troupe, this young man found the members traveling inconveniently from town to town by railroad, with delays in baggage shipments. Suggesting the purchase of a motor bus, Cæsar was forthwith appointed chauffeur.

Young men were wanted to organize and manage the recreation programme in an orphans' home and school of fourteen hundred children. Two pairs are at work on the job, and doing well. They are preparing for careers in physical education.

The engineer of a public utility was asked to give a certain job to coöperative students. 'Can't use students here,' he replied; 'this job is too technical.' 'You seem to have some very specialized equipment here,' remarked the Antioch representative; 'who keeps it in order?' 'Oh, the manufacturers send around an inspector regularly to care for it,' was the reply. 'And did n't you know that the inspector who keeps your equipment in order is an Antioch coöperative student?' We got that job.

Thus the extramural college as organized at Antioch is filling a large gap in the essentials of American higher education. Almus Pater is undertaking to do his share, so long neglected, in bringing up his children.

REMINISCENCES OF LEWIS CARROLL

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD

I

To recall my first meeting with the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, or — as he was familiarly known to the world — 'Lewis Carroll,' I must, I regret to say, go back fifty-eight years. But, though I was only a chubby five-year-old, through one of those odd quirks of memory by which certain scenes or episodes of childhood are indelibly etched upon the brain I remember every detail of that meeting as if it were yesterday.

It was a typical Oxford afternoon in late autumn — damp, foggy, cheerless; the gray towers of the distant colleges across the 'Parks,' as they are called (not because they are more than one park, but because Cromwell stationed his parks of artillery on the ground later made into one of the loveliest open spaces in the world), looked grayer than usual in the dim autumnal light. A number of little girls, bursting with youthful spirits and all agog for mischief, danced along one of the paths, a staid governess bringing up the rear. Presently one of the number spied a tall black clerical figure in the distance, swinging along toward the little group with a characteristic briskness, almost jerkiness, of step.

'Here comes Mr. Dodgson,' she cried. 'Let's make a barrier across the path so that he can't pass.'

No sooner said than done. The clerical figure, appreciating the situation, advanced at the double and charged the line with his umbrella. The line broke in confusion, and the next moment four of the little band were clinging to such portions of the black-coated figure as they could seize upon. Two little people, however, hung back, seized with shyness and a sudden consciousness of audacity, a sudden awe of this tall, dignified gentleman in black broadcloth and white tie. But in a moment he had shaken off the clinging, laughing children, and before the two little strangers had time to realize what was happening they found themselves trotting along beside him, a hand of each firmly clasped in his strong, kind hands, and chattering away as if they had known him all their lives. Thus began a lifelong friendship between Lewis Carroll and the younger of those two little girls — myself.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born at Daresbury in Cheshire, of which parish his father was vicar, on January 27, 1832. There is nothing much to record of his boyhood or early manhood. There was little to single him out from the hosts of English boys and young men who come from clerical homes and pass through the ordinary routine of public school and university. He showed marked mathematical ability while at Oxford, and, though only taking a third in greats, he took a first in the final school of mathematics. This led to a mathematical studentship and lectureship at Christ Church, which, in turn, led to his taking deacon's orders in 1861. In those days orders were an essential qualification for most of the teaching posts in the University. He never took priest's orders, as, owing to a slight but decided stammer, he felt himself cut off from parochial work; and, for the academic life he had embarked upon, deacon's orders were sufficient.

When I first met him, in 1870, he had already reached the comfortable goal of his career; that is to say, he was what is called a senior student of Christ Church and mathematical lecturer to the college — a combination of posts which brought him in a good income and gave him lifelong possession of what was perhaps the most spacious and beautiful suite of college rooms in Oxford.

And what an El Dorado of delights those rooms were to his innumerable child friends! The large sitting room was lined with well-filled bookshelves, under which ran a row of cupboards all round the four walls. Oh, those cupboards! What wondrous treasures they contained for the delectation of youth! Mechanical bears, dancing dolls, toys and puzzles of every description, came from them in endless profusion. Even after I was grown up I never paid a visit to his rooms without experiencing over again a thrill of delicious anticipation when a cupboard door swung open.

Lewis Carroll was one of the first of the immense family of amateur photographers — and photography in those days was a very different thing from what it is now. It was no case then of 'Press the button and we do the rest'; you had to do everything yourself, from the coating of your plates with the old wet silver emulsion to the development and printing. Photographing or being photographed in those days was no joke; and for a nervous child, dressed up as a heathen Chinee, a beggar girl, or a fisher maiden, to keep still forty-five seconds at a time was no mean ordeal. I was an extremely bad subject, I am sorry to say, and Mr. Dodgson only took me when he was afraid my feelings would be hurt by his constant preference for my sister as a

sitter. She was one of his very best child subjects, and some of the photographs we still have of her are really beautiful specimens of early photographic art.

Almost all the famous men and women of the day posed before Lewis Carroll's camera in the studio he erected on the Christ Church leads; but, with the whimsical contrariness which was characteristic of him, as soon as the wet plate with all its attendant difficulties and messiness went out and the clean, convenient dry plate came in, he abandoned photography, and not one photograph did he ever take by the new and infinitely simplified process. But I never catch a whiff of the potent ordor of collodion nowadays without being transported on the magic wings of memory to Lewis Carroll's dark room, where, shrunk to childhood's proportions, I see myself watching, open-mouthed, the mysterious process of coating the plate, or, standing on a box drawn out from under the sink to assist my small dimensions, observing the still more mysterious process of development. And then the stories — the never-ending, never-failing stories he told in answer to our never-ending, never-failing demands! He was indeed a bringer of delight in those dim far-off days, and I look back upon the hours spent in his dear and much-loved company as oases of brightness in a somewhat gray and melancholy childhood.

II

The other day, looking through bundles of old letters yellowed by the flight of years, I came upon this delicious little note, written in 1874 to my sister Julia and myself, aged respectively eleven and nine: —

What remarkably wicked children you are! I don't think you would find in all history, even if you go back to the times of Nero and Heliogabalus, any instance of children so heartless and so entirely reckless about returning story-books. Now I think of it, neither Nero nor Heliogabalus ever failed to return any story-book they borrowed. That is certain, because they never borrowed any, and that again is certain because there were none printed in those days.

Affectionately yours,

C. L. D.

Another letter written years later, when I was eighteen and my sister twenty, I cannot resist quoting. It refers to a visit paid to his rooms by my sister and myself and Miss Marion Terry, who, with her sisters Kate and Ellen, had been a friend of Lewis Carroll's from childhood. He introduced me to Marion Terry when I was seventeen, and I promptly developed a girlish adoration for her, to which he alludes in the letter: —

My dear Ethel,

To save the few surviving fragments of our friendship (blighted as it is by the transference of *all* your capabilities of affection to one single individual in London) from drifting away into oblivion, I will, if Thursday afternoon be fine, be at our usual rendezvous at $3\frac{1}{2}$, and if you are there we will take a walk and then come round here and partake of the cup that does not inebriate, and you shall tell me your experiences in the society of one who was once my friend.

You will be kind enough to tell Judy (with my love, which I send *most* reluctantly) that I *may* forgive, but cannot forget, her utterly heartless behaviour in my rooms yesterday. You were not present, and I will not pain your sensitive nature by describing it. But I will be even with her some day. Some sultry afternoon, when she is here, half fainting with thirst, I will produce a bottle of delicious cool lemonade. This I will uncork, and pour it foaming into a large tumbler, and then, after putting the tumbler well within her reach, *she shall have the satisfaction of seeing me drink it myself* — not a drop of it shall reach *her* lips!

However, it was very nice of you to bring my dear old friend to see me, and when she had vanished from my gaze what had I but mathematical considerations to console me? 'She may be limited and superficial,' I said to myself. 'She may even be without depth. But she is at least equilateral and equiangular — in one word, what is she but a Poly-gon?'[1]

I enjoyed the proud distinction of being one of the very few of his child friends with whom he remained on terms of close friendship after they had attained years of discretion. In fact, I believe I was almost the only one of his Oxford child friends who could claim that distinction. He always used to say that when the time came for him to take off his hat when he met one of his quondam child friends in the Oxford streets it was time for the friendship to cease. Even our friendship was threatened with disruption when I had reached the age of twenty — through a much-loved dachshund of mine, the gift of Professor Max Müller. (Oddly enough, both Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll detested dogs, a trait I have always found it difficult to reconcile with the rest of their characters.) My dachshund, with that unfailing intuition as to friends and enemies which may be said to constitute a sixth sense in the canine race, attacked Mr. Dodgson's legs without provocation on the occasion of an afternoon call upon my mother. Nothing would induce Mr. Dodgson to enter the house after this outrage, though no real injury had been inflicted. Next day came a letter containing an elaborate diagram of the rent which had been made in his left trouser leg by Bergmann's teeth, and announcing his determination never again to cross our threshold until the dog had been destroyed. Needless to say, Bergmann was not sacrificed even on the altar of so old and valued a friendship, but Mr. Dodgson stuck to his resolution, and ever after I had to meet him at a particular spot inside the Park gates when he wished to take me for one of our regular walks, ending with tea and buttered toast in his rooms.

Two more letters belonging to the adult period of my friendship with Lewis Carroll are worth quoting, not only for their touches of humor, but for the light they throw upon certain unexpected sides of his curiously complex personality. The first is dated Christ Church, May 22, 1883, the year I left the Oxford High School. I give it in full, as it contains one or two allusions which call for explanation and comment: —

Now, my dear Ethel, I have a *really* complicated problem to put before you. What you have had in the High School is nothing to it! Here are the data — On Saturday morning (hour unsettled) I go up to Town, and on Saturday evening (hour unsettled) I return. And in the interim I go (of course with a friend — but identity unsettled) to see the Danischeffs (spelling unsettled). Now the problem is — who will come with me? Here are my ideas. If your Mother is well enough for such an expedition and would like to come, it would give me great pleasure to treat her to it — and you would probably be glad that she should see for herself what manner of being the Miss Marion Terry is, for whom you have formed such an attachment — Quite possibly, when she has seen her, she may be inclined to think that she *is* rather nice after all! — But suppose Mrs. Arnold, for any cause, declines — what next? Well, I think Judy ought to have the next chance; you see, I have taken both Lucy and you to things — but her never. I don't know, by the way, what HE[2] would say to it! If she thinks HE

[1] Miss Marion Terry was called Polly by her family and old family friends. — AUTHOR

[2] The HE in question was Mr. Leonard Huxley, elder son of Professor Huxley, to whom my sister Julia (or, more familiarly, 'Judy') had recently become engaged. I was the one finally selected for this pleasant expedition. — AUTHOR

would n't like it, perhaps SHE had better not come!

If *she* fails, then I think *you* should have the next chance, because I am hoping to take Lucy to Guildford before long — and if once we get *there*, we are sure to go larking about among the theatres!

If *you* fail, Lucy remains as the last surviving possibility — and if *she* fails too, then please let me know with all speed that I may secure another companion.

Love to your sisters,

Yours always affectionately,

C. L. DODGSON.

(The long tail to the 'Y' is to emphasise the question '*Y* should I be affectionate?')

The allusion to taking my sister Lucy to Guildford referred to a projected visit to his six unmarried sisters, who lived together in a charming old house in Guildford called 'The Chestnuts.' In stating their number as six I am trusting entirely to memory and asserting what for many long years I have believed to be true. But I must confess to being somewhat shaken in this long-cherished belief recently on meeting an old Oxford friend and contemporary — also a child friend of Lewis Carroll — who was quite positive that there were only three Miss Dodgsons when she stayed at 'The Chestnuts.' I can only repeat my assured conviction that when I stayed there there were six!

It is, of course, possible that the state of extreme nervousness to which these rather alarming, austere, devoutly evangelical, and learned ladies (one of them, Miss Henrietta, was, if I remember rightly, an advanced mathematician) reduced me, when, as a rather shy girl of eighteen or nineteen, I paid my only visit to their hospitable and charming home, caused me to see double. On the occasion of that visit Mr. Dodgson read family prayers before breakfast each morning and also the Lessons at the morning service at the neighboring church, in the churchyard of which he who brought the priceless gift of common laughter to the civilized world now sleeps his last, most quiet sleep.

The phrase, 'larking about among the theatres,' taken in conjunction with his allusion to his sisters' home at Guildford, brings us up against what was perhaps one of the most curious combinations of an oddly self-contradictory and paradoxical character. What one may call the basic paste, both hereditary and individual, of his personality was a rigid evangelicalism. His sense of humor, exquisite as it was, failed absolutely when any allusion to the Bible, however innocuous, was involved. The patriarchs, the prophets, major and minor, were as sacrosanct in his eyes as any of the great figures of the New Testament; and a disrespectful allusion to Noah or even to Nebuchadnezzar would have shocked and displeased him quite as much as any implied belittlement of Saint Paul. Stories of children which even remotely hinged upon Biblical episodes or characters, or even upon any of the hymns in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, were received always with the severest rebuke to their narrators, and I shall never forget the snub administered to one unfortunate acquaintance, unaware of this characteristic of his, who ventured to tell him the familiar story of little Miss Bellairs and her orisons!

Taken by itself, this stern evangelical rigidity in regard to the Bible and religious matters would not have been unexpected or remarkable in a man of his heredity and upbringing. But what did strike the student of psychology as curious, and to a certain extent as incongruous, was that, side by side with this narrowness of outlook in one direction, was a certain strain of what can only be called Bohemianism, manifested in his love of the theatre, his enjoyment and pride in the friendship

of distinguished theatrical artists such as the Terry sisters, and more particularly perhaps in his love of child actresses. The latter trait showed itself first in the delight he took in dressing up his little girl friends in all sorts of fancy dresses (of which he kept an almost inexhaustible stock in the great cupboard to be found in his spacious Christ Church rooms) for the purposes of photography, and found its full satisfaction and fulfillment in the various dramatic versions of *Alice in Wonderland* which, to his great delight, were produced upon the London stage.

The next and last letter which I reproduce is as follows: —

CHRIST CHURCH.
May 12/84.

DEAR ETHEL,

Are you up to about 6 miles (altogether) of walking? If so, I should much like to have your society in going to Hampton Poyle to call on an old 'child-friend,' Mrs. Kidston that is, Mona Paton (daughter of Sir Noel Paton) that was. The train to Woodstock Road goes at 3, and I would meet you at ¼ to 3, punctually, on the shady side of Beaumont St. We should reach W. Road at 3.12, and (after a mile's walking) H. Poyle about 3½. We might stay about ½ an hour and we must then walk home (about 5 m.), as there is no train handy. We ought to be home about 6 — I would go almost any day that suited you but the more choice of days you can give me the better.

Ever affectionately yours,
C. L. DODGSON.

There is a baby boy there to be admired — about two years old I think, and in this matter you will be of *incalculable* service to me, and relieve me of all responsibility as to saying the proper thing when animals of that kind are offered for inspection.

The letter, apart from its characteristic touch of fun, is interesting as showing the age at which his love for children began — and ended! With regard to the proposal contained in the letter (though after the lapse of forty-four years I cannot be absolutely certain on the point), I think I may say without fear of inaccuracy that I did *not* join him on that particular expedition, '6 miles (altogether) of walking' being almost as much beyond my powers or inclination then as now!

III

But to turn from personal reminiscences to facts of more general interest in connection with the origin of *Alice in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll's mode of writing, and so forth.

On July 4, 1862, we find this ever-memorable entry in his diary, which he kept with the same methodical care he bestowed upon everything he did.

Made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the 3 Liddells; we had tea on the bank there and did not reach Christ Church till half past 8.

On the opposite page he added, somewhat later: —

On which occasion, I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice.

Alice Liddell, daughter of the Honorable and Very Reverend Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, was the original 'Alice,' to whom, with her sisters, the tale was first told, and for whom the book was originally written. I have had the precious manuscript in my hand many a time — a slender leather-bound notebook in which Lewis Carroll had printed the story in a clear neat print, adorned with his own inimitable illustrations. It was a lifelong regret with him that he could not draw, and the illustrations are certainly remarkable for their anatomy, or, rather, lack of it. But at the same time they are full of the same whimsical humor as marked the text, and anyone

who studies these original drawings in the original text, which was reproduced in facsimile many years later, will see how many suggestions Tenniel obtained from them for his own illustrations to the story in the enlarged form it ultimately assumed for publication. I remember meeting Mr. Dodgson in the street in Oxford one morning, just after the reproduction of this facsimile had been decided upon, and the naïve vanity with which he said, 'Well, you see, it seemed to me that the public might like to see the original form of a book of which over seventy thousand copies have been sold in England alone.' Then he went on to tell me of the precautions the publishers had had to take to prevent the theft of the priceless little notebook, — of how a detective had been engaged to sit in the room all the time the pages were being photographed for reproduction, — and as he spoke his face beamed with the pleasure the scheme had given him. He was indeed a curious mixture of harmless vanity and an almost morbid shrinking from publicity. Nothing annoyed him so much as any revelation of the identity of Lewis Carroll with the Reverend C. L. Dodgson, senior student of Christ Church, and he often used to chuckle at the thought of the numerous autographs, presumably his but which he had persuaded his fellow college dons to write for him, which were included in the albums of autograph hunters all over the world.

Alice Liddell, afterward Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, has put on record her recollections of the story's inception: —

> Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow near Oxford. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows up the river. Here from all three came the old petition, 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes, to tease us, — and perhaps being really tired, — Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Oh, but it *is* next time!' would be the exclamation from all three — and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

'Alice's Adventures Underground' was the original name of the story — later on it became 'Alice's Hour in Elfland.' It was not until June 18, 1864, that the author finally decided to call it 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' When he promised to write out the story for Alice he had no idea of publication, and it is to his old friend George Macdonald, the well-known poet and novelist, himself author of some of the most enchanting children's stories in the English language, that we owe the 'Alice' we know and love so well. Macdonald urged him to send the story to Messrs. Macmillan, who immediately agreed to publish it, and in July 1865 the book first saw the light of day. It was translated into almost every European language, and Mr. Dodgson gave me a copy of all the translations, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and so forth; but alas, out of all those much-treasured volumes — to say nothing of the English versions and all the copies of his later books which he gave me — I now possess only the German, Italian, and French translations. All the other precious volumes are reposing on the bookshelves of immoral and soulless book borrowers, whose consciences, I hope, may some day awake and prick them!

Lewis Carroll's later books were written on a different plan altogether from the first 'Alice.' He used always to keep a pencil and piece of paper by his bedside, for he found that his most

absurd ideas generally came to him on the borderland of dreams, and as soon as they had assumed form and shape he jotted them down. In this way most of the verses scattered through *Through the Looking-Glass* and *Sylvia and Bruno* were written, and the story afterward was woven round the poem. He was often asked what he really meant by *The Hunting of the Snark*, which by many people was held to contain a profound philosophical thesis, by others a political allegory, and so forth. To all such questions he would reply, 'I meant *nothing at all*. I happened one day to be walking along the sands at Eastbourne, and the line came into my head: "For the Snark *was* a boojum, you see" — and the whole poem arose out of that one totally meaningless line!'

And now it is time to bring these few brief reminiscences of a unique personality to an end, and I feel I cannot say farewell to a much-loved and deeply honored friend in more fitting words than by quoting from the sermon preached in Christ Church Cathedral on the Sunday after his death in 1898, by the Very Reverend Dean Paget: —

'We may differ, according to our difference of taste or temperament, in appraising Charles Dodgson's genius, but that that great gift was his — that his best work ranks with the very best of its kind — has been owned with a recognition too wide and spontaneous to leave room for doubt. The brilliant, venturesome imagination, defying forecast with ever-fresh surprise; the sense of humor in its finest and most naïve form; the power to touch with lightest hand the undercurrent of pathos in the midst of fun; the audacity of creative fancy and the delicacy of insight — these are rare gifts, and surely they were his. Yes, but it was his simplicity of mind and heart that raised them all, not only in his work, but in his life, in all his ways, in the man as we knew him, to something higher than any mere enumeration of them tells: that almost curious simplicity, at times; that real and touching childlikeness that marked him in all fields of thought, appearing in his love of children and in their love for him, in his dread of giving pain to any living creature, in a certain disproportion now and then of the view he took of things — yes, and also in that deepest life, where the pure in heart and those who become as little children see the very truth, and walk in the fear and love of God.'

THE UNHAPPY INTELLECTUALS

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

My friend is an intellectual. He is, in fact, a professor. I do not wish to identify a state of mind with a profession, for I know professors who are pedagogical mechanics rather than intellectuals; but when a professor is an intellectual it may be assumed that he belongs to the simon-pure intelligentsia. Since ages of experiment have been required to bring our social institutions and our educational enterprise to the state of perfection in which they could produce a mind so disciplined and sensibilities so refined as those of my friend, it seems rather tragic that life could find no way to apportion its gifts with its achievements. For my friend is unhappy. His mind is brilliant, but his heart is sad. The gift of joy has been withheld from him. Men, we are told, seek happiness more avidly than wisdom, and the latter only as a means to the former. If so, life has played a sorry trick on my friend and upon all those who share his fate.

The chronic state of melancholia into which my friend has fallen defies every ameliorative effort. Like Job, he refuses to be comforted. His active resistance and my own sense of futility have put a stop to all efforts of consolation. Like a good doctor, I therefore turn to pure diagnosis in the virtuous hope of making the patient who is beyond hope serve the needs of those who are not past redemption. My diagnosis is no doubt as faulty and as tentative as most diagnoses are — perhaps more so; for the intricacies of a sensitive spirit are more difficult to discern than the maladjustments of a physical organism or the neuroses of a physiopsychic system. This malady is not in the realm of either doctor or psychiatrist. Physically the patient is perfectly healthy, and no acute neuroses trouble his life. His malady has a deeper root or a higher cause. It is in those regions of life where a bad philosophy is more disturbing than a bad liver. I am not accusing him of holding a faulty philosophy — but let us not anticipate.

Being an intellectual, my friend has been at pains to make an astute analysis of every tradition by which human life is disciplined and every custom which informs our social action. He finds them all bad. Monogamy rests upon irrational taboos, according to his judgment, and is destructive of human freedom. Patriotic loyalties are the cause of group conflicts, and a mildly selfish individual would therefore be preferable to a patriot of any description, or the devotee of any cause. He takes no part in politics, because its coarseness offends him. Business is little more than organized banditry. The religious hopes and faiths of his fellow men are viewed with high disdain. They are the fantastic illusions of children. The state's penal system represents the effort of society to take vengeance upon the unhappy victims of its own inadequacies. He finds that the rules of conduct which govern his

fellow men are remnants of superstitions or outmoded fashions which ought to bind no sensible person; and what men call conscience is merely the tyranny of the group, enforced by its approval and disapproval of the individual's action.

I find myself in partial agreement with every judgment of my friend in these matters. No doubt it is very necessary that we bring the irrational impulses and standards of society under the discipline of reason. But there seem to be limits to what can and what ought to be accomplished in this direction; certainly there are limits to what one man ought to undertake. Might not my friend be happier if he maintained some kind of contact with the race in at least one area of life? Would he not be happier if he lived his life traditionally in at least one field of activity? If he wants to defy the canons of political life, might it not be well if he accepted traditional monogamy and made his home a haven of rest in which there should be no adventurous experiment with traditional standards and therefore no undue strain? Or, if he wants to challenge the pedagogical methods of his school, would he not be prudent to stop fretting about its business administration? He can hardly succeed in any battle if he insists on waging battles on every front. The fact is that he envisages so many battles that he lacks the time or energy to engage seriously in any one of them. The resulting sense of futility is a fruitful source of his unhappiness.

Moreover, it may be questioned whether the world would be so much fairer if he could mould it closer to his heart's desire. Take, for example, his views on marriage. He thinks marriage is destructive of freedom, and therefore he and his wife have reached an agreement which permits each absolute liberty. Love which is possessive, he declares, is not true love. He thinks the highest love will result when a man and his mate do not merely enjoy each other, but enjoy each other more than they do any other relationship. He feels very virtuous in holding to, and living by, this principle, because he and his mate have arrived at it mutually. Yet there is no complete happiness. And one may well suspect that the arrangement received the doubtful acquiescence rather than the hearty approval of his wife. Women, after all, lose more than men in the loosening of the marriage tie. High-sounding principles may beguile them from loyalty to instinctive attitudes; but an unconscious wisdom, implanted by ages of bitter experience, has a way of asserting and avenging itself. I suspect that my friend's unhappiness is due not only to a shrewd recognition of the cause of his wife's lack of happiness, but to the violence which he has done to his own nature in the name of his principles. If he were not quite so intelligent he might be wise enough to appreciate that the monogamous relationship is based upon something more fundamental than 'irrational taboos.'

Perhaps his real difficulty at this point, illustrated but not exhausted in his marital experiment, is the fanaticism which the intellectual hides behind his assumed tolerance. He thinks that he regards all values as relative. But in reality he is a fanatic for the value of freedom. He is afraid of being bound by any relationship, political, social, religious, or marital. He sees the imperfections in every community which demands his loyalty, and he is sensitive to the limitation of the principle of loyalty itself. He thinks men can be happy only if they are emancipated of every loyalty and restraint except those which they impose upon themselves. His fanatic devotion to the

principle of freedom has blinded him to the social character of life. He does not realize that our problem is not how free we can be, but how free we can be in our several bondages. The highest character develops, not in complete emancipation, but in the achievement of liberty within terms of our various social obligations. Society is at once the enemy and the support of every man; and the isolated soul withers like the cut flower. The emancipated intellectual is just as unhappy as the proud plutocrat whose fenced-in palace proclaims his eminence at the expense of his race and his own social character.

II

While my friend thus sacrifices everything for the principle of freedom, he has fallen into a complete moral skepticism in every other respect. He laughs at values which men call good and evil. Nothing is really good or evil if you are intelligent enough to make a complete analysis of its character. You say that love is good? My friend is Nietzschean. We love when we are powerless to hate, and forgive when our impotence frustrates our vengeance. You believe in kindness? Generosity is the method which the strong employ to exhibit their strength before the weak. Justice? That is a compromise between conflicting interests and is as variable as the stock market. If you try to create order in society, you do so for the sake of protecting the interests of those who benefit by present arrangements. If you seek the reorganization of society, you are helping the rabble to live at the expense of the efficient. The engineers who have conquered nature and created physical comfort and affluence have only helped the culturally vacuous middle classes to live in an orgy of animality. The aristocrats who have used their leisure to create culture have merely saved themselves from ennui by creating a fantastic world of unreal values. One is not sure at this point whether my friend's pessimism is the result of his moral skepticism or whether it is the fruit of his cynical evaluation of human character. Certainly both the skepticism and the pessimism are the inevitable results of the intellectual's complete detachment from life. Thought and life depend upon each other and frustrate each other. The sublimest impulse is not as sublime as it seems to the man who is transported by it; but it may be questioned whether it is as worthless as it seems to the man who merely reflects upon it. No cause is as good or as potent as it seems to its devotees; but without their irrational devotion there could be neither virtue nor progress. Whatever is good in life can prove itself so only by those who incarnate it. Those who merely reflect upon it are bound to be overcome in the end by the limitations in the virtue and the evident futility of achieving it. What my friend needs is the wholesome irrationality of the extrovert, who chooses his ends, let us hope, with some measure of reflection, and tries to achieve them without too much further reflection.

My friend's moral skepticism has resulted not only from his contemplation of the world of abstract values, but from his critical analysis of his fellow men and his morbid introspection. Pure analysis has robbed him of self-respect and respect for his fellows. The college president is engaged in a campaign for an endowment; he is seeking his own glory. The head of the department criticizes my friend's latest article; his kindly tone cannot obscure his jealousy. Having discovered that all motives are mixed, my friend lets his mind dwell upon the ignoble rather

than the noble portions of the mixture. His misanthropic tendencies are really the inevitable result of a purely analytic approach to human nature. It is true that analysis may lead to understanding; and perfect understanding may be the basis of appreciation. But appreciation can never be purely analytical. Love is always, in a sense, mystical and intuitive, which means that it proceeds from a sense of the whole. Whenever we fragmentize life we debase it.

The perfect fruit of this modern tendency is a behavioristic psychology which denies the reality of consciousness. My friend thinks that his analytical astuteness has merely proved that love lives on illusions. He would rather not love than be the victim of illusions. He is, of course, in error. Analysis destroys love, not because love is identical with illusion, but because we cannot appreciate personality when it is fragmentized. We can love and appreciate only if we catch a view of the whole. No one who spends his time trying to identify the tone of every instrument in a symphony orchestra and to isolate it from the general symphonic effect can really appreciate the symphony concert. Nor can my friend enjoy his friends while he is preoccupied with the task of making a critical analysis of the springs of their action.

III

I need hardly add that this unhappy victim of consistent intellectualism is a thoroughgoing naturalist, who divides his scorn for philosophy and religion in equal proportion. Philosophy, in his view, is merely a vestigial remnant of religion. He sees nothing in the universe that would justify any of the more pretentious conclusions of the philosophers in regard to the principles and purposes revealed in the cosmos. Curiously enough, he proceeds upon philosophical assumptions in his own chosen field of science. In fact he works upon the basis of a principle of causality which the larger facts will probably not justify. But outside of this field he is a perfect agnostic. There was a time when he abandoned the world to confusion with perfect satisfaction; he felt that a dismissal of cosmic problems would leave him free to devote himself to 'human ends.' At that stage of his life he was flippant and joyful. He believed in the redemption of the world through science. Now the same intellectualism which robbed him of his faith in the universe has robbed him of his faith in man and has inundated all the values of his devotion in a sea of relativity. His present mood of resignation is really more consistent and, in a sense, more noble than his previous flippancy, just as the pessimism of a Joseph Wood Krutch is, in many respects, more noble than the sophomoric iconoclasm of the recently emancipated intellectual.

My friend knows at least that the religious problem over which the ages have agonized was more than an invention of priests. He sees that with the sacrifice of religion's irrationalities it is not easy to maintain loyalty to the reasonable values of life. These values have meaning only as they achieve it through human life; and human life is a sorry accident, viewed from a cosmic perspective. Thus my friend has been reduced to a state of complete pessimism, and cries with the Preacher of old, 'All is vanity.' He qualifies his sense of absolute futility only by insisting that the reflective life is worth the agony it brings and the destruction it works. With Mr. Krutch he would rather 'live like a man than die like a beast.' So he saves his life of reason by the last shred of irrationality at his disposal.

The difficulty with his cosmic views is not very different from those which betrayed him in his personal relations. He mistakes analytic intelligence for wisdom. He does not see that the poet and the artist and the prophet have an imaginative grasp of reality which is no less intelligent than that of the pure analyst. If they are less consistent than the scientist, they have at least the merit of arriving at convictions which are more inclusive of all the facts. They regard life telescopically rather than microscopically, and while they are therefore bound to make many errors in the details, they compensate for them by a view of the whole which is more satisfying because it is more true. Regarding the great cosmos, they do not leave human consciousness out of consideration merely because it is dwarfed by spatial immensities. They are, in fact, quite anthropomorphic in their conceptions; and if they are poets who are not too sophisticated they will ascribe reality to the world of their fantasies, and thus create and preserve religions. All this would be very unreasonable except for the fact that reason depends upon this unreason. Reason may direct energy, but it cannot create it. The energy which is life itself is not reasonable. It may rationalize itself to a certain degree by interpreting its functions and ends in terms of ends higher than its own; but these ultimate ends are too vague to stimulate a jaded life, once its irrational energies have been dissipated. Life is dynamic. We make it purposive by directing its energies to ideal ends; but the energy itself is not rational. It may be subjected to progressive rationalization; but in that process there is loss of energy with gain in ideal direction. That is why values, cultures, civilizations, and even families which are most deserving of perpetuation are most likely to lose the energy which ensures perpetuation.

The function of religion is to preserve life's highest irrationality, the urge toward the ideal. The ideals of religion need to be progressively rationalized, but the vigor with which they are pursued is easily lost in this process of refinement. Completely rational ideals are either completely separated from the world of reality or completely identified with it. In either case moral vigor is lost. If they are completely separated from the world of reality, they become illusions incapable of prompting moral effort; if they are completely identified with the world of reality, they lose their ideal character and give the real world an undeserved aura of ideality. A religion which expresses the urge toward the ideal in moral emotion and defines the ideal through poetic symbol escapes the enervation of complete rationality. Without faith, therefore, a reasonable life must sink into unreasonable pessimism.

My friend cannot see this. I am not surprised. Constant analysis has destroyed his organs of imaginative insight. He is too much the scientist to be a poet; and without the sublime madness of the poet he cannot preserve the highest rationality. I must therefore consign him to or leave him in his misery, hoping, without too much reason, that his generation may be saved from sharing his fate.

THE DESOLATE LOVER

WHEN I have forgotten your lips
(As I pray to God I may do),
And your voice is lost to my ears
And all the sweet that was you
Has burnt from my heart at last,
Will you, too, be dead, or shall I
Be desolate dust when the thirst
And color of living are past?

For I think while you walked with him
On the soft grass over my head
The pain that had died with my heart
Would sting in the rot of the dead.
And the old men mumble and laugh
With the love blood cold in their veins,
But I am a fire and a fear
And the house of a thousand pains,

And I walk on my burning dreams,
And the hands that I touch are knives,
And breathing is death with hell
And life is a thousand lives.
And I shutter the windows now
For fear I should see the stars,
And I dread that the hateful sweet
Of the moon may come through the bars.

I could take the earth in my hand
And crumple it like a flower,
I could tear the trees from their roots
In the bitterness of my power.

They say that this time is Spring,
But I cannot see its glow —
God! darken the evenings down
And cover the world with snow.

Yet I know that when souls and stars
Shall meet, I may have no rest —
I shall see them walk hand in hand,
Her head on his hated breast.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

KING STREET

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

KING STREET is the main street of the city in which I live. The city lies today, as when Kipling's Red Jacket visited it, in 'a kindly, softly country there, back of Philadelphia' — so far back, indeed, that it has been, from its foundation, the centre of an independent community and is just now engaged in celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of its elevation to the dignity of a county seat. History will tell you that it was once the largest inland city in the United States, and that when the frightened Continental Congress fled westward after the battle of Brandywine it became for a few hours the capital of the United States, but these glories — if glories they were — have long since departed. Though every census has recorded its steady growth, it is a small city now.

Since I was born in the county over which it presides, I may call it my own city by an unimpeachable title, which, however, suffers somewhat in dignity because of the fact that three of my four grandparents were born elsewhere. Anything less than title by birth is, as we reckon such matters, no title at all. Not long ago, in the heat of a political campaign, we were earnestly exhorted not to let 'outsiders' tell us how to run our city, though of the two denizens — I will not be so unkind as to say aliens — thus held up to public suspicion one had lived among us for more than a quarter of a century and the other for at least half of that period.

So it comes about that my ancestral memories are perhaps less vivid and authentic than they would be if more of my progenitors had been to the manor born. I may not, for instance, speak of historical matters with the authority of my tobacconist, who conducts his business on the very site on

which his great-great-grandfather established it in 1770. Though I attended the college that Benjamin Franklin helped to found, I can throw no light on the solution of the mooted question as to whether he was personally present when the corner stone was laid. I remember the stagecoaches lumbering into King Street over the old stone bridge across the Conestoga River, but not the Conestoga wagons in the days of the Oregon Trail. I was born in the house once occupied by Baron Stiegel on the farms which he named Elizabeth, after his wife, but no echo comes to me of the salutes he caused to be fired from a neighboring hill (called Cannon Hill to this day) to welcome him home at the ends of his journeys.

One of the Baron's neighbors, by the way, was a manufacturer of iron and a mighty hunter as well. One day, enraged at his failure in the chase and being deep in his cups, he drove his pack of foxhounds into the fire of one of his furnaces and burned them alive. The last to go through the door of the furnace was his favorite white bitch. She fawned upon him and cried piteously, begging to be spared, but he forced her remorselessly into the flames. Men say that on winter nights she still gives tongue, and that as often as she does so it is the doom of her cruel master to rise from his grave and follow her over the frozen hills of our northern townships. I too have heard strange sounds on winter nights, but I cannot certainly affirm that they came from the throat of the white bitch.

II

Let our legends be what they will. I set out not to recount hearsay, but, like Mark Antony, 'to speak what I do know,' and in order to do so I must confine myself to the last decade of the old century and the first of the new one, — in which I grew up, went to school and college, and studied law, — and to the years since then, in which I have been continuously engaged in the practice of my profession.

I suppose that my connection with the organized life of my city began with my presence, as an undergraduate in college, at the coming-out parties at which an older generation, under the form of presenting its daughters to society, really presented society for the inspection of its daughters and their younger guests. So far as I can remember, all of these parties were exactly alike, and all of them were held at the same place. They consisted of sixteen dances and four 'extras,' alternately two-steps and waltzes, with a supper at the end of the eighth dance. A few guests from out of town were usually present, but otherwise there were no 'outsiders.' Programmes were in use, and the dancing, which began at nine o'clock, lasted until about one.

It was not much past the turn of the century, and many of those who came to watch the festivities, and who were at that time active in the business and professional life of the community, had played parts in the great drama of the Civil War. Some knew more than they had ever told about the workings of the underground railroad. One or two had been included in the party invited to drink punch with James Buchanan on the fateful third of July, 1863, and, sitting on the lawn in the rear of his lovely house, had heard from time to time the thunder of the guns at Gettysburg. One would give something to know what thoughts were in the mind of the former president as he listened. The whole picture presented was that of a society in which were represented the conflicting ideals and aspirations of two epochs, but through which there ran, nevertheless, the thread of an unbroken culture and tradition.

After supper most of the older guests went home, and the young people were left very largely to their own devices. In a room opening from the ballroom there were invariably two tables — a large one in the centre of the room and a small one against the wall. On the centre table stood two punch bowls, one containing an unfortified fruit punch and the other a concoction made, for all I know, from the very recipe of Buchanan. On the side table stood decanters of Scotch and rye whiskey, a siphon bottle, a pitcher of water, and a bowl of cracked ice. Nearly everyone drank in those days, — at least nearly all men drank, and many of them were hard drinkers, — but I never saw a young man or young girl touch the whiskey. Moreover, I never but once saw anyone visibly under the influence of liquor. On that occasion a boy of about my own age imbibed too freely of the strong punch and insisted on mounting a chair as a rostrum, from which he delivered a perfectly decorous though somewhat too enthusiastic speech about the pleasures of high society. The incident made a tremendous impression, and I went home that night feeling sure, as indeed proved to be the case, that the offender had attended his last coming-out party.

About three months after my graduation from college I began to study law, or, as our rules of court express it, to 'serve a regular clerkship in the office of a practising attorney.' It is almost impossible to assert that this is a bad way to study law, since, for want of a different one, it is the way in which all the lawyers of America received their legal education up to comparatively recent times. On the contrary, given the atmosphere of an old-fashioned law office, a preceptor with the time and ability to transmit to his student the fruits of his own experience, and a student not too easily discouraged by the absence of the stimulus that comes from competition and discussion with other students, I think it is an excellent way to study law. It has passed away utterly in the large cities, and is passing away in my own city as well, because the circumstances which made it possible have, in large measure, ceased to exist. The fee to be paid by a student for his tuition was in my day, and still is, fixed by tradition at two hundred dollars, one half payable upon registration and the other half upon admission to the bar. As Thaddeus Stevens, whose office was popular with law students, is said to have remarked: 'Some pay; some don't.' I paid the whole of my fee a year or two after I had begun practice. No one ever asked me for the money.

A student in a law office has no rights that anyone is bound to respect. In times long past he was expected to sweep out the office and to attend to the stove in the winter, but I had no such tasks to perform. I searched titles, wrote deeds and mortgages, copied wills and other legal papers, and spent much time in court listening to the leaders of the bar of that day, the most famous of whom was an ex-attorney-general of Pennsylvania, whose former partner, then a member of the state Supreme Court, has since been its Chief Justice. In addition, I learned to know a number of local characters not ordinarily to be found on the list of expected guests at coming-out parties.

There was a woman — for whom, as it now seems to me, something might have been done — who suffered from the delusion that she had a case which was just about to come up and who sat in court from the beginning to the end of every session waiting for her case to be called. There was a freckled colored man named Sam, a bootblack, who went the rounds of the law offices every morning, plying his trade and

retailing the gossip of the day. There was an eccentric lawyer of morose appearance but consistently convivial habits, a strange mixture of Dr. Johnson and Boswell — given, like the former, to sudden and startling ejaculations, and, like the latter, to the making of minute written records of casual conversations. I once heard him begin an argument in the Orphans' Court about the distribution of the estate of a man named Grimes by remarking in a resonant voice, 'If Your Honor please, old Grimes is dead.' For all his eccentricities, he was a careful and competent lawyer, scrupulously exact in the transaction of his professional business, and as methodical in his personal habits as one of his predecessors at the bar, — whom I never knew, but of whom I have often heard, — who was accustomed to shave every other day, and who attended divine service only on those alternate Sundays when the calendar brought the rite of shaving into proper conjunction with the rites of the church.

III

The *dramatis personæ* of a small community are infinitely various. In addition, they acquire a semiofficial standing and a local universality of influence which have no counterparts in a really large city, except perhaps in the lives of the notorious figures of its underworld. The reason lies in the very nature of provincial civilization. A lawyer or a musician living, for example, in London or New York may, if he chooses, so order his affairs as to spend all of his leisure hours in the company of those interested in the work in which he is engaged or engaged in similar work of their own, but the resident of a small city can of necessity make no such selection of his acquaintances. For better or worse, he must reckon with the whole of a small environment rather than with a selected portion of a large one. He must, in short, accept the common lot of social interdependence, and, as Mr. Chesterton has somewhere pointed out, live a broad life at the inevitable risk of living a shallow one.

Breadth and depth are, after all, relative terms, and, when used in a figurative sense, they are inaccurate as well. Our most influential citizen during the early years of my practice was the minister of one of our local churches, — a small, frail man without physical distinction of any sort, — who was probably unheard of outside the limits of the city in which he lived and worked. I remember having heard my mother say that in her youth she thought him a little mad because of the perfect simplicity with which he bowed to everyone he met, whether he knew the person or not. He was not a modern man. I think he lived and died happy, but he would have been happier still if he had been born in the great days of the thirteenth century. He was the only person I have ever known who spoke naturally in the language of Saint Francis's 'Canticle to the Sun.'

The truth is that I did not really know him. I saw him hundreds of times, but I have no recollection of having ever addressed him except once, and then only by making a written inquiry as to a date shown in the baptismal records of his parish. He answered me in longhand by the next post, thanking me at the outset for my 'good letter' and giving me the information requested. As a matter of fact, my letter was in no way different from any other formally worded inquiry. Doubtless he did not stop to reason about the matter, but I think, nevertheless, that he did not call it good merely as the result of a literary habit. It was a letter from a man, and therefore his instinct was to regard it as a

good letter. At bottom he cared more about people than about ideas.

He cared more about charity than about efficiency. I am sure that he gave his support to all the organized efforts for social welfare that were made in his day — to the ministerial associations, the community-service associations, and the law-and-order societies. He would no more have thought of opposing the work of such organizations than of opposing the work of the fire department. It is better to damage property with water than to let fires burn, and it is better for society to put prostitutes in jail than to have them walking the streets. But in his heart he had no interest in abstract conceptions like society. He knew a good many prostitutes, although I am not sure that he realized the business in which they were engaged. If he had realized it, I do not know what he would have done. It might have been something as irrelevant as to stoop down and with his finger write on the ground.

If the members of provincial society are more dependent than others in their personal relationships, they are far more independent than others in their attitude toward the law and the problems with which the law is concerned. A whole chapter of legal history is suggested in the contrast. The times have passed when drunkenness was regarded as an aggravation of a crime committed, and when every citizen boasted of his right to bear arms. In these instances we have all turned about face — drunkenness, though we have sought by statute to prevent it altogether, may now be pleaded everywhere as a defense to crime, and the trend of modern legislation is to forbid the bearing of arms without a license from the police. There are, however, other connections in which the older tradition of independence and responsibility persists. A man may still lawfully strike in his own defense, eject trespassers from his real estate, retake his stolen goods, and abate nuisances, but it is only in the country that such rights amount to anything in practice — it is only in the country that one may still watch the erection of a 'spite fence' or observe the discomfiture of a telephone company whose employees come to set a pole in a prepared hole and find the hole occupied by a heroic, sturdy old lady who refuses to budge.

The spite fence with which I am most familiar is not really a fence at all. It was constructed by a client of mine who had no actual spite in her heart, but who acted, as she thought, defensively; and it is, in its way, a masterpiece of ingenuity. The client in question, an unmarried woman of middle age, lived alone in a small house which had belonged to her parents and in which she had been brought up. She spent most of her leisure time in the kitchen, which opened to the south on a small and pleasant garden. When, in course of time, the property on the south changed hands and her new neighbor, who was a barber, began to open a window looking directly into her garden and kitchen, she was outraged beyond measure. Her sense of outrage lay principally in a feeling that she was being imposed upon because she was a woman, and that if she had had 'a man in the house' no one would have dared to disturb her privacy. I purposely said nothing to her about obstructing the window, telling her simply that her neighbor was entirely within his rights, that he probably felt a need for additional light and air, and that there was no reason to suppose that he wanted to spy upon her.

A week or two passed; the offending window was completed and proved unendurable. She arrived in her own mind at the idea of shutting it, and

called to her aid a sympathetic plumber, who was both an architect and an artificer. Together they sank in concrete two pipes, to the tops of which they screwed a steel plate exactly the size of the window. The window was on the property line, and the plate shut it as effectively as a lid shuts a box.

Within a few days I received a call from the barber, who, as I suspect, had previously consulted his own attorney and had been advised that he was without a legal remedy. It was summer, and he complained that the steel plate cast heat into his house in such a way as to make life unendurable for himself and family. I explained to him that I regretted his inconvenience, but that there was nothing I could do to help him. At parting he said, 'You tell that woman to take that plate down or I will paint my house red, white, and blue in stripes.' This threat was duly transmitted to his antagonist, but she remained inflexible. It was the barber's last move. He never carried out his patriotic idea about the painting. Years have passed, and I do not know whether or not he has moved away. I do know, however, that the plate remains triumphantly in place.

IV

Much has been written recently about life in villages and small cities in the United States, and the composite picture presented is, to say the least, an unpleasant one. I think it might well be argued that this picture is false. If a philosopher were to make a list of the things men in the abstract would say were best worth living for, — friendship, leisure, beauty, quiet, — it is certainly not in the big cities that he would find them. There is, moreover, a certain charm in small communities — in the definiteness and finality of their social categories, in the simplicity of their human relationships, most of all in the genuineness of the interest which their members feel toward one another — which springs perhaps from the qualities of those very defects which have been so much in the public eye. It has been said that there are two words for everything, the word that swells and the word that belittles. Perhaps the swelling words in this particular connection are those which have remained unwritten.

But I am not a philosopher, and I have no wish to do anything so dreary as to engage in a debate on the relative merits of rural and urban civilization. Still less do I wish to set up the proposition that life in small cities is stupid, narrow, and ugly, and then to rebut it, as one rebuts the proposition that all crows are black by producing one white crow. There are, God knows, enough evil things in every community, big or little, to give pause to the most ardent local patriot about to cast the first stone. I have sought to do no more than to bear testimony to some of the characteristics of life in the small city with which I happen to be best acquainted. The testimony is true. I cannot speak for Main Street, but King Street is, at all events, a real street in a real city.

If you're off to Philadelphia this morning,
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land behind
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.
Still the pine woods scent the noon; still the catbird sings his tune;
Still autumn sets the maple forest blazing.
Still the grapevine through the dusk flings her soul-compelling musk;
Still the fire-flies in the corn make night amazing!
They are there, there, there with Earth immortal,
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning)
The things that truly last when men and times have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning.

TAZA

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

I

It was Sunday evening, and they should never have been there. Miss Tupper had not realized this when she suggested the walk. Mrs. Pauling, the Englishwoman, and the fat teacher from Detroit showed no signs of hesitation in accepting the idea. They were all eager to escape from the plain, with its crude modern cantonments and the unfinished hotel in its raw gardens, and the rest of the party sitting down to its tea and a probable continuation of the day-long discussion as to whether the French chauffeur was driving too fast or barely fast enough.

Above them and the plain stood the dark heights of old Taza, the fortress city, which from the earliest days had reared its formidable presence above the passes between Algiers and Morocco. Eastward or westward, no tide of invasion had ever flowed without first halting below this rock. With modern warfare it had of course lost its military importance, but not its character, unchanged by the coming of the French. The three women hoped to reach the western edge of the town for the sunset, which promised to be very fine. All day the sky had been dramatic above ranges of black mountains like kneeling camels. Now, as they hurried along the road, the towers of Taza were outlined on tall thunder puffs and apple-green streamers of light, while to the west a gloria of molten gold shone in shafts of light through clouds sagging with their weight of darkness. The green and red flanks of the Ghiata Mountains beyond the town were already blurring with dusk, and the women kept their eyes on their goal and walked as fast as they could, speaking little.

'I hope we'll be in time to see the goats and sheep coming up from the plain,' said the school-teacher, after several minutes of silence.

'I wonder if that's one of the stone-age caves where they pen them,' said Mrs. Pauling, slowing down to point to a dark spot on the steep hillside among the cactuses.

'Let's not miss the sunset,' suggested Miss Tupper sweetly, not pausing with the others, who quickly overtook her. At the base of the hill where the road branched there was a little argument. Miss Tupper had naturally turned to the left, the steepest route, hardly more than a bundle of goat tracks winding up among rocks and slatternly olives straight to the dark heights of the native village. But the teacher from Detroit and the Englishwoman preferred the more gradual right fork that led in long slants to the cliff edge facing into the sunset.

'Then we can watch as we go along,' said Mrs. Pauling, adding, 'and come home the short cut.'

Miss Tupper looked with some exasperation at the trim tweed-clad figure beside her. She felt that the Englishwoman was taking a good deal upon herself. It was with an effort that she spoke with no more than a tinge of acidity.

'I'm afraid we shall miss everything by the time we get there if we go the long way.'

The fat teacher from Detroit now spoke in an accent which, for the first time, Miss Tupper noticed and found trying: —

'We certainly shall if we stand here talking much longer. I vote for the main road, too, Mrs. Pauling. Come along, Miss Tupper.'

Miss Tupper said nothing more, although it was on the tip of her tongue to ask who had suggested this walk anyway. Her small and distinctly pretty mouth was set in a straight line, but with an effort she turned her mind from her two companions to the plain below them, which had once been the bottom of the Mediterranean. As the mist rolled in, she thought of the ghosts of porpoises, and noticed with satisfaction that the others were talking of nothing more interesting than Italian hill towns.

'In this light it might be Perugia, might n't it?' said the school-teacher, with, Miss Tupper thought, some affectation. She was out of breath from the slope and hurry.

'Or Assisi,' said Mrs. Pauling.

'What's the one you go to from Siena?' asked the teacher. 'You know, the one with so many towers.' Why did n't she save her wind for climbing?

There was a pause. They were now part way along the slope under a cliff, three hurrying figures alone on a steep and rutted road, their eyes fixed on the dimming sunset.

'I've almost got it!' said the Englishwoman. 'Wait a minute — no, I've lost it again.'

Miss Tupper did not enlighten them, and five minutes more brought them all scrambling to the edge of the plateau, past the last houses of Taza. The plain and the mountains of the Rif to the north were a confused jumble. To the south and west they saw only the outline of the Ghiata range under ashy clouds streaked with a few rusty stains.

'We're too late,' said Miss Tupper, adding to herself, 'as I knew we'd be if we came this way,' while some tension in her mind relaxed. For years she had been at the service of an invalid father, and, like many people who have sacrificed themselves in large matters, she was adamant in small. It made her almost sick to be thwarted or contradicted. Now, the others having proved themselves mistaken, she looked five years younger. Her friendliness returned.

Breathless, she touched Mrs. Pauling's elbow, murmuring, 'Look! Look!'

Outlined against distance at the edge of the cliff, five Algerian spahis of the famous constabulary of North Africa were standing. They had pitched a tent beside a towering Barbary fig. In the last light their great scarlet cloaks flowed beautifully from their shoulders, and their dark bearded faces were turned toward the women.

'How wonderful!' exclaimed the fat teacher.

'I think we'd better be going back,' said Mrs. Pauling practically, twirling her cane. 'Soon we shan't be able to see our footing.'

'But you agreed to go home my way, through the town,' said Miss Tupper quickly, with a clipped accent. 'I came yours, you remember.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Mrs. Pauling. Her tone had a hint of contempt in it, the voice of one who refuses to make a scene. They had all traveled together for a week now in one luxurious bus, but this was the first time they had been in anything like close contact. And each was thinking that it was unlikely they would go walking again together.

The teacher said slangily, 'Let's go!'

II

Now that they turned to enter the town there seemed no town to enter. The buildings in front of them were ruins, fragments of walls, square outlines pale in the late light like a broken honeycomb clinging to the rock. They had been in such a hurry when they first reached the plateau that they had hardly noticed them before. If this was Taza it was not so much a town as a disintegrating skeleton. They knew that this must be the Mellah of the Jews, twenty-five years ago destroyed by the imperial troops searching for Bou Hamara, that unfortunate pretender to the throne who was said to have ended his life in the royal lions' den. The place and the story cast a chill across the travelers' spirits. Unconsciously hurrying, they left the impassive spahis to their eyrie, and began picking their way between the jagged walls, led by the indomitable figure of Miss Tupper. There was not so much as a cat or dog to lend the spot an appearance of life, and it was perhaps then, in the ruined outskirts of Taza, that the idea first occurred to them that they ought not to be there at all.

A moment later they heard voices and the sound of feet stumbling among the rubble through which they themselves were picking an uncertain way. Around the corner came three French soldiers in blue with red fezzes and wide red woolen belts. The man in the middle was evidently drunk, and staggered in the arms of his friends, who were intent on getting him safely back to the cantonments a mile or more away in the plain.

It was then that the fat schoolteacher said uneasily: 'It's Sunday night, and they are all probably up here drinking their heads off. Don't you think we'd better go back the way we came and not try to go through the town, Miss Tupper?'

Miss Tupper laughed shortly. 'Only one of those men was at all drunk,' she said over her shoulder as she walked. 'They were very well behaved, I thought. Anyhow, if you want to get back quickly, this is the shortest way, I'm sure.'

The appearance of the Legionaries may have startled Miss Tupper for a moment, but her will to have her own way was not weakened. Mrs. Pauling said nothing. She had washed her hands of the affair. Let the Americans decide. Unbacked, the school-teacher started forward again. It was growing darker.

Now they passed from the ruins of the Mellah into a narrow cobbled street which led under a row of heavy arches. The effect was almost that of a tunnel roofed with stripes of sky and stone. The walls were blank: the tiny shops on each side were closed with thick shutters, and the wind aimlessly stirred the ropes by which the merchants must in the far-off daylight pull themselves over the worn stone counters of their doorless retreats. Now only the women's feet stirred on the cobbles. Musty smells floated to their nostrils; they picked their way uneasily through patches of unidentified refuse. The street had an air of incredible age — it might have been tunneled out of the solid cliff by some prehistoric people and left deserted for centuries. As they advanced they discovered other lanes leading off from theirs, a rat's nest of narrow dark passages all blank and blind, all weighed down by the same heavy arches, and all permeated with stale and rancid odors. Their walk took on the first suggestion of a nightmare. As they hurried along they would have welcomed a return of the three soldiers, who at least had seemed real and alive.

They had not long to wait. It was probably only a few minutes from the time they had left the embers of the sunset before they had passed from the district of the *souks* into another, where there were occasional street lights and open doors swinging. A half-dozen soldiers came singing down the alley toward them. They made out something about

Soldats de la Légion,
La Légion Étrangère
. . . . nation,
La France est votre mère.

The men were shouting with open mouths. Their vigor filled the empty street like blood coursing through a vein of stone. Just before reaching the women, they turned into a door, jostling as they went, and a thick waft of cheap wine and cheaper tobacco smoke struck across the air.

The town took on life from their passing. This was Taza the Sentinel, the old iron city on its crag, filled, as it had always been filled, with soldiery and strangers, foreign legions of one kind or another, fighting and rioting. Had it been very different when the boots of the Roman soldiers clattered through its streets? Perhaps Roman coppers had been the first to wear away the old stone counters of the souks.

Miss Tupper remarked: 'A wine shop. I wonder if natives keep it.'

'But Mohammedans can't drink wine,' objected the school-teacher.

'They can probably sell it,' said Miss Tupper.

As they penetrated deeper into the confusing fastnesses of the town, the sense of a life pulsing fitfully at its heart deepened. Somewhere they heard men's voices catcalling, and the loud slam of a door. From some other direction came broken singing. The dark and ugly place had found a voice.

Mrs. Pauling stopped dead. She was perfectly calm.

'Do you know where you are going, Miss Tupper?' she asked.

'We can't get lost,' said Miss Tupper. 'We keep to the main street and then turn off to the left beyond the town.'

'Which is the main street?' asked Mrs. Pauling. They were at a corner. A lamp of some sort thrust a reddish light for a little way down four tunnels, equally narrow, dark, malodorous. The stars overhead were shining in slits of sky, though not yet brightly.

Miss Tupper hesitated, a frown on her small round face.

'You are n't sure,' said Mrs. Pauling inexorably. 'I think we had all better go back before we get lost.'

'I think so too,' said the Detroiter.

Miss Tupper hesitated. She was *not* quite sure of her directions.

'Let's go!' said the Detroiter again, with nervous flippancy. Miss Tupper grew tense, and the look of a slightly faded, but still fragrant, rose left her face.

'I'll meet you later at the hotel,' she said, somewhat shrilly, and before anyone could answer she had started forward, not looking back, but waving her left hand at them. She walked fast, as though she had begun a contest. Her own hurrying footsteps sounded so loud in her ears that she could not tell whether the others followed her a few steps or not. At all events, they did not overtake her. At the next corner she looked back. There was no one to be seen in the funnel of gloom behind her.

III

She was alone in Taza. The instinct of obstinacy that had sent her off like a high-strung horse taking the bit in its teeth had worn off with its fulfillment. The spirit of the frontier garrison town swarming with its Legionaries, while

the Riffian outposts lay a few kilometres back in the mountains to the north — this sense of dark energy that had thrilled her when with the others now daunted her when alone. She had an impulse to run after her companions, but checked it instantly. They, she told herself, would be stumbling about for hours, whereas she must be almost out of the town by now. A few steps more must bring her to the steep hillside and the goat paths and the open country under the stars. She felt that once away from these blank walls and these split crevasses of darkness down which she walked she would be afraid of nothing.

She wondered why there were no Arabs. Were they all bolted safely in their dark houses, leaving the streets to the soldiers, listening behind heavy shutters to the thick shoes and loud brawling voices? She had barely formed the thought when two figures passed her, wrapped in spectral white. Their slippered feet made almost no sound. She had not heard them. They turned to the left and disappeared, but as they turned one looked back over his shoulder, not, Miss Tupper thought, at her, but at something behind her. She felt a strong desire to follow their mothlike flight, for flight she felt it was. Perhaps they had taken the passage out of the town.

Looking over her own shoulder as the Arab had done, she too rounded the corner, but already the two white figures had vanished. She thought of going back, but a sudden stumble set her heart racing. It seemed a signal for an uproar to burst out in the hollow depths of the town. From some direction came the reverberation of shouts and curses; from another there was a hoot of derisive laughter, and a buzz of singing seemed to drop down upon her from the sky above. To the blank walls of the streets was added the horror of these directionless sounds. She had once been told by a famous hunter that the roar of a tiger in the jungle had the effect of coming from every side at once, but not until now had she realized what that would mean to the nerves. She almost screamed as an unexpected group of Zouaves in baggy trousers and short jackets wheeled past her and brushed by, two or three abreast. She thought they looked at her curiously. She was sure one of them turned as they passed. It was hard for her to keep from running, and only the knowledge that she did not know where to run helped her to walk evenly away.

She dreaded the corners. At the next one she turned back toward her original lane, but she was not sure that she found it again. She thought it seemed narrower and muddier and fancied that it went at a different angle. She had to pass another open door from which belched shouts and the fumes of wine. She kept looking behind her; at each crossway she flattened herself against a wall and peered up and down before choosing her route. By now she had entered upon a complicated system of paralleling her original course, dodging down this black passage and up the next as she thought she would best escape meeting the bands of soldiery. She was especially afraid of the great black Senegambians in their khaki and scarlet, towers of men who seemed scarcely human to her. She lost her care for her footing, and hid in the most horrible corners while one group or another came by, always noisy, always jostling, always with black shifty eyes, and always like a torrent of color flooding down the narrow dark channels between the walls.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers —

Out of the inchoate past Miss Tupper's mind brought the lines. She wished

savagely they had all died in Algiers. The others should never have left her. They had said they would go home her way. They had broken their word. They were that kind. But when she started to do something —

Miss Tupper gave a scream. She had stumbled over the body of a man in the shadow — wounded or drunk, she did not know which — a horror clutching at her ankles in the dark. As she ran she thought she heard a groan. It seemed to her that she had been running for ages and ages toward a lamp. She felt that she could not run another step, but also that she could not stop running now she had commenced. For the first time she saw the scimiter of a new moon in the sky. It plunged up and struck down at her with every step. She heard other footsteps than her own, a heavier, faster scuffling over the cobblestones. She put on a burst of speed, but could not hold it. Now she was moaning.

Under the lamp she stopped.

'*As-tu perdu le chemin, madame?*' ('Have you lost your way, madame?') said a voice, breathing heavily. A man came out of the darkness. Miss Tupper leaned against the wall.

'Have you lost your way, madame?' he said again.

Her mind repeated the words like a parrot, and then searched and finally found 'madame.'

'Yes,' she answered. Her voice sounded solid and real to her, like a stone tossed into a pool of nightmare.

'I will put you on your road,' he said. And added, 'With pleasure.'

A polite spectre.

'Thank you,' she answered, moving her shoulders. They moved perfectly. He would put her on her road. Thank you, thank you — on your road, thank you.

'This way.' He turned in the direction from which she had been running. She walked beside him. This was the way hypnotized people must feel. But the cobbles hurt her feet. The soles of her shoes were too thin for walking such roads. He said nothing. After a while she looked at him in the fitful light. His profile seemed young; a stocky figure in blue and scarlet with a fez, set at what might have been a jaunty cock and yet was not quite jaunty. He felt her gaze and turned to her. His eyes were pale. His eyes were blue. The beating of her heart quieted, leaving behind it only a sort of spongy pain. In the moonlight she could see his answering smile. His teeth were yellow with tobacco, but that did n't matter. His eyes were blue, and she felt safe with him.

Now her mind, like a stream released from ice, was busy with a flood of thoughts. Would the hotel manager be looking for her? How much time had actually passed since the others left her? Why had this boy used the intimate *tu* in speaking to her? His French had a queer slur and hiss to it. Was he German, as she had heard so many of the Legionaries were, or a White Russian, perhaps? But he might be a Pole or a Dane. The officers used *tu* to them — of course that was it. He had learned his French in the Legion. Why had he been alone? Where had he seen her? But she was too tired to ask. Her strength was beaten down, and she was content to go with him silently.

He walked swiftly and, she thought, anxiously, looking up and down the hollows of the streets as they passed. If he had hoped to avoid meeting anyone, he failed. They came with the usual abruptness upon a handful of soldiers, smelling of the usual liquor and composed of the usual Mediterranean crossbreeds.

'Who is it?' yelled one of the men uproariously, and then followed more,

some of which Miss Tupper understood and some of which was argot.

Miss Tupper felt the shoulder of her Legionary touch hers. He made an awkward sound of laughing.

'It's a little friend,' said he.

'Oh! Oh! The little friend!' cried the leader again, and made as though to chuck Miss Tupper under the chin, but all of a sudden inexplicably stamped off instead, followed by the others, yelling, 'Good luck!' and disappearing apparitionally.

After that nothing more was said, except that once, as they passed a deep shadow, the man murmured, 'The mosque.' Miss Tupper tried to see the minaret, but the street was too narrow. She said nothing. With complete suddenness the town stopped at the edge of a cliff. They stood for a moment with Taza behind them, and below their feet the plain, touched with a thousand pin points of light from the French town and the outlying barracks. Beyond, the horns of the Rif were raised against the stars.

'How beautiful!' murmured Miss Tupper, taking a long look.

'I am all alone in the world,' said the Legionary.

Neither of them spoke again. For the next ten minutes their attention was fixed on getting down the steep slope without breaking their necks or falling into any cactus. At the worst places he lighted matches and held them close to the ground. She saw his square hand clearly, and sections of his clumsily modeled, wistful face. Once on the road they were able to go at a good pace.

Miss Tupper broke the silence in her uncertain French: —

'Don't you want to smoke?'

'I have no cigarettes,' he answered.

'Can't you buy any?' she asked again, thinking of some possible hold-up in army transportation.

'I have no money,' he said, in the same tone.

Miss Tupper found nothing more to talk about. She was deep in her own thoughts, buried in her fatigue and relief. They walked side by side in a monotonous rhythm of light and heavy footfalls. Outside the gate of the hotel they stopped, and Miss Tupper, on a sudden overmastering impulse, drew from her finger the heavy gold ring of her father's which she had expected to wear all her life, and handed it to the soldier.

'A thousand thanks,' she said, smiling. He took it. She thought, as well as she could see, that he looked surprised. Then he smiled like a grateful child and, leaning over clumsily, kissed her hand. He did not seem to know what to do next, but remained standing where she had left him, neither coming with her nor turning back to the road again. At the door she turned and called, 'Good night!'

And he called back, 'Good night, mademoiselle!'

IV

There seemed to be a great many lights and a great many people and too much noise. They were all eager to tell her how worried they had been and what they had said and what they would have done in another five minutes if she had not come back. The manager had been almost frantic, and the receding waves of his anxiety beat against her weariness with cries of 'But alone, madame! On Sunday night, madame! You have been fortunate.'

She excused herself to dress for dinner. She had never liked being scolded or criticized. And this flood of protest from strangers jarred upon her. Once in her room she admitted that from her head to her aching feet she felt tired, but there was a warm sense of adventure at the core of her

weariness. She was not ready to dress yet, and, snapping off the lights, she moved over to the window. Across the dry ploughed earth some day to be garden she looked past a low wall on to the road. A cloud had come over the moon, which gave forth a small strangled brightness. At the horizon lightning flared for a second, followed by a low grumble of thunder, like a storm in another world. She could not see Taza on its dark cliff.

Miss Tupper stood lost in a dream, out of which she slowly emerged as the footsteps drew nearer. She would have recognized them anywhere for those that had kept step with hers along the same road so short a time ago. Now, in the uncertain light, she could only see him as a moving shadow returning back toward the native town they had left together. But something was different. It was not until after he had gone by that she fully realized the significance of the coal that glowed so steadily in the darkness. A cigarette! But he had had no cigarettes, nor money to buy them, he said.

So, already he had pawned her father's ring! Warm from her finger it had gone to some Jew! What would her father have thought? Oh, what a sentimental fool she had been! Why had she imagined he would value it as something that had belonged to her — to her, a hysterical middle-aged woman who had behaved with no more dignity than a mouse in a trap?

But why should he *not* have pawned the ring — or sold it, for that matter? If he wanted cigarettes, he had earned them. She never doubted the identity of that passing figure, nor questioned her first explanation of the presence of the cigarette. As she went to her mirror she felt perfectly philosophic, but unutterably tired and old. She looked almost with satisfaction at a face which seemed more than its forty-odd years to-night. Neither that nor anything else mattered. As she raised her hand to her hair she missed the weight of the ring on her finger.

Through the flimsy hotel wall she could hear voices jarring across her gray remoteness. The Detroit schoolteacher was saying, 'And we kept *telling* Miss Tupper —'

Miss Tupper stiffened, rallied once more at the old unfailing tonic of criticism. After all, she might have lost the ring off her finger on a cold day. She had noticed that it was a little large. If Mrs. Pauling and that common creature from the Middle West had stayed with her as they should in all decency have done, none of this would ever have happened. She rinsed her face in hot and cold water again and again, smoothing her forehead and eyelids with the tips of her fingers. She arranged her pretty graying hair with unusual care. For the first time on the trip she unpacked her sleeveless evening dress, and from deep down in her suit case brought out an unopened box of rouge.

A few minutes later, rosy and smiling, Miss Tupper sat down beside Mrs. Pauling in the crowded lounge. 'Oh, but you missed it, going back the same old way, my dear!' she said, gathering all her brightness. 'Taza was simply fascinating!'

BIRDNESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

BY GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

WHEN I was fifteen years old our family lived in Central Texas. Our house stood on a hill at the edge of town. About us stretched the rolling prairies, gay in summer with red and yellow daisies and the tall spikes of blooming yucca, and studded with clumps of prickly pear cactus and feathery mesquite trees.

About three miles to the south of us the Trinity River slipped through a dense, low woodland. Here I spent much of my time, eager to watch, and capture if possible, the strange and interesting creatures which lived thereabout. Road runners nested at the edge of the wood in tangles of cat's-claw smilax. Flying squirrels built their globular nests of twigs high in the slender pecan trees. Chuck-will's-widows fluttered up from the leaves like gigantic moths. Raccoons and opossums searched for food along the banks of the slow-flowing streams, leaving their neat lacy track patterns in the mud.

In the pale far sky drifted wide-winged, sable-coated turkey vultures, their pinions motionless for hours at a time as they ascended in slow spirals, breasted the wind, or swung low to the level of the tree tops. I never ceased to marvel at their clean-cut outline, and at the ease with which they handled themselves in flight. I was all unconscious, in those days, of the probability that decades, centuries, ages perhaps, had slipped by while the turkey vulture was learning to conquer the air. It did not occur to me then that thousands upon thousands of the gaunt creatures had perished in the eternal struggle for survival that those dreamily swinging spots of ebon might enchant me for an hour! Drowsily, majestically, unceasingly they drifted about, many just above the low-hung fluffy cloud masses, some gently moving amid the ribbed cirrus of the dizzy sky plains. Lying on the warm earth, I watched them. I could hardly think; I only dreamed myself a sky bird, a playmate of the clouds. I was vaguely, sadly conscious, perhaps, that while my race had for ages been developing my brain into an organ of doubtful utility, it had at the same time been reducing the length of my forelimbs, solidifying my bones — in short, condemning me to fourscore years and ten as a terrestrial being without the slightest glimmer of hope that I should one day spread my black wings and, rustling like heavy silk, mount to the blue. Never, never could I be a vulture!

I was roused from my revery by the swish of dusky, stiff quills above me, as one of the vultures, made curious by my motionless supine form, swung low. What a different creature! The naked head and pale bill were evil in appearance. There entered my mind the thought that, had I been a corpse, that white beak would have sought with its hooked tip the innermost chambers of my heart! The plumage of the drab fowl was rusty and ragged; its wing tips spread out like slender, heavily nailed fingers! The vulture, close at hand, was a revolting creature. I shuddered because the vile body and macabre

pinions had cast their shadow across my face.

Walking one day in the depths of the woodland, near a stagnant pool, I came upon a huge, partly decayed, hollow log. Instinctively curious, I peered cautiously into the darkness, half expecting to discern the taut form of a wildcat crouched for a spring, or the lazy, pulpy coil of a water moccasin, white-mouthed and venomous. I could see nothing, though I strained my eyes. I went to the other end of the log, lay upon my side, and peered through. From this position I could see light at the other end. The dim interior became more sharply defined. What was that strange shape? Was there a movement, just the slightest movement? Did I hear a noise? My back stiffened.

Then it dawned upon me that I was gazing at the silhouette of a turkey vulture — a mother bird, probably, sitting upon her eggs. Eager, fairly breathless, I dragged two large flat stones to one end of the log, closing the opening there, and instantly sprang to the other end of the log, half expecting to be greeted by a rush of wings. Assured that the bird was still within, I sat down. For a moment I pondered. The log was almost twenty feet long; I could not make the bird come to me by punching it with a stick, and there was danger of breaking the eggs. I could not smoke it out, because I had no matches and I doubted my ability to start a fire by twirling a pointed stick against a piece of wood. My course was plain. I should have to go through the log.

I entertained certain misgivings. Could I force my way through the dark, moist tunnel? What should I encounter there? Would the mother vulture try to pick out my eyes?

Nevertheless I started, to find at once that the aperture was not so large as it had appeared to be. Arms outstretched in front, hair and face scraping the musty wood, I inched forward, my toes digging doggedly into the earth. Within a short time the entire length of my body was inside the log. My face pressed against wet wood; my body ached with the strain of the unnatural position, but I could not bring my arms back because there was no room for such a movement.

Perhaps, after all, I should not attempt this strange tunneling! In a panic I tried to back out, only to find myself powerless. It appeared that in my toes, which could push me forward, was my only propellent power. I was doomed to stay, or to go ahead! I breathed hard, spent with exertion. There did not seem to be enough air in the place. My ribs were crowded. But I must go ahead! Digging my fingers in the soft wood, shoving forward with all the force of my feet, I made slow progress. A flake of wood somehow got into my eye. I could do little more than shed tears over this unfortunate happening, for my arms were so long that I could not reach my face with my fingers. And my handkerchief was in my pocket!

I realized now, without question, that I should not have come into this log, that freedom of movement and plenty of fresh air were really all I had ever desired in the world. But I could not go back. Perhaps I remembered, in that dark moment, certain lines of Joaquin Miller's poem on Columbus. At any rate I squirmed on. I heard dull sounds as the buttons of my shirt gave way. My trousers stayed on only because of the strength of the leather belt, the straps of cloth which held it, and the endurance of my pelvic bones. The slipping downward of my shirt did not improve matters any. Wads of the cloth seemed to be knotted all about my body.

I found myself wondering how much more an imprisoned, half-suffocated, tortured boy, miles from home, could endure, when suddenly I realized that the mother vulture and I were not the only inhabitants of this hollow log.

Tripping ever so daintily, his fine leg threads just brushing the surface upon which he trod, came a grandaddy longlegs, disturbed in his noonday sleep. A grandaddy longlegs, considered impersonally, is an interesting creature. His legs are amazingly long and thin; his airy body is a strangely plump hub for those eight filamentous spokes which mince along so questioningly. I do not mind having a grandaddy longlegs walk across my hand, in fact.

But to have a grandaddy longlegs, and perhaps four hundred of his companions, suddenly decide to wander all over my face, neck, and back is another story. The first tickle of the advance guard's feet upon my nose drove me fairly frantic. I plunged my face into the wood, crushing my adversary. The odor of his body was unpleasant. Already his companions were bearing down upon me. I writhed and shuddered in exquisite torture. By waiting a moment, then wiping my face deliberately across the damp wood, I could kill or disable whole squadrons at a time. The situation was not improved by the fact that I could see only imperfectly in the dim light and because of the bit of wood in my eye.

Gradually the queer spiders learned that they were safer when they moved toward the light. I could see their dancing, trembling forms slowly withdraw from me. Nervous, full of reproach for my foolhardiness, I tried to relax, to think of something beside the vise in which I was fixed.

Was this soft thing my hand felt a fluff of milkweed down? Was it a bit of silk, so oddly out of place in this nether world? It was the nest of a pair of white-footed mice — dainty, bright-eyed little creatures whose noses quivered with terror, whose bodies shook with dread, as they felt rude fingers upon their nest. Frantically they rushed forth. Instinctively they leaped for the darkest crevices they could find. Owing to the effective stoppage of my end of the log, these havens of refuge were naturally near me. Trim, sharp-clawed feet raced over my back, under my shirt, about my neck. Can mice run nimbly? Can they use their toes in holding on? Do they learn of the unknown in the darkness through touching objects with their silken whiskers? The answers to these questions, and to many more, I learned within our hollow log. I was half afraid the jewel-eyed gnomes would bite my face or that one of them would pounce into my mouth as I strove to get a deep breath of air. Could all this torture be actual? Was I having a nightmare? Would it never end? One of the mice crawled between my body and the wood. I gave my shoulder a frantic shrug; there was a tiny squeak, and the sharp nails which had been digging into my skin instantly grew limp. The other mouse lodged himself somewhere in a fold of my trousers. Poor little creatures! They had sought only the safety of darkness. They could have harmed hardly a living thing. But I am sure they wrecked a thousand nerve cells in my quivering body.

Again shoving forward violently with my toes and digging my fingers into the soft structure of the tree, I pressed onward. The passageway became larger; I moved more freely. It was heavenly to be able to rest my weary body, and to breathe more deeply.

But I was yet to meet my most amazing, my most uncomfortable adventure! Suddenly the mother vulture

stood up, hissed, coughed a little, and began vomiting decayed flesh she had eaten earlier in the day. I had somehow forgotten the vulture. I found myself wishing with all my heart that I had not sealed up the other end of the log. Summoning courage, and wriggling forward as rapidly as I could, I struck the great bird an awkward blow. She hobbled off, hissing hoarsely and leaving a new object exposed to view.

I could not see very well; but I had enough strength and interest in my strange expedition to permit me to realize that I was face to face with a lovely newborn creature — a baby vulture, scarcely more than two hours old. It was downy white, its legs and naked head were pale gray, its infant eyes had no expression. Breathing evenly, quietly, it rested beside a large egg which was of soiled white splotched with blackish brown.

The mother continued to cough and hiss, but she could not produce any more food. I was thankful that the digestive process in birds is so rapid that food does not, as a rule, stay long in the crop or gullet!

Lifting the young vulture as well as I could, and rolling the big egg ahead of me, I wormed my way onward. The dusky parent retreated. At the end of the log I grasped her by her feet, pushed the obstructing stones away as well as I could, and breathed the fresh air in deep gasps. Nearly worn out, I trembled from head to foot. Most of my shirt was somewhere in the log; the underclothes which had covered my shoulders and chest were wound in tatters about my trousers. I was scratched up considerably, and bleeding in several spots. It must have taken me fifteen minutes to get out of the log, for the exit was small.

When I finally reached the outer air I sank to the leaves, awkwardly tied the vulture to a sapling, using a shred of torn underclothing, and panted and trembled as I picked grandaddy longlegs from my hair, eyes, and neck, and a dead mouse from my clothing. The belt had dug deep into the skin and had worn raw grooves all about my waist. But I was free! I could breathe the air, the cool, fresh air of heaven!

I hobbled over to the pool. In the rustic mirror I could see that I was no lovely vision. I washed my face and hands, smoothed back my hair, and pinned my torn clothing together with a thorn or two.

Then I returned to my captives. Somehow the little white baby seemed pitiably friendless in this bright world of the open. The eyes of the mother were hard and fierce and frightened. The egg was infertile. I could hear the liquid contents slopping about inside when I shook it.

Had I been less weary or had my predatory instinct been more keen, I might have killed the mother vulture and tossed her aside; or I might have carried her home. But I could n't bring myself to take that woods baby away, or to leave it there an orphan. I put it back in the damp shadow of the hollow log. I rolled aside the stones I had brought for sealing the opening. And then I put the mother back beside the cottony infant, which by this time was peeping faintly. The mother bird did not attempt to rush away. Mouth open, she eyed me impersonally. I moved off through the woods quietly, hoping that my retreat would not frighten her, or that if she did fly away she would soon return to her charge.

I was famished and exhausted when I reached home, and I mounted the stairs to my room with stiff and weary feet. When I took off my trousers a bright-eyed mouse whisked out of a pocket and scampered behind the bookcase.

BOOTLEG LOANS

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

THE most conservative bank in my town has a million dollars lent in Wall Street raising the prices of stocks which it advises its clients not to buy because they are too high.

I

When our credit machinery was taken off its old bushings and mounted on new bearings through the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, the prediction was freely made on all sides that we had done with money panics. Credit, which is merely a promise to pay, could, so it was predicted, be spun out and reeled in as business expanded and contracted. There would always be enough, but never too much or too little, to meet the legitimate needs of business. This expansion and contraction would take place largely automatically under an interest rate which would change infrequently. The only dissenting voice I heard was that of a Yale economics professor, a conservative New Englander, who dinned this one sentence into the ears of his classes: 'Gentlemen, any credit machinery which makes borrowing easy is dangerous.'

Hardly had the new system got under way when seeming necessity demanded the spinning out of an enormous volume of credit to finance the war. More was spun out than could later be reeled in without immediately harmful results to business. Inflation continued to grow and commodity prices continued to soar. The excessive inflation carried the seeds of its own destruction, and the catastrophe came in the spring of 1920, about the time a group of Atlantans went on a buyers' strike, paraded the city in overalls, and swore that they would wear no more clothes till prices came down. Prices came down with a thud, and with what results business still remembers. But nobody credits the Georgians with having brought about the fall. Prices simply rose till they could rise no more.

There is a tendency in many quarters to blame the Federal Reserve Board's easy-money policy in the summer and fall of 1927 for the stock-speculation craze which has swept the country. The rate of interest which the Federal Reserve banks charge for loans made to member banks was reduced. The purpose of this reduction was to create a differential between the rate of interest in the United States and that in England and European countries. The higher interest rate in England and European countries attracted funds from the United States and caused an outflow of gold needed by the Bank of England and other central banks. The low interest rate in the United States encouraged borrowing not only on the part of those engaged in industry, but also on the part of those who speculate in stocks. Whether this policy or something else was the immediate cause of speculation, it is a fact that a speculative mania has spread, and stock prices have risen to unprecedentedly high levels. Should a deflation in stock prices occur, the devastation

wrought would be laid at the door of the Board.

It is quite likely, however, that even its severest critics could not, or would not, have met the derangements growing out of the war with more fortitude or wisdom.

Whatever the cause of the craze, it is better now to try to cure the disease than to explain how we got it. There may be plenty of time later to reflect.

During all the trying months of 1920 and following, one scarcely ever heard mention of 'brokers' loans.' This is a term which applies to that class of loans secured by stocks or other securities. To illustrate, suppose the reader who has $10,000 in cash desires to purchase 100 shares of common stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which, at $212 a share, would cost $21,200. He turns his $10,000 margin over to his broker as agent. The broker, adding $11,200 of his own money, purchases the stock and has the certificate registered in his own name. In order to replace the money which the broker expends, the client borrows from a bank or elsewhere, pledging the stock as collateral. If for any reason the client desires or has to sell this stock, the broker in effect pays off the loan, releases and sells the stock, and credits the client with the proceeds, less interest, commissions, and expenses. Millions of such transactions, with others like it, are responsible for the increase and decrease in brokers' loans.

Even at the peak of commodity prices in 1920, the amount of these loans was about one and three-quarter billion dollars, and about half of them were liquidated during the period of deflation. But such loans counted little; and, even if they had counted much, they were under the same direction as other loans. Most credit, regardless of its purpose, was emanating from the same sources, the greater part of it ebbing and flowing through the Federal Reserve and member banks and, therefore, under the observation of the Federal Reserve Board.

But times have changed. We are now faced with a novel situation in which at least one half of the credit in speculative use in the stock market is obtained from sources other than banks, and subject, therefore, neither to banking guidance nor to any other unified control. Of the nearly six billion dollars of brokers' loans, nearly three billions, commonly known as 'bootleg loans,' got into the market in the same helter-skelter manner, although not through the same channels, as loans for speculation did prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System.

Formerly, corporations and individuals lodged their surplus funds with their local banks, and these passed them on to New York banks and received a small rate of interest on the balances carried. The New York banks in turn passed this credit on into Wall Street in the form mainly of brokers' call loans. Now banks outside of New York, private individuals at home and abroad, corporations, and investment trusts have come to make their own loans to Wall Street brokers largely directly or through New York banks acting merely as agents. This method of placing three billion dollars on loan in the stock market brings us face to face with the question whether, in spite of all that has been done to prevent and forestall it, we may not yet again run into a money panic similar to those which have occurred in the past. The credit pool in Wall Street, supplied now by two streams, one thoroughly filtered and metered, the other altogether unfiltered and unmetered, may be no less polluted or dangerous than when, as formerly, it was fed by only one, which was indifferently filtered and metered.

Under the old system, there was at least a sort of loose affiliation and understanding among the big New York banks and their interior relatives. The New York banks were held together by their clearing-house association. Now there is not even the semblance of an organization among those who are furnishing more than one half of the funds devoted to speculation.

Just what would be the result if that state of the public mind which has made possible the present inflation of stock prices should receive a sudden shock? No orderly procedure has been followed in placing these loans in the market and none would be followed in withdrawing them in the case of a crisis. There is slight possibility, and less probability, that those individuals, widely scattered banks, corporations, and investment trusts could take concerted action to meet a danger. Should some mishap befall the stock market, each would be so busy saving himself that he would have scant time or inclination to save others. Should a day of retribution come, this class of lenders and the brokers to whom they had made loans could with ill grace turn for help to a banking system whose advice and counsel they had spurned; but this is precisely what they would have to do. Moreover the banks, however forgiving and charitable, might have their hands full handling a situation which they had tried in vain to prevent. Stocks in small amounts are wholly liquid, but in excessive amounts are logy far beyond popular belief. The fall in the price of stocks which could result from the attempted sale of a very considerable portion of the collateral now securing the three billions of bootleg loans would be staggering.

It seems, therefore, that at least as much of the present danger lies in the character of the loans and the way they are made as in their size. Brokers' loans make for higher stock prices, and higher stock prices make for more brokers' loans. The fact that the ratio between the value of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange and the amount of brokers' loans remains fairly constant signifies nothing. The ratio could not be otherwise when it is the result of two circumstances which are both causes and effects of each other.

II

As to those individuals who make loans directly to brokers rather than deposit their surplus funds in banks or buy securities outright on their own account, little can be said. One need not try to answer the argument of him who says that it is poor business to keep his surplus idle or set it to work in a bank at 2 per cent when by putting it to work in Wall Street at 8, 10, or 20 per cent he himself can stop work altogether. He is his own master; his obligation runs mainly to himself; and he bears the consequences of his own action.

But corporations and investment trusts stand on an entirely different ground from that of the individual. The officers of each serve in a fiduciary capacity. They are obligated to act in the best interest of those they represent. Lending funds in the stock market on call — that is, on condition that they will be repaid on demand — is a matter of corporate management, and management in the absence of a showing of fraud cannot be interfered with even by the stockholders themselves except by vote.

The calling of the loans made to brokers by a half dozen or so large corporations, if the calls should be made simultaneously, would shock the stock market. It is, of course, a great satisfaction to believe that the directors would engage in no such

nefarious scheme as selling the market short and then calling the corporate loans to break it and cover — that is, borrowing stocks and selling them at a high price, and then calling the corporate loans to break the market, in order that they might buy stock at a low price to return what they had borrowed. But, too, there is a restful sense of security growing out of the publicly announced policy of other large corporations that they will avoid even the appearance of evil and make no loans for speculative purposes.

The question of brokers' loans as it relates to so-called investment trusts presents a peculiarly nice question in business ethics. The fundamental purpose of these institutions is to invest as advantageously as possible, in a wide assortment of stocks, the funds of hundreds and thousands of persons who have entrusted their money to them. What can be said of the propriety of a policy of lending a surplus in the stock market which, although temporary as to any one of these institutions, tends constantly and increasingly to raise to all of them the prices of the very securities which they are supposed to buy as cheaply as possible? On the other hand, how would public sentiment toward all investment trusts be affected if, in order to break the market and buy at a bargain, some should call their loans and force the sale of the stocks which secure them, thus depressing prices? Such a policy would convert what is supposed to be a trust into a speculative pool.

All these bootleg lenders have, in effect, made the stockbrokers their bankers for their most mobile funds. They draw on their broker-bankers at sight when in need of a little spending money. Should any unusual condition arise, they would use these funds first. Just what reserve do these broker-bankers carry against these deposits? The belief that they are Midases who can always turn stocks into gold is their refuge in case of a run.

The brokers' credit reservoir of six billions is drained and replenished by fits and starts, and the waters are kept constantly troubled. The evidence is an interest rate for call money ranging from 6 per cent to 20 per cent this year, the highest since 1920. The disturbance would be even worse and the call rate even more unstable if the banks were not at hand to pour back what the bootleg lenders drain off. But the member banks of the Federal Reserve System have been requested to stop it. The Federal Reserve Board is using its influence to check the speculative mania. The Secretary of the Treasury has measured his words and given out a sane statement that bonds are now a better bargain than many investment stocks. Even those of us who prefer investment stocks must take heed.

We are witnessing an interesting contest between an institution created by government, whose attributes are continuity and sovereignty, and a bold group of speculators whose tenure in power rests upon public enthusiasm, and whose idea of a Lenten celebration is to run Radio New Common from 68 and something to 109 and something in the face of a reported statement of an official of the company before a Congressional committee that the stock is high even at the former figure.

To those who have observed government at close range the outcome seems inevitable. The individual or institution that enters an endurance contest with sovereignty rarely wins. To the Federal Reserve Board victory means nothing except a delicate official responsibility wisely met. It has no vanity to be pampered. But to those so stiff-necked that they will not hearken, defeat means everything —

ruin to themselves, loss to others. It remains to be seen whether the recalcitrants will yield or whether they will have to be broken. They have had their chance, and if they do not yield, then they will be broken, because they drive authority to break them. Or they will pull their own house down upon themselves.

III

Speculation is about to 'get the bust' on business. 'Getting the bust' is a Southern colloquialism describing a situation wherein a boy, after having roped a calf, has to run as fast as the calf does or get a spill. The accepted method of getting out of such a predicament is to manœuvre the calf toward a sapling, brace up, pass on one side, and, getting a half cinch, allow the calf the privilege of passing on the other. The Federal Reserve Board has shown better manners. It has forewarned its victim.

Speculation has begun to influence general business rather than to discount what business would be under normal conditions. We economists have been preaching the virtues of speculation for a long time. We know that selling short, selling for future delivery something one does not possess and later buying to cover, — that is, buying to fulfill this future contract, — tends to keep high prices from going higher and low prices from going lower. By and large, this is generally true. It might work out that way always if every price situation were a natural one.

Speculative profits depend upon price fluctuations. The wider the amplitude of the price swing, the greater the chances of big profits to the few in strategic positions. For the sake of the big profits, the few may create artificial fluctuations. When this is the case, speculation defeats its purpose and belies its economic significance. With stock-market pools and rumors of pools abroad in the land, it is hard to believe otherwise than that many stock prices have not risen or fallen, but have been put up or down.

The long period of rising stock prices and the general participation of the public have made big profits possible to many for the first time. These profits, which came easily, represent purchasing power which has been leveled against production and has thus stimulated industry. The stimulation up to date has manifested itself in an increase in demand in the sense in which the economist uses that term — namely, that more has been taken at the same price than formerly. This was possible because of the excessive productive power left over and redirected after the war.

Seemingly we have about reached the end of the tether. Some commodity prices are beginning to creep up, and if this continues we may see an industrial boom, commodity inflation, and the inevitable attendant collapse. Note copper, just admitted to the speculative-metals market. Recently one producer raised the price to twenty-three cents a pound. Others did not follow, but the next day it went to twenty-four. Those who use the metal are scurrying around to find substitutes. An increase in the price of copper is no longer good market news.

On the other hand, if speculative stock profits should suddenly vanish, the purchases which they have been supporting would cease, and a backwater in production would result.

Long ago the stock market ceased to be an accurate barometer of future business conditions, and speculative stock profits have begun to weigh heavily in determining those conditions. One well-known economist estimates that stock prices at the present level have discounted the future

to the extent of eight years of growth and activity uninterrupted. One may well believe it when he sees the country paying 10 and 20 per cent for money borrowed to buy stocks whose dividends will not pay a quarter of that amount and whose earnings even are not equal to those figures.

So it comes in the end to this, that men are willing to pay exorbitant interest to carry stocks which somebody will buy from them at a profit; and the number of such has been legion. To such operators altitude of the price is of little concern so long as buyers will take the stocks off their hands at more than they paid for them. But somewhere in this human chain there is a group of last men, and they must get their operating expenses and profits, if at all, from the cold dividends or earnings of the corporation. If they cannot, they will sell the stock they already have or refuse to buy more on such terms, or do both. These men are now overwhelmed and inarticulate, but they will rise to the surface in time and declare a stock-buyers' strike. It is this group which finally learned during the Bubble Period that after all it was more profitable to put money into English shipping than into raising jackasses in South America.

How long, O Lord, how long!

THE NEW POSITION OF THE VATICAN

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

THE fact that the Holy See has come to an understanding with the Italian Government as to its formal position in international politics revives those combatant and vital issues which not long since reminded the world that principles could make America itself into a *corrida*. The new concordat was not a wonder of seven days; it brings into new debate questions which will exercise politicians and philosophers for many years to come, questions which underlie the claims and even the existence of democratic government; which, if they are considered a little further, invite us to define with a new precision the place of man in the world and the nature of his kinship to the divine mystery.

It is now just on sixty years since Italy changed from what Metternich called a geographical expression into a united whole, and she did so by capturing what had been known for well over a thousand years as the States of the Church. A compact organization of orthodox and international Christianity had grown up on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and, as a centre comparatively free from the strife of princes, it had had over a small area its own independent government. No historian now denies that such an organization was best suited to assert the influence of Christianity among warring states and ambitious emperors, and when the red shirt of bearded Garibaldi moved forward to win for Victor Emmanuel what the fervid nationalist speculations of Mazzini and

the shrewd statesmanship of Cavour had thought the one possible capital for Italy, and the Papacy was despoiled of almost all its temporal possessions, the Government of Italy certainly risked a great principle. To establish a national capital in the one centre of an international Church, to turn religious houses into government offices, to appropriate the private palace of the Pope as an office for the invading king, were acts not easy to defend unless moral principles were secondary to expediency. They provoked a just protest from the suffering Church.

But the situation was full of anomalies and compromises which put the protest into the background. The marauding Government passed a Law of Guarantees promising the Pope sovereign honors and full protection, guaranteeing his free diplomatic intercourse with other countries, and offering him an annual indemnity of about $650,000; the Papal Church remained established by the Government, and the State arranged both to pay the priests and to maintain the churches. The Pope, though he refused the indemnity and all other acknowledgment of the guarantees, found both his income maintained and his prestige finally increased by the sympathy of Catholics in other countries, and the loss of territory freed the Vatican organization for larger tasks. Papal diplomacy turned in a new and more fruitful direction: it asserted its international prestige by proving to peoples the necessity of its function. While Italy found that the Church provided her with much of her glory, and not a little of her income, the Church found that the invader's move had indirectly improved her own position. At the same time, she could not sacrifice her inalienable principle — the principle, not that she wanted to govern territories, but that, as the representative of divine authority among all nations and above all nations, she must not be in any sort of subjection to any one of them. She must have an absolute independence, so manifest that no one could even accuse her of acting under the pressure of a coercing government.

The war was the crux. It was clearly seen that Italy was doing nothing to impugn the neutrality of the Vatican, and that the Vatican was perfectly free to play its rôle. Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State, made it clear, on the other hand, that he would accept no settlement of the Roman Question from victorious foreigners, but only by the good will of the Italian people. The subject has been treated in a thorough and illuminating way by Signor Vercesi in a book published a few years ago, *L'Italia, la Guerra e il Papato*. The war, as he shows, immensely strengthened the Vatican, ridding it of its three greatest obstacles — the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif; freeing it from the influence of Austria; forcing countries like Great Britain, Greece, and Holland to maintain diplomatic relations with it; and showing the whole world that Christianity, organized as an international unity, could properly function as an instrument of health and peace in the complex organism of the modern world.

In all this, the Italians saw at once how closely the prestige and influence of the immemorial institution at Rome are associated with their racial genius and their national honor, and they began to take the place of France as the Vatican's defender; they made it clear how much they would welcome the emissary of the Pope at the Conference of Genoa in 1922, as they have since undertaken to represent his point of view at Geneva. The Fascist Government has done all it can to support the projects of the Vatican. It set

up the crucifix in the schools and arranged for religious education; it recognized titles conferred by the Pope, and gave the new Catholic university at Milan the status of the national universities at Naples and Pisa. It supported the Vatican arrangements for the Holy Year, giving excursion tickets to Rome, to which it added free railway journeys to the Holy House at Loreto, to the Madonna at Pompeii, and to the Shrine of Saint Francis of Assisi. It encouraged the revival of the Corpus Christi processions in the streets, and advised the provincial governors, generals, and mayors to take a place in the processions.

This great national acknowledgment does not necessarily mean active faith. Mussolini, at whose behest all this was done, was not often seen in church. But he was once seen to kneel for a considerable time before a statue of the Virgin when paying an official visit to a town in Northern Italy. He did this, he said in a speech immediately afterward, because he wished to set an example of reverence and respect toward the immemorial traditions and habits of the Italian people, and to associate them with the great institution which had always brought them prestige.

Such an attitude of mind, which is very much that of old Rome, is by no means unknown in contemporary England. For members of the Church of England, whose faith and devotion are ill defined, 'the Church' still exists as an institution which represents both the solidarity of national society and the value of national ideals, and there are many who would no more think of disrespect toward it than they would of ordering their lives exactly according to the precepts of the Gospel. Whenever their own interests are at stake, they make their compromise as dignified as possible. Mussolini might have moulded his religious mentality in one of the great English schools — what the English call their public schools.

II

Like Mussolini's attitude in this is the attitude both Church and State had taken in Italy with regard to the Roman Question. The contentions of the Italian Government were admirably stated by Senator Antonio Fradeletto in the *Nineteenth Century* of June 1923, and the present writer explained the point of view of the Church in the *Contemporary Review* of the preceding April. The Italian Government had always acted with moderation, and can envisage no scheme to improve on the present position. In this sense, M. Eugene Guichard, writing in the *Mercure de France* of December 1923, regarded the matter as settled, and said that if one wanted to know what had happened about it one could only apply the words of Corneille, 'The combat ceased for want of combatants.' There is some truth in this, but not all the truth. For the Church, though she was willing to forgo her rightful territories, always insists upon her principles, and could in no way cease to demand the formal recognition of the political independence of the Vatican, as the one centre of international Catholicism. Italy recognized the Pope as a person of sovereign dignity, but recognized nothing as his territory and no one as his subject. A sovereign without sovereignty was, said the Vatican, an absurdity; yet all must admit that it was an absurdity which somehow did not inconvenience over thirty different governments in maintaining official relations with the Papal Court.

The Papacy, however, could never be satisfied with a vague accommodation, no matter how convenient, and, though it felt it could afford to wait, it continued to look for something more:

that is to say, either for an international guarantee or for an increase of territorial independence to the Vatican, — possibly a little of the land behind St. Peter's, stretching toward the pine wood of the Marquis Sacchetti, — to be accompanied by a formal diplomatic relation.

The difficulty about an international guarantee was that it involved other nations in maintaining the independence of a territory touching on Italy's own capital; and the difficulty about admitting territorial independence, as it is admitted in the case of the little republic of San Marino in the Apennines, was that once more an outside power would be established almost in the capital. Meanwhile, the Pope in his first encyclical referred to Italy as *nostra amata patria*, and invited Italy to send a representative to the Papal Court.

The accommodation therefore was complete, but it was an accommodation. Mussolini in effecting a final settlement removed the only disagreement in a relation which, though informal, was already extremely close. The whole subject was expounded in 1924 by Jean Carrère, who in his admirable book, *Le Pape*, showed that an agreement was practically accomplished. Mussolini has only ratified an entente. The importance of his step affects other nations rather than his own.

The steps taken toward a settlement of the Roman Question mean therefore, as we saw, that the Fascist Government has adopted the attitude which Gioberti pleaded before the Risorgimento in his famous book, *Il Primato*. Gioberti argued that Italy's place in the modern world was to be that of a leader in Christian civilization, and that her greatness was to be in the closest relationship to the universal influence of her Church. Mussolini has spoken in much the same sense, identifying the power of Italy, not with imperial ambition, but with the moral power of the great Christian organism which connects her life with that of other nations. A secret society of any kind, and in particular a secret society which is international, like that of the Freemasons, is therefore certain of all possible opposition from him. But he is able to reconcile the fiery nationalism of his movement with that serene influence which binds together hundreds of millions out of every nation in loyalty toward the venerable city which Italy now shares as a capital with the Church. With this it is suggestive to compare an utterance made by the present Pope in 1921, when he was enthroned at Milan as Archbishop. 'The Papacy,' he said, 'is Italy's greatest glory.'

III

Closely akin to this contention is the principle that underlies the unexpected politic which led Mussolini to accept Canon Law for Italy. Canon Law is neither more nor less than the Code Napoléon of Cardinal Gasparri. For years he was at the head of the great committees which were busy in revising the Church code. It is now an application of the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas to morals, to politics, to economics, and to citizenship. Knit up as it is with the traditions of Roman law, it is in its broadest outlines the same as that which unites the Anglo-American system of law with that of the Code Napoléon, which still survives in Italy as it does in France and Spain. The Catholic principles of law are not fundamentally opposed to the Code Napoléon any more than they are to the Constitution of the United States. But there are of course extremely important differences of detail. The chief is in relation to benefit of

clergy, the subject of the old debate between Becket and Henry II. The Canon Law still gives the clergy particular privileges: they are, until they are unfrocked, outside the ordinary civil jurisdiction. They must be tried in their own courts, and punished in their own penitentiaries. A layman may not even sue a priest for libel without special permission, and must apply to the Pope himself for this permission if the offender is a prelate. It can hardly be supposed that these clauses will be popular in Italy, which from the time that Boniface VIII was struck in the face at Anagni has seen to it how to keep the priest in his place. A priest very rarely enters a private house in Italy, for example, unless called to perform a sacerdotal function. He moves, long before his ordination, as one apart. But, needless to say, it is not the clergy who make up the bulk of the criminal classes in Italy, and this part of the Canon Law will not make much difference. Even in England, the police have sometimes said nothing about a priest's delinquencies when assured he would be dealt with by his Church.

Similarly, with regard to marriage, the Italian State has never recognized divorce, and punishes adultery with arrest. In this matter, therefore, the acceptance of Canon Law will not mean anything so revolutionary as it would mean in America, or even in France. In practice, doubtless, the changes will be modified still further. But it is worth noting that the Canon Law recognizes no distinctions of moral standard between the two sexes. It will not therefore tolerate what has been known in Italy as the 'house of tolerance.' By the Crispi Law of 1893 scandal was removed from the open streets, but brothels were licensed and inspected. No one who has listened to young Italians talking in cities could contend that business has languished within them, and if Fascism, which has already preached in Italy reform in the morals of the flesh, succeeds in enforcing it, we shall see Italy adopting for her young unmarried men standards as strict as those of America. This for a Latin country will indeed be revolutionary. Again, it must be noted that, though there are some very evil towns in Italy, the masses of the peasantry — and they make up the great bulk of the population — live healthy lives, marry young, and have several children. Fascism has already strengthened this tradition; the Canon Law respecting the use of contraceptives will not have to swim against the tide of Fascist patriotism. The changes made are accommodations of detail.

Nevertheless, the concordat is one of the most pregnant issues of contemporary history. It is also a piece of remarkably astute diplomacy. It looks like an agreement in which the Pope has lost nothing, but gained everything. The seizure of Rome by force was not, as we know, morally defensible, but it was proved to have conferred an immense benefit upon the Holy See. The Pope had, in fact, the freedom that he wanted, and it seemed that he had nothing to barter with Italy. How, then, was secured a sum of some eighty million dollars, and the acceptance of Canon Law which implies the supremacy of the Church over the State, as well as, of course, the Pope's railway station, his two palaces, and the piazza of St. Peter's? There is only one explanation: it is the latent unpopularity of Fascism.

Since the shocking murders of Matteotti and Amendola, since the bombardment of Corfu, since the night of murder in Florence in 1925, but above all since Mussolini by one arbitrary *coup de théâtre* raised the currency to its present exchange against the franc,

the mark, the pound, and the dollar and disorganized the commerce and industry of Italy, there has been a violent undercurrent of distrust and criticism. Up and down Italy, there are millions who hate the dictator. In Rome, he seems to support his popularity with vigor, and the sweeping changes he is planning in the city give it a certain sense of exhilaration. But in the provinces the sullenness is obvious. Unable to rouse the enthusiasm of the people by a victory, or by any other dramatic sensation, unable to bombard another Corfu, unable to increase Italian territory, unable to secure favorable immigration laws in America, unable to alleviate the difficulties caused by the increase of population, and unable to admit his financial failure by letting the lira fall again to a value that would give Italian industry a chance to compete with French industry and attract the tourist back to Italy, Mussolini has devised the brilliant expedient of a reconciliation with the Vatican. For two and a half years the pourparlers have been secretly going on. The further they went, the more necessary the dictator felt it to carry the matter to a successful conclusion. It would provide a magnificent sensation, and it would secure the allegiance, not only of the priests and the devout, but of the great conservative strength which had always been associated with the Church, and which had gradually become reconciled to the monarchy. Very well, then, Mussolini must be dramatic. He must shelter under the sovereignty of the Church, her liegeman and her servant. He must make restitution for the wrongs of sixty years ago, even to the extent of eighty million dollars. Secretly the negotiation crystallized. The first rumors leaked out in Germany in December, but nothing was allowed to be put into the Italian papers till all was over. Then suddenly, on the seventh anniversary of the Pope's coronation, all Italy was suddenly wakened to jubilation.

IV

What of the Pope? A shrewd observer who knows Italy thoroughly, and who well understood that the Vatican's position would be weakened by any arrangement that was not, or at least did not appear to be, the free choice of the Italian people, he certainly could not wish to change the Vatican traditions of caution in making this arrangement. If Fascism were to collapse, his independence from Italy would collapse with it; the Canon Law would be abrogated, and the revulsion of feeling might well find expression in a violent demonstration against the Church. Once again, as in Paris in 1790, the crowd might shout, 'Hang the bishops!' But as the Pope looked further, he saw a way through the danger. Anticlericalism was dead, not because it had been stamped out, but because it had failed naturally. The memory of the people was short, and the Government was not definitely implicated in the murders; even when mistakes were made, they could be forgiven; and nothing human is perfect. His agreement, furthermore, was with Italy as represented in her monarchy, and Mussolini was but the signatory; when all was said, Fascism, which must in any case leave its mark in Italy, — as Napoleon's principles still dominated France, — had this security, that no one could suggest a practical alternative. But even so, the Pope refused to look on the agreement as final till it received its ratification from the Italian people.

But in completing this agreement the Pope gains a firmer hold over the volatile Italian. Canon Law secures to the Church a control of education, and that

is what she has for long most desired. The clergy will return once more to prominence and to power, and much of the success of the new scheme will depend on whether or not they can increase the people's confidence in them. In Italy the Catholic Church is, in one sense, unquestioned; but a certain skepticism is implicit in the Italian mind. The very bases of dogma are laid in a sense of mystery that implies a certain agnosticism. At Rome, says an Italian proverb, we make a faith for other people to believe. Nevertheless, the Vatican may justly hope that its influence upon Italy will be an evident gain. There is, when all is said, less harm than good in being religious. And the Catholic Church provides Italy with her only conceivable religion.

Apart from the benefit he may rightly expect Italians to recognize, the Pope gains the large sum of money we have mentioned. It is no more than justice. Between 1848 and 1871 the Italian Government seized one after another of the great properties of the Church. In Rome its depredations were scandalous. It took from the Pope also his sources of revenue; and the indemnity of $650,000 a year that it offered was not accepted, for it would have made the Pope the pensioner and dependent of Italy. France and Austria, which came to the rescue then, are no financial help now, and since the war the Vatican has been dependent upon the bounty of America. American Catholicism could practically dictate its own terms to the Vatican. That will no longer be the case. The vast sum of money which the Vatican now has at its command will give it a freedom and a power which will certainly make themselves felt. Equally remarkable will be the revolt of the freedom of the Vatican from its long preoccupation with the Roman Question. For more than eighty years its politic has been preoccupied by the indirectness and the delicacy of its relations with Italy and the preliminaries of a settlement. All that is over now.

The Vatican has a freedom it never had before, and that freedom will surely consummate itself in an amplitude of action. There can be no doubt that in a few years the Vatican Council will reopen, and the Catholic Church will define with fuller precision its hopes for the unity of Christendom, its thought as to the mingling of peace with justice, and the duty of the Church to spread and to ennoble the traditions of Christian civilization. Such were the tasks which were set for it when it opened in 1869. It began with a dogmatic constitution of the Catholic faith which defined the spheres of reason and mystery; it then went on to define the teaching office of the Pope in a way which has received far more attention than it deserves. For the prerogatives of the Pope had been defined in sweeping terms in 1439, and the Vatican decree of 1870 qualified these rather than strengthened them. But the Church will now have to face all that is required to complete the present Pope's darling project of a concordat with the Oriental Church. The Orthodox are in agreement with Roman Catholics about practically every point except papal supremacy, and the present projects point to defining that in a conciliatory way rather than to making the centrality of Rome more obvious. The problem will probably occupy the Papacy very much as the Italian question has occupied it for the last sixty years.

It is worth while to recall, therefore, in this new connection, the lines on which that diplomacy developed. The first phenomenon was the sense of outrage at a great injustice. This naturally remained the attitude of Pius IX, who was the sufferer. When Leo XIII

ascended the papal throne the protest was renewed, but already in milder terms. However, he remained intransigent toward the Quirinal. His successor, Pius X, initiated a certain change of attitude, and, although he broke with France over M. Loubet's visit to the Quirinal, he made several steps toward a rapprochement. Benedict XV went considerably further, though the Jew, Sidney Sonnino, insisted that he should have no voice in the Peace Conference. At Benedict's death, however, matters had gone so far that it was felt even before the election of the present Pope that he should once again give a blessing to the city of Rome from the loggia of St. Peter's. The words 'temporal power' had gradually been replaced by 'independent sovereignty'; the seizure of possessions was ignored. The new principle was admirably stated by Cardinal O'Connell at Boston on February 10: 'If the Church is to be universal,' he said, 'that is, to minister to the faithful of all lands, of all times, of all races and of all nations, the head of that Universal Church must obviously and naturally be under the domination of no one people, or no one race; neither should he be, in the perfect fulfillment of his universal office, the subject of emperors, kings, or potentates.'

His office was universal, and by the very nature of things had to be independent of civil or political control. Just what form that condition of independence might take was secondary so long as the fact of independent headship was clear to all the world, so that no one could say that the Pope favored Italy or France or any other country or nation or kingdom in his decisions or declarations governing the spiritual conduct of his Church.

All this had been admitted by Italy from the beginning. What Italy would not do was to give up Rome.

V

It is not impossible to conceive that we shall see an evolution of the same kind with regard to the Eastern Church. The fact that the Pope would allow a freedom of language and tradition and rite is well known, and Eastern churches already united are not in fact bound by the decrees of Roman congregations. If the formularies, therefore, were to insist, as they might well do, on the unity of faith and the rights of bishops, an accommodation might arrive within a reasonable space of time, as it has done with regard to Italy in the course of sixty years.

While that task will remain clearly in view, it is likely that the Pope will continue rather to assert what he shares with others than what he holds differently from them. For some time the Vatican hesitated between opposing schools of thought, intransigence and conciliation, but there can be no question of the Pope's determination to make a move toward a settlement with the East, any more than of his determination to do everything possible to solidify peace in Europe along the lines of what he has from the first declared to be the motto of his reign: 'The peace of Christ in the reign of Christ.' In the autumn of 1926 he instituted the new feast of Christ the King, and it would only be reasonable to expect that this movement, in which the Pope has already shown himself so vigorous in the matter of the *Action Française*, would find its completeness in new definitions as to a supernal and sovereign law between and over nations. No one who is watching the developments of either religion or politics can ignore the extraordinary possibilities presented by the fact that the Pope has in his own view openly emerged on to the eminence of the spiritual lawgiver of Christendom.

NOTES FROM MY CHINESE DIARY

BY NORA WALN

I

KALGAN, *Sixth Month* 12, 1928. — As I crossed the street this morning, in search of new shoe laces, an earnest young orator attracted my attention. He spoke from a perch on the then stationary barrow of a traveling kitchen, while the huckster cook sold hot boiled sweet potatoes and cabbage soup. '*Ni mên t'ing wo ti hua, ni mên i ting ch'ih fan, ni mên i ting shui chao jê*' — and so on in the patois which is fairly translated to our tongue: 'If you listen to my words you will always have food to eat and you will always sleep warm. Outside barbarians have taken advantage of Chinese philosophical nature ever since they pushed a rough way into our flower-perfumed land. They eat our food. They warm themselves with our coal. They continuously threaten us with big guns. We number many millions. If we rouse ourselves we can drive them beyond our borders. Our revolution is not complete while they continue to be fester sores in our fair land.'

Seven little boys with school bags strapped to their backs, who tarried by the barrow although the hour was ten o'clock, applauded lustily; under cover of their noise a ricksha runner stopped nibbling his potato and solicited trade of me.

'You all know how the Russians pretended to be our friends and, when taken to our stomach, gnawed our bowels. Even those of you who have forgotten the "Twenty-one Demands" are forcibly reminded by Tsinan that Japan is a vulture waiting for an auspicious moment to feast on our flesh. The Germans, the French, the British, and the Americans are all more sly than the fox. They illuminate silver words on bamboo paper. They send sweet-voiced ambassadors to our farthest inland villages to coax us to obey a God who commands us to love our neighbors more than ourselves. I have read their histories. I have traveled one year, passing through all these countries. Not one of them practises this weakening policy. Not one of them has dared give it a trial. Their words to us are vile hypocrisy.'

I moved away, and from a distance made survey of his audience. Two elderly ladies with bound feet, who held each other by the hand — one in the silks of gentility, the other garbed in the blue cotton of a serving woman. A postman. Three ricksha runners. A bright-faced lad with a basket of parcels, in papers marked with the name of a medicinal dispensary — evidently en route with deliveries. A beggar woman whose child tugged at her withered breast. Four girls wearing the knitted slippers of mission-trained maids. Five actors on stilts, gayly dressed and painted — the sort who play from courtyard to courtyard all over China. The schoolboys, now joined by two more, making nine. And a hot-bath vendor who had set down his two wooden tubs and squatted to attention with the bamboo carrying stick resting on his bare shoulder.

After a vain hunt through several streets I accosted a soldier and, explaining that I was a stranger, asked if he knew where I could get shoe laces. He answered politely, 'I'm a stranger, too, as my contingent came in yesterday, but I noticed a shop. I'll walk along and show you.'

Soldier and merchant kindly assisted me to make my purchase. The merchant's boy brought a stool for me to sit on, and asked me to take my shoes off so he could put in the new laces. The front of the shop was slid back. We could see another orator standing in a ricksha and hear him giving a talk similar to the one I gave attention to earlier.

'These propagandists do not attract as large crowds as formerly,' said the soldier. 'The populace is tired of talk. They want performance.'

'We need peace to do our work.' The merchant was cautious.

'I understand. I come of farmers. Seventeen years ago I was recruited, by a returned-from-abroad graduate, to help the revolution. Since I left my home fields I have seen trade and tillage so disturbed that our country trembles on the brink of ruin. Traveling in the van of war, I have watched power wielded by military force and considered the unhealthy growth of a generation bereft of the heritage which gave all children, no matter how born, veneration for learning and opportunity to rise to government office by scholarship only. I have sat as guard in an education congress where a new learning patterned after the West, which is to sharpen the wits of our young, was arranged. I was detailed to help build a schoolhouse. The schoolhouse has stood empty while the new-fashion teachers quarrel for wages like common laborers, and while politicians play with the minds of our children as if they were Mah Jongg ivories. Unless we have peace to produce crops from our soil and to think with our minds, we shall perish.'

I came back to the courtyard where I am stopping through streets gay with new flags; and on the way fell into step and conversation with a kindly old man, who has the gentle face of a classic scholar and the long black queue of the Ts'ing era. We spoke of the colors of the Kuomintang fluttering from every shop and every courtyard. He commented on the fact that this is the first time since 1911, when a band of revolutionists tore down the Yellow Dragon and hoisted their banner, that one flag has waved over 'all the peoples within the Wall.' He fingered the new colors fastened around a button on his long silk gown.

My home was in Kwangtung, the most southern province in China, when this flag was first unfurled. There is a thrill in being here, where the Great Wall runs along the northernmost boundaries, when the flag is first welcomed. The Kuomintang have fought few military battles in their swift northward move. I have listened to their promises spread before their armies, and have seen a generous hospitality greet their entry into town, hamlet, and farm. May the Kuomintang be strong enough to keep faith with these war-exhausted people who so hopefully look to them for a just government.

II

The Heavenly Gate Village, *Sixth Month* 16. — The innkeeper's wife is boiling water for tea, while we wait at a table set under the wide branches of a gnarled tree which she says is nine centuries old. The village rises almost perpendicular above us; the cave dwellings are connected by hewn steps. All the people I have seen appear healthy, despite living in earth burrows.

There is a school at the summit of the cliff from which the aged professor and twenty-six children have come down to look at us. The children each grip a thin paper 'Extracts from the Chinese Classics' primer. All have rosy cheeks and plump bodies. The boys are naked. The girls wear pinafores of small squares of cloth. Legend here tells that this village was founded by laborers carried north to toil building the Great Wall, who were too tired when the work was completed to return to their native province.

We finally got away from Kalgan yesterday. We made an early start, but had our possessions examined and taxed at eight customs depots. The first seven used books of regulations concerning export tariff drawn by seven governments that have sat in authority since 1911. When we demurred at this as unjust, an officer explained that it would probably be changed when the new Civil Commissioner arrived from Nanking, but as only the Kuomintang army has taken over the city offices they have to work with what they find. When we called attention to the fact that none of the tariffs agreed with the rate of taxation settled to be collected by the Chinese Customs, he answered brightly, 'That is all right. You will find them just beyond the gate.' And we did.

This took until six in the evening. Tired and dirty, we went to the first inn outside the Wall, stabled our mules, dined, and slept. During the evening our single cart grew to be a caravan of eight carts and fifteen pack camels — Chinese merchants who claim companionship with us. We are the first to pass beyond the Wall in many months. This district is reported to be bandit-infested, but they have evidently decided that, if we travel, then travel is safe.

We were on the road at four this morning, with our new friends close behind us uttering sleepy exclamations of surprise concerning our energy. They have stocks of brick tea, dress cottons and silks, thread, needles, incense, spices, chopsticks, bowls, new flags, images of gods, and medicine to barter with the peoples of the plateau for cattle, sheep, wool, hides, potatoes, and grain. Just now a merchant has told the schoolmaster how one flag waves over the Chinese people and sold him the Kuomintang colors to hang over the village.

Beyond Hara Osso in Chahar, *Sixth Month* 18. — We made the ascent to the plateau soon after we left the cliff people. At the top of the climb stands the Temple of Hanor, and here the Buddhists of our party made offering in gratitude for peace. Since then we have traveled two days without sign of bandits, and have talked often with Chinese farm families who labor with the few poor tools each managed to carry when they fled before the God of War, seeking refuge beyond the Wall. New ones are almost impossible of manufacture in this woodless land.

They treasure seed and multiply it thriftily. The crops cultivated are potatoes, oats, flax, beans, peas, and wheat. Frost still lingers in the ground. The tillers speak longingly of a gentler climate and of the home fields they have left fallow because of the revolution. I have seen no permanent houses. Just crude mud huts explained as 'shelter until we can go to our own place again.'

One of us told an old farmer that the Kuomintang have made China a united country. His wife dropped her hoe: 'We can go back.' The man's face was lit with joy: 'If it is true, we can go back. It would be good to return where we were born. But we must wait one cycle of seasons to make certain that the Kuomintang are honest.'

Not three hours after we left this couple we came upon an officer putting six young boys through the rudiments of military drill. A bit farther we stopped to drink at a well and met a distressed father. 'My son of fourteen has been taken as a soldier. An officer came with a gun. He has an order from a new government called "Nationalist" and "Kuomintang" to recruit two thousand soldiers from the farmers of Chahar. Boys who go to be soldiers learn to take their food without labor and to satisfy their desire of woman without responsibility. When the high ones have no more need of them they automatically become outlaws. Habit makes it impossible for them to work. Often when reverses come to the general he runs away and they are left without money to return home. Necessity makes them bandits. China is now infested with good boys made bandits. My son will be a bandit one day — hunted and feared. He has a right to grow up an industrious self-respecting man with a wife in a cosy home where children cluster round his knee and the harvest ripens at his door.'

Our merchants did not offer to sell him colors or speak of the new régime in China. They were silent and depressed as we went on.

We had been walking since four. At eleven we halted for food and three hours of rest. I was awakened by a rifle prodding my shoe to look into a rough face and find a number of mounted men gathered around the cart. I had concern for the four thousand silver dollars in the box on which I lay.

The prodder said he was sergeant of fifteen men assigned as escort, but had difficulty in joining us as we traveled so fast — thirty-five miles a day. I disliked the burly guard, and said it was against my belief to accept protection by physical force. He gave me no heed, but shouted that his orders were from a big general in China. The frightened inn people led the horses up and down while the soldiers lounged about waiting for the dinner that must be prepared. They saw a little flock of chickens and said they would eat chicken. Five — all the people had — were cooked for their dinner.

Near Hanga Raba, *Sixth Month* 19. — When our usual hours of rest were over yesterday we moved on with the merchant caravan crawling close behind us, leaving the 'escort' busy with their dinner. Later they joined us and we went through fields from which the people fled at sight of us, and passed close-barred dwellings from which inhabitants were shouted forth to do trembling menial service — draw water for the horses, provide tea, supply eggs, and once sew the buttons on a coat.

About five o'clock the guard rode ahead. At six we found one soldier waiting by the roadside. He pointed to some huts: 'Yonder is the place where you sleep.' We answered that our habit was to travel until eight, and went on. At eight we asked and received permission to camp in front of a dwelling on the edge of a settlement. We bought boiling water, potatoes, and eggs, and were having a quiet supper when the soldiers rode in upon us. They were in an ugly temper. We invited them to share our food and camp site, but the sergeant refused and commandeered the best house. Children and old folk were pushed out. Shortly after we heard the squawks of dying chickens. In the night the screams of women.

This morning we were up at four. The soldiers joined us at ten. All day we walked in heavy depression. At six the sergeant asked if we intended to travel until eight. We told him we

did. He said that to escort us was beyond the endurance of man and beast. So he bid us farewell.

We pressed on until ten o'clock, as it was moonlight, and are now stopping at a cluster of white felt yurtas, the encampment of relatives of Chactar (a Mongol friend). These are a joking, laughing people. They insist upon feeding us well despite the late hour, and are bringing in containers of fresh milk and cheese. A man has fetched a camel from pasture and will ride to-night to the tents of Sirrengal (another Mongol friend), who they say will be offended if we do not feast with him at noon to-morrow. We expect to reach Chactar's to-morrow evening, and the King of Sunit's palace, where I am to spend the summer, two days later. We left the last Chinese tilled land about an hour ago, so they have flowed out more than a hundred miles beyond the Wall.

III

Na-men-ol, *Ninth Month* 8. — A Chinese official, with a mounted guard of ten, rode up the valley this morning and asked for me. After a lengthy exchange of formal compliments, during which time he drank two cups of Swedish chocolate, I discovered that his purpose was to secure political news. I was glad to be able to tell him that I have come from Sunit, in Inner Mongolia, where I am returning shortly, and have not been in China since the Water Lily Moon.

He is but two weeks from Peking. I learned that his native province is Hunan. He has worked for the revolution since before the fall of the Manchus, and is an original member of the Kuomintang. He has a son at Columbia and a 'modest' fortune invested in United States securities, but has never been abroad. He confirmed the rumors I have previously heard concerning the breaking of three thousand acres of soil here for the planting of poppies.

I repeated for him a part of the Kuomintang platform. He smoothly assured me that the anti-opium planks would be kept, as the 'outsiders' like them; but that this is waste land lying beyond the Wall, and the Central Government cannot be censored for what happens here. He asked me to consider that the establishment of a new government, combined with the building of a new capitol, is expensive, and revenue difficult to raise in loosely controlled, tax-drained China. He can see nothing wrong in this because, so long as the appetite exists, opium will enter China, and it would be 'folly to let the "outsiders" make the profit.'

According to my visitor, Chiang Kai-shih did not receive as big an ovation in North China as was expected. He explained that the northerners are slow to enthusiasm, and they do not yet know him. 'They admired the charm of his wife while they accepted him as the hero of the hour, but the attitude was one of waiting to see what he could do in civil government.

'Yen is in the first seat at Peking, his name is good with the populace; but the Kuomintang do not forget that he sided against them until Feng Yu-hsiang menaced his Shansi flank, and most of his appointments to local offices have been so far countermanded by the central authority at Nanking. He has expressed desire to return to the governorship of Shansi, relinquishing big office, but it would then fall to Feng Yu-hsiang, and the majority of the party are not willing to let this happen.

'Despite the widely published papers from the Russian Consulate connecting Feng with the Soviet, his tall coolie-cloth-clad figure was the most popular with the crowds at the taking-over ceremonies. His blunt speech, frugality, and severe discipline with his

troops make a strong appeal to overtaxed and sorely looted citizens.

'In tea houses, several times, I heard repeated the story of how Feng, when forced by military reverses to evacuate Kalgan, entrained all his soldiers at the station; then ordered the box cars locked and made the men from one car at a time file out and be searched on the platform. Each one with the smallest article of loot hidden in his uniform was shot.'

I also heard this story in Kalgan from a carefully spoken American woman whose home overlooks the platform where hundreds of bodies lay when Feng's train moved on carrying those soldiers who had obeyed his command against looting.

My visitor told me of the tragic death of Chang Tso-lin and that his son, now in power in the 'Three Eastern Provinces outside the Wall,' has agreed to accept a commission under the Kuomintang which makes all the Chinese people one united nation.

Kalgan, *Ninth Month* 25. — The return through Chahar has awed me anew with wonder at the power inherent in the Chinese people. Still suffering from physical ailments contracted during the weary trek from their home places, housed in airless hovels, and sadly short-rationed, they have worked with clumsy hand tools, sown poor seed, and produced an amazing harvest. Flail-threshed straw has made mounds like giant castles. There has been one flurry of snow, and people are busily burying tons of potatoes in underground pits before the cold ruins them. Around each mud hut are heaps of golden wheat, mountains of red corn, bushels of clean yellow oats, great quantities of dried peas and black beans. People say that import into China has been made impossible to any extent because of the taxes; but they are well prepared for the long northern winter. They have traded with the Mongols and have meat and plenty of sheepskins for coats, as well as felt to line their huts.

But here in Kalgan native faces are apathetic and voices answer queries in dull monotones: 'Taxes are our father and our mother.' 'Food will rot outside the Wall while we die for a grain of wheat.' 'Many centuries the God of Prosperity dwelt with us, but we displeased him by revolution and now he has gone away.' 'Fortune tellers are abolished, but no answer is given as to what the blind shall eat.' 'Caravans may not enter our gates until they pay high tariffs, but no means are provided by which citizens can pay high prices; so the caravans turn northward to Russia, where concessions tempt them to trade.' 'At first we attempted to start new industries, but it is useless, because as soon as the Kuomintang observe activity they conclude we have money and kill our work with further taxation.' 'We were asked to welcome a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," but we have no consideration in this autocracy.' 'Money is continuously taken from us by orders from Nanking; the collectors speak of national improvement. We are not bats; we see roads in ill repair, broken bridges, and unemployment, but no signs of improvements anywhere in our town.'

The group of 'civil servants' sent from Nanking to regulate affairs at Kalgan are attractive people. The one with a degree from the Sorbonne has a pretty French wife. They all talk seriously of the wonderful future before China, and they are only a little disappointed at being sent so far inland; each has studied abroad with the idea of returning to serve China, and they make the best of a dull town with their music, their books, and tennis when the weather permits.

IV

Tientsin, *Ninth Month* 26. — I traveled last night from Kalgan to Feng-tai on a train which consisted of a rusty engine with one lung and six cars. Trains run only occasionally now because most of the rolling stock was taken away to the Three Eastern Provinces in the Water Lily Moon. The station master sold tickets for third class only, but so many people bought that we were sorely crowded. Still, everyone was considerate of others, and we managed. Four of the cars were without seats and had matting roofs; two had four long planks running lengthwise and wooden roofs. I had a place for the young girl I was asked to fetch down and myself on one of the planks, next to a nice matronly woman and her husband.

When we had left the station the matron broke the conversational ice by the usual formal query as to when I had last dined, which we followed by the Chinese custom of exchange of age, birthplace, and religion. The husband then asked if I knew Mr. Hoover. When I answered that I had never met him, the Chinese man said that he had come to know him at Kalgan before the railway was built and knew that America was fortunate in having opportunity to elect him chief of the country. 'He is an honest man with sound judgment who will manage well anything he undertakes. He was young when he made calculation as to whether a railroad between Peking and Kalgan would pay, but he had canny sense. He set men, unknown to each other, at different places to count the caravans that passed and notice the goods they carried. Then he tallied their reports. Others built the road, as the interests he represented were not given the concession, but it was his collected data on which we Chinese founded our faith, and our money has returned good interest, despite dishonest management and molestation by the warring military factions, until recently. It will do so again as soon as we have rolling stock.'

I asked about Chinese railway conditions now that the country is a unit, and he answered that the reorganization of the roads now built is very difficult. 'And until they are reorganized it is little use to talk about building more. Chang Hsueh-liang has become a Nationalist, but he won't give up engines or cars until there has been a practical settlement of division of freight revenues; he particularly stresses the matter of the millions of dollars paid every year by the Kailan Mining Company, a part of which he believes belongs rightfully to the Three Eastern Provinces.

'According to railway records, when the Fengtien armies withdrew beyond the Wall they took approximately four hundred engines, four hundred passenger cars, and five thousand, five hundred goods wagons belonging to the Peking–Kalgan, Tientsin–Pukow, Peking–Hankow, and Peking–Suiyuan roads. In addition there should be 225 engines, 355 passenger coaches, and 4400 freight wagons running on the line between Peking and Mukden, but that line has not yet been reopened. The combined lines under Nationalist control now have only 20 engines, 24 passenger cars, and 230 goods wagons; adding what the Fengtien hold, the total is not the sum of the railway property. General Pai Chung-hsi and other Nationalist generals are detaining the difference. Shareholders are losing their dividends and produce is rotting for transport, while this valuable railway equipment, much of which is not yet paid for, is deteriorating in senseless inactivity.'

We came to Feng-tai about nine in

the morning, and I got off to wait for a train to Tientsin. Two coolies divided my meagre luggage and came along with me to the station, where I had to buy a railway ticket. I noticed a tall heavy-set Chinese man coming along, but gave him no thought, as I was concerned about getting to Tientsin. The man at the ticket window sold me a first-class ticket, but said he did not know when the next train would come. 'Perhaps this morning, perhaps this evening, and perhaps not until to-morrow — it depends upon cars and engines.'

I had my roll put down by the track and sat down to read, when the heavy-set Chinese spoke to me in the rough tongue used to address persons of the lowest rank: 'If you do not give me five dollars I will have you arrested.' I said that I did not have five dollars and that the few coppers in my hand, which I needed to pay a man to put my roll on the train, were all I had left after purchasing my ticket. He walked away. I read until a policeman touched me on the shoulder.

'This man says you have stolen his purse and wants me to take you along to the magistrate.' The policeman's eyes were a soft brown and not unkind. After considerable conversation, in which the gathered crowd took part, I was acquitted of the crime of theft and the ruffian sentenced to apologize. This he did, prefacing his apology with the phrase, 'I thought by the color of your face and hair that you were one of those without rights in China, a Russian or a German.' For this the policeman admonished him, saying that all Chinese should remember that those peoples who no longer had the right of court trial under the laws of their home countries had been promised justice in Chinese courts. At this the crowd laughed gayly and the ruffian slunk away.

Finally a train, with one first-class carriage, came along. The car seats were all taken, so I sat in the corridor on my luggage and continued my book until the train steward brought me a folding chair and a cup of fragrant Chinese tea, which he presented with fine courtesy, saying, 'The gift of a humble friend for one who appears tired.'

I explained that I had not slept. Before we finished talking the door of a compartment opened. I turned at an exclamation of surprise and saw Mai-da with a little baby in her arms. The steward got another folding chair for her and a third for her mother, who also came from the compartment. 'You have been away a time! The babe is two months old.' She handed me the soft sweet bundle. 'Our compartment — the whole car for that matter — is crowded with tourists; mother and I are the only Chinese who got first-class tickets. They closed the window at Peking when the numbers for the seats were sold, and somehow the Westerners got first advantage. We have n't had a person to talk to and we do not like being looked at as if we were queer objects of interest.'

The mother broke in: 'We are all moving to Mukden. Life is impossible in Tientsin — taxes, taxes, taxes. Chang Hsueh-liang is offering frank inducement for people to move to the Eastern Provinces. The men went up two weeks ago and investigated conditions, and have telegraphed for us to come. We have been staying with Ming-lei in Peking. We have rented our Tientsin house to an officer in the American marines, as there is security in having Westerners live in it.'

So I had to bid them farewell at Tientsin and promise to go to Mukden to visit them sometime, as they went on to Taku to take boat north and then train from Dairen. At Tientsin

station there was the worst mob rush I have ever encountered. Foreigners — Westerners, my own compatriots, people who hold responsible offices in China and whom one invites to dinner — rushed the first-class car before it stood still in mad terror lest they fail to enter. Two Western boats were sailing from Taku that afternoon — people feared to miss them. I have traveled many, many times with Chinese people crowded in seatless cars, but I have never experienced anything so awful as that mob. It was impossible to go out by the doors; requests to let one pass were unheeded by the surging mass whose one thought was to get in. Men used physical force — I saw one woman use a pin between her fingers. The railway guards were swept off their feet. I went out of the window on the off side from the platform, jumping on to my luggage, which I had thrown out first.

It is the rule in China that one gives up the railway ticket at the exit to the station. My little purse and my ticket were gone. I showed the ticket collector my empty pockets. He answered, 'You are fortunate to get out yourself. How we Chinese have learned to despise you Westerners! One day we will keep you in your places with the bayonet — we are forced to militarism because you are hairy barbarians.'

Trembling with shame, I got a taxi and went home.

V

Tientsin, *Tenth Month* 12. — Calls, calls, and then more calls, as the whole personnel of the government has changed in my absence. These Kuomintang officials are mostly Western educated. The wives are smart, with bobbed hair and the trim neat-fitting Han costume. They chatter English, French, and German at parties as glibly as Westerners, are better read than I in modern literature, and play bridge more skillfully than Mah Jongg.

Hortense Casey had Princess Pu Tung (aunt to the ex-Manchu Empress) and myself to tea this afternoon. The Princess is in mourning, as are all the Manchus, because of the desecration of the Eastern tombs. (When one goes to see the ex-Empress one must kotow before an altar put up in sympathy with the shame the Ts'ing ancestors have suffered.) The Princess looks tired and worn, but she sent word that, although she is not going out at all, she would like to have tea 'quietly in a garden.' All the Manchus have had a trying time scuttling from Peking to Tientsin — scarcely knowing what to do and fearing what might happen to them when the Kuomintang came into power. They do not forget the terror of the time when Feng Yu-hsiang took over Peking. The young ex-Empress is quite ill — the doctors say illness brought on by worry. The vernacular press constantly harasses the Manchus by printing rumors that there is brewing a coup by which they will remount the throne — when really they want only to live in peace. Princess Pu Tung said to-day, 'There seems no place on earth for us now — yet we want only good for China.'

She is sweet-spirited and lovely, as are all the Manchu women I have been privileged to know.

Tientsin, *Tenth Month* 26. — I have just seen the modern primers for Chinese children. Babes are to learn to read platitudes about character formation no longer. Instead they form their syllables into expressions of China's wrongs — wrongs committed against her by 'outsiders.'

The vernacular press is filled with the stories of terrible famine in Shantung. Manchuria has offered to donate 300,000 bushels of grain to alleviate

the suffering; and I have learned that the emigrants who poured through Tientsin en route to the Eastern Provinces from Shantung have been sending back to relatives, by money order in one- and two-dollar amounts at a time, an average of one hundred thousand dollars a week. The papers comment that Chinese people do not neglect to share the earnings with their relatives when they go from home, and that millions of dollars enter the country every year from Chinese who have sought peace to work in other lands because they could not find it here. They mention fortunes made in California, the Malay States, London, and the Philippines by citizens who would have toiled in their own land had conditions been favorable, and who will flock home as soon as the Kuomintang adjust conditions, 'because they have been the financial backbone of the revolution.'

Tientsin, *Eleventh Month* 20. — An order has been issued that all temples must be registered and prepared for use as lecture halls, while all nuns and monks must consider entering some industry, as the 'Kuomintang abolish all superstition and worship of idols.'

I went to the station to see a friend off to Peking, and in the car an agitator was exhorting citizens to listen to him so that they would all have food: 'The only thing to do is to drive the Westerners out of our land.'

There is a feeling of uncertainty in the air — murmurs at teas and dinners and on the part of street hucksters that Yen Hsi-shan is tired of trying to fill the office at Peking, and is quietly preparing to return to Shansi.

The Anti-Japanese Association have inspectors examining all Japanese goods, which they confiscate from Chinese merchants if found in their possession, imposing additional heavy fines. At first the merchants held out against the boycott, but they have had to give in, and complain that they are suffering heavily. Many places have gone bankrupt, and give as excuse the boycott, combined with excessive taxes.

A biweekly train now runs from Mukden. Letters from there say that the 'young General' runs the government with the same fine sportsmanship with which he plays golf or tennis. He has under his authority a territory almost twice as large as Germany and as big as France and Italy combined. A country rich in minerals, well wooded, and from which the Shantung emigrants, with the wisdom of centuries of farming, are bringing forth enormous crops. Business is encouraged and taxes are reasonable. My friends have found hundreds of miles of motor roads, and motor machinery used for all sorts of farm work as well as in factories.

They report that there are no Kuomintang slogans hung over government buildings, but that the bookshops are well stocked with Dr. Sun Yat-sen's books and that the Three Eastern Provinces do not intend to remain wedded to the provinces below the Wall. Chang is only twenty-eight years of age, and he has surrounded himself with young assistants who work industriously.

He has given $5,000,000 of his inherited fortune for primary-school education and also founded an academy of classical learning, where students of unusual intellectual powers can do research in the old literature of China. Modern literary talent is also encouraged, and every inducement is provided for poor artists to work and to publish their work. Scholars are made to stick at their tasks instead of celebrating holidays and hectoring the government.

Tientsin, *Twelfth Month* 4. — Winter

is really upon us, and many people die daily both in Tientsin and in Peking, as well as in the surrounding country, of cold and starvation. The Kailan Mining Administration have donated fifteen thousand tons of coal, and soup kitchens have been opened.

Of course only the poor are poor. One sups, dines, and plays with Chinese who have luxurious homes, more than one motor car each, gorgeous jewels, and wraps of sable and ermine.

The students in Peking have fought a hand battle, using tables and chairs as weapons, with the police, who were forbidden to strike back. A lawless group have camped in the University and refuse to attend classes or move out so that new students can be admitted, because the Kuomintang have ordered the school name changed from Peking National University to Peiping University.

Sir James Jamieson invited us to St. Andrew's ball on the thirtieth of last month. Sir Miles and Lady Lampson came down from Peking at his invitation, although they had to travel all one day down — since the train was shunted and sidetracked for hours en route — and start back immediately next morning, as Sir Miles is busy with preparations to go to Nanking. It was a lovely ball. We had such fun doing the reels and the Caledonians.

The Hai-ho Conservancy have finally got money to improve the river so that boats may come up again next year. The Chinese told the foreigners that they wanted to manage the business themselves, but they finally asked for help because the banks would not lend them anything unless a responsible Westerner signed the note. A Chinese told me, 'Our own Chinese banks said, "Millions if the money is handled entirely by the Englishmen on your staff — not one cent otherwise." So after months of trial we had to give in.'

VI

Tientsin, *Twelfth Month* 18. — We have finished packing, ready to start to Shanghai by sea to-morrow — a rough journey in winter; but Japanese soldiers at Tsinan prevent trains from running on the Tientsin-Pukow-Shanghai line which made the journey short before last May. Mou, who has been helping me to pack, grumbles continuously about the situation; he has asked me whether in any civil war in any country there has been an incident as precedent for it.

The vernacular press this past week has been rich in items about Feng Yu-hsiang. They have to do both with his personal life and with the 'revolutionary' régime in his province — Honan. He has remonstrated repeatedly against extravagance in the government at Nanking and the absence of proper vouchers for the $9,000,000 budgeted for expense each month. He has called attention to the luxurious habits of men and women who claim to have the best interest of China at heart, and he has been shocked by the behavior of school children. He has opened a cafeteria for soldiers and set an example by dining there on simple fare.

In Kaifeng the chairman of the provincial affairs of his province, Teng Chih-hsi, has followed his chief's example of simplicity by twice inviting the ricksha runners to supper and eating with them. Free schools are announced as open at all the magistrates' offices in Honan — fifty in the capital city alone. There is an information bureau for peasants in front of the Provisional Court, and a special court session once a week for people with a grievance against the government.

All official documents in Honan must be written in simple language so that the people can perfectly understand their meaning. Any official who acts

superior to a citizen is liable to capital punishment. The people are exhorted to frugality and sober industry — officials must set the example. Officials must rise at six, do physical drill to keep fit from six-thirty to seven, attend an educational meeting from seven to eight, and work steadily in their offices until eight in the evening, except for the meal recesses at ten and at four. In the time from eight until the curfew at ten they may attend to personal affairs, but they are advised to use the hours in self-improvement. Posters urge the people to follow similar programmes.

Feng Yu-hsiang sets an example for all Honanese by dressing always in homespun cotton. Other officials must all wear Honan cotton, and cut their hair short in the same manner as their chief; and they may not give dinner parties or make any expensive show of weddings or funerals. By Feng's personal order graft is punished by death — to-day the papers report two such cases: Fu Yi-pi, a tax collector, who falsified his accounts fifty dollars; and Tiao Hsin-teh, of an anti-opium bureau, who accepted a bribe of seven.

The people have been bidden to 'wash superstition from their hearts.' It is unlawful to worship idols or to count the days by the old calendar, 'which tends to muddy the minds of the citizens who plant or reap by it.' The temples have been turned into lecture halls, and all nuns and monks must enter some productive industry. Every seventh day last month meetings of instruction were convened for the people. They were attended by monster audiences, and had as their subjects home sanitation, foot binding, tree planting, locusts, and flies. Three modern villages have been founded, where citizens are instructed in the art of communal living.

Lui the Younger has made me a present of several paper notes on which the Exchange Bank of China promises to pay bearer silver; but the bank barred its doors here and in Peking yesterday against the crowds who wait in pathetic stupor for their cash. The fall of this bank has so far only precipitated the tumble of one other — the Sino-Scandinavian. The Exchange bank managers give the Japanese boycott as their excuse and further amplify it by the statement that the government owes them fourteen millions. They have wired to the Minister of Finance, Mr. T. V. Soong, for aid. They complain that local Chinese depositors have withdrawn three millions of dollars in the last few days because of alarm over political conditions, which money they say has been shifted to Dairen.

There has been a continuous procession of four-abreast laborers carrying sacks of flour along the street, not far from my house, ever since I came home in September. This morning I spoke about it to the policeman on point duty where they cross the road. He said the flour is all from Canada and America and is assurance that the rich in North China will eat bread this winter; but it is too high-priced for the laboring people. He explained that thousands of people will surely die in the towns this winter because internal taxes have prevented the farmers from moving their grain to the mills to be ground.

'All China is united under one flag which waves for government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." We are all studying the book of our leader, Sun Yat-sen, but it takes time to put ideals into practical use. We shall work our way to the right path eventually.'

And he turned to direct traffic, which had directed itself while he talked.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PENNY PLAIN AND PENNY COLORED

YESTERDAY, on the way to my broker's pleasant office, I turned through the vestibule of what was once upon a time my savings bank and glanced with some pity along the row of patient folk waiting on the benches.

I knew them, those estimable people reared in the chill of economy on adages of thrift. They believe that waste makes want, that a penny saved is a penny got. They have never lit the fire before November. They have walked when they should have called a taxi, have eaten fish when they have wanted a bit of steak. They have violated the first principles of their religion by an eternal taking thought for the morrow in a spirit anxious and frugal. They have been listening to the privy paw of the grim wolf, whether or not he has been actually scratching.

I used to sit near the upward end of the line, I remember, troubled with indiscriminate pity for my fellow beings. A confusion of miserable images crowded upon my sympathy — scenes of mortgages foreclosing, of doctors' bills accumulating, of loss of jobs coincident with the loss of health, of ungrateful sons addicted to drink and calling in callous repetition for the savings of a mother's lifetime, of washerwomen whose feet had given out. I sat more heavily with the dragging minutes. And I was sorriest for myself, as I kept my place like a pauper asking for outside relief. My futile accumulation seemed an inconsiderable barrier, ineffective as a pack of cards, against the encroaching future. The poorhouse became an actual image, just over the very next hill. The spectre of penury loomed larger with every dime I saved.

I too used to stand in awe of those clerks to whom their abject customers make from time to time their shy approaches. Those clerks are kind at heart, but, when all was said, they had no personal interest in me. Their usual dole was but a slip of paper, with which, I remember, I used to hurry from wrong window to wrong window, timid, inferior, feeling as I suppose an 'inmate' usually feels. Whether I put in my money or took it out, I was persuaded that the last clerk pitied me in his heart and believed that I had no more.

And had I? What sort of property was that? What comfort have these patient waiters, even on the happy supposition that they are all depositing, in that mysterious hoard which we predicate in subterranean vaults but which it is never our privilege to see? When will they ever see the color of their money? What color has it, that remote, theoretical sum indicated only by slow-crawling entries in a thin bank book removed by a lengthening chain from the dear intimacy of pocket and understanding? What profit in that impalpable entity, their four per cent handled by vicarious finger?

That was a heartening story in the papers not long ago telling how in New York they moved securities, negotiable and nonnegotiable, from the old to the new bank building, all in the course of a few hours, with

armored cars and machine-gun support, and regiments of that splendid and terrible phalanx, the bicycle police. As I read, I was tempted to take out a savings account again. But I said to myself, 'No. It may be that in my lifetime we shall never see the like again. That property has become already, as before, intangible, sunk back into the so-called reserve — or, worse, it is already shuffling through the currency, profaned by miscellaneous touch.'

Thank heavens, the shabby days of the savings bank are over for me! Not that times have changed. The peculiarity of Midas died with him. Whatever weights are recoverable from watery depths, nobody has proposed to raise the Rheingold. But I have put a quietus on that wolf. Amid the wide dispersal of interests which we deplore in our economic order, I have remembered an ancient secret. I will handle my own hoard. I return to the wisdom of the nursery years when, in the cadence of true romance, —

> The king was in the counting house,
> Counting out his money.

I too will be a king.

To resume. I passed through the savings bank at a quickening pace and entered the magnificent structure near by sacred to bond selling and the mysteries of high finance. I was myself again and in my right environment.

Well do I recall my first visit. As I turned in through the big swing doors a wave of air luxuriously warm struck my face like a welcoming. Ahead a genial vista opened of marble hall and spacious vestibule leading off to unsuspected opportunity. I chose one of twenty gilded lifts, and rose with magic and instantaneous upheaval. I shrank for a moment as I entered the sunny office, but a pleasant youth, graceful of guise, hurried forward. He set me a chair, for there was no pauper throng by the wall; and in the warmth I basked happily, waiting till he should be free to give me his complete attention. For a minute he was interrupted to take an order for conceivable thousands; a boy brought a yellow slip indicative of superpowerful propositions. I heard the delightful click of business, that lively rustle with which stocks are exchanged, and settled back, realizing that I had a stake in the country.

My man, courteous and all attention, turned to my service. Blushing, I confided that I am a widow and orphan. I affirmed that no risks must be entertained, but managed to stammer that six per cent was what I should really like, mentioning five hundred dollars as my sum available for investment. My broker, all obsequious, implied in a sort of indistinguishable murmur that it was indeed a considerable property. Since so much was at my disposal, a very advantageous placing could be found, and, by a lucky chance, one that was more than usually under the ægis of his firm. Still, we were in no hurry. He opened an enormous sheet of august promotings, every one appealing to the really imaginative mind.

As I listened, I glowed with startling conceptions. With a rush I realized a quite new set of adages. How true it is that great oaks from little acorns grow! How brave the warning, 'Nothing venture, nothing have!' I caught a vision of Capital, that noble thing. I paused, baffled by the choice among attractive miracles to be achieved by my five hundred dollars. Should I build in New York a tower to shiver the skies, ambitious as Babel, which should nevertheless stand and avail for my interest to come? Foreign bonds? Should I strike the dead rock of some public credit till it spring upon its feet?

Water power? Should I say to the stream, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'? Telephone and telegraph? Should I put a girdle round the earth in less than thirty seconds? Superpower? Should I drive the elements before me, like the good old djinn, and bind in one the forces that move the sun and the other stars? Domestic manufacture? I divined the beauty of Organized Labor — heard the 'ten thousand times ten thousand spindles' which Carlyle could hear joining the song of the morning stars of a Monday. I had but to choose.

We returned at last, well satisfied, to the first superpowerful proposition. I relaxed in the consciousness of opulence.

And an endless string of simple pleasures has followed the moment when my polite young broker took my name and address. First arrives the bond itself, by registered mail, clean, crackling, and printed in an attractive shade of blue. I resolve forthright to own before I die a bond in green, a bond in pink, a bond in purple, a bond in orange. There continues, too, the agreeable battery of enticing offers as the years go by, all from the polite young man in whose breast hope springs eternal. And who shall say that his trust is misplaced? I have seen the color of my money. There are, besides, the great coupon days, with their descent into the veritable cave of Mammon. Best, of course, is the coming of the dividend, that check for seven dollars and fifty cents dropping casually out of the mail on an unexpected date so neatly that it seems like a contribution from good Saint Nicholas. Another, it seems, might happen any day. There will be no more trouble with that wolf.

Many needlessly ill-natured things have been written about Mammon. He has been called dull, unhappy, old, said to sit miserable in dim halls of darkness, grown poor in plenty, or weighted with metallic coffers of unprofitable riches. He is not, I am sure, as bad as he is painted. Elderly he is, beyond a doubt, but for the most part innocent as can be. He sits, perhaps, even now by a sunny window in his worn armchair, a-reading of his *Times*, peering complacently through the financial section to see how his bond grows to-day. By and by, maybe, he will turn to his desk and open carelessly a certificate for two shares in something rather good which he has forgotten to take to the bank. It combines for him all the comforts of the stocking with the romance of El Dorado and the Indian Peru.

Jim

Jim dog is dead — they're saying so.
He's nicely boxed and left beneath
A rosebush. Suddenly I know
A large contempt for death.

Those gay bones resting calm and shriven,
Ashes of roses? Ten to one
All up and down the hills of heaven
Rabbits are on the run.

I'll wager if I died to-night
And, halting by the river's rim
A bit bewildered at my plight,
Should call, 'Here, Jim! Here, Jim!'—

Yelping with glory, glad and rough,
He'd hurtle down the farther side,
And soon I'd feel a warm, wet scruff
Towing me through the tide.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XVI

EDEN was pathetic. He was like a capricious child, weak and tyrannical. He could not in those first weeks bear Alayne out of his sight. There was so much to be done for him that only she could do to his satisfaction. The young Scotch girl came every day to help; their meals were carried to them in covered dishes by Rags, from the house. But Alayne must move his hammock from place to place, following the sun; she must make his eggnogs, his sherry jelly, read to him, sit with him at night by the hour when he could not sleep, encourage and restrain him. Like a child, he was sweetly humble on occasion. He would catch her skirt, hold it, and say, brokenly, 'I don't deserve it. You should have left me to die'; or, 'If I get better, Alayne, I wonder if you could love me.'

She was endlessly patient with him, but her love was dead, as his was, in truth, for her. A tranquillity born of the knowledge that all was over between them gave them assurance. The mind of each was free to explore its own depths, to see its own reflection in the lucent pool of summer. Eden, with his invincible desire for beauty, read poems in the opening scroll of violets, tiny orchids, hooked fern fronds, that covered the woodland. He read them in the interlacing pattern of leaves, branches, the shadows of flying birds.

In all these Alayne read passion. She thought only of Renny.

She had seen little of him, and then only in the presence of Eden or others of the family. She had several times taken tea with old Mrs. Whiteoak and Augusta. On all occasions the talk was of Eden's health. He was improving. Almost from the first Alayne had been convinced that his illness was not to be fatal. He was responding to rest and good food. She could imagine his life in New York. But how weak he was! She wished there were more sunshine for him. June was windless, and sometimes they felt suffocated under the lush greenness that enclosed them. Fiddler's Hut was half hidden by a twisted creeper that shadowed the small-paned windows. It seemed impossible to keep Eden in the sunlight for more than half an hour without the necessity of moving him.

Weeks ago she had asked Renny if something might not be done to let in air and sunshine. Nothing had yet been done. Enough that he had brought Eden back to Jalna. It would require effort to rouse him to further action. The family now took it for granted that Eden would recover.

She had left him in a comfortable chair, a glass of milk at his elbow, a book in his hand. A splash of sunlight, of a richness suggesting autumn rather than June, gave the effect of his being a figure in a tableau, as she looked back. This effect was heightened by the pensive immobility of his attitude, and by the, one might almost think, conscious pose of his hands and beautifully modeled head. She had come near to touching his hair in a passing caress, as she had left. She was glad now that she had not. She went down the moist path, past the spring, overgrown with wild honeysuckle, and followed it swiftly, as it rose into the wood.

High in the pines she heard the plaintive

[1]A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

notes of a mourning dove. Here and there rose the towering pallid bole of a silver birch, shining as though from an inner light. The notes of the mourning dove were drowned by the rapid thudding of a horse's hoofs. Alayne drew out of sight behind a massive, moss-grown trunk. She peered out to see who the rider might be. It was Pheasant, riding bareheaded astride a slender Western pony. They passed in a flash — padding hoofs, flying mane, great shining eyes, and, above, little white face and tumbled dark hair. Alayne called her name, but the girl did not hear, and in a moment was gone beyond a curve.

It was Alayne's first glimpse of Pheasant since her return. She felt a quick outgoing of warmth toward her. Poor, wild, sweet Pheasant, married so young to Piers! If she had not known her, she would have taken that flying figure on horseback for a boy.

She followed the path, now in the full blaze of sunshine. The woods about were no longer pine, but oaks and birch and maple. In every hollow were gay gatherings of wood lilies, white and purplish pink, and through all the trees sounded the ring of bird song. An oriole flashed. She caught the blue of a jay's swift wing and thought she saw, but was not sure, a scarlet tanager. Then again came the hoof beats. Pheasant was returning. Alayne trembled, looking down on the path, where in the dust lay the little hoofprints.

Pheasant was beside her. She had leaped from her horse. His breathing sounded, quick and passionate. His velvet nose was introduced between the faces of the two girls.

'Pheasant!'

'Alayne!'

Their eyes embraced, their hands touched; they wavered, laughing, then kissed. The horse, puzzled, flung back his head, shaking his bridle.

'Let's sit down in the wood,' cried Pheasant. 'How splendid our meeting like this! Away from all the family, you know. Those people. Well, we're different, after all, you and I. We can't talk the same, be ourselves, when they're all about us.' And she added, quaintly, 'I think you're noble, Alayne! But how can I tell you what I think? I'll never forget how beautiful you were to me. And now you've come back to nurse Eden!'

They sat down among the trees. The grass was long and so tender that it seemed to have grown in a day. The horse began to crop, petulantly jerking up, with a sidewise movement of the head, great succulent mouthfuls. Pheasant sat with her back against a young oak.

On her white forehead, above the pale oval of her face, a lock of dark hair lay like a half-opened fan. Alayne thought that she had never seen such beautiful brown eyes. Pheasant's mouth was small and she opened it little when she spoke, but when she laughed, which was seldom, she opened it wide, showing her white teeth.

'Is n't life a funny tangle?' she said. 'It would take a lot of untangling to straighten us, would n't it, Alayne?'

'Does it bear talking about? Had n't we better just talk of you and me?'

'I suppose so. But perhaps God is trying to untangle it all, or perhaps it is just that we are becoming more mellow with age. Do you think, perhaps, that we are becoming more mellow with age, Alayne?'

'I think,' said Alayne, 'that you're an adorable child. They tell me that you're a mother, but I can't believe it.'

'Wait till you see Mooey! He's simply wonderful. Not so fat as Meg's baby, but such a look in his eyes! It quite frightens me. Still, I don't believe there's any truth in the saying that the good die young. . . . I should n't look on old Mrs. Whiteoak — Gran — as specially good, should you? Not that I should insinuate that she's ever been immoral, — Heaven forbid that I should cast a stone at anyone, — but I think she's been cynical, rather than pious, all her long life, don't you?'

'I do. And I should not worry about Mooey dying young if I were you. . . . Tell me, Pheasant, who is this Miss Ware? Meg brought her along once when she came with some shortcake for Eden. She seems a strange sort of girl. English, is n't she?'

'Yes. She's a sort of companion to Meg, and she's nice to me. She's mad about men. I actually have to keep my eye on her when Piers is about.' . . . She plucked nervously at the grass, and added, 'Meg wants to marry her to Renny.'

What were the birds in the tree tops

doing? What strange happening had taken place among the inhabitants of the burrows underground? Through all the woodland was an inexplicable stir. Alayne felt it run along the ground, up the tree trunks, along the branches into the leaves, which strangely began to flutter. Had a shadow fallen across the sky? What had the child been saying?

Meg, with her stupid stubbornness of purpose, had set out to marry Renny to this woman whom she had chosen — for what purpose? She saw Renny, with his air of mettle. She saw Minny Ware, her narrow, strangely colored eyes laughing above her high cheek bones, her wide red mouth smiling, her thick white neck. She heard that full, rich voice, that effortless, ringing laugh.

She forced herself to speak steadily. 'And Renny — does he take kindly to the idea?'

Pheasant frowned. 'How can one tell about Renny? He thinks, "This is a fine filly." Well, he's a judge of good horseflesh! Last night all of us went over to Jalna. Minny played and sang. Renny seemed to hang about the piano a good deal. Everybody fell in love with her singing. The uncles could n't keep their eyes off her, and, if you'll believe me, Gran actually pinched her on the thigh! She was a success. But Renny'll never marry her. He won't marry anyone. He's too aloof.'

At these last words, Alayne felt a sharp pang, and withal a sickly sense of comfort, as of the sun shining dimly through mist.

As though aware of the presence of concentrated emotion, the horse ceased cropping, raised his head, and looked startled. Pheasant went to him and took the bridle in her hand. 'He's getting a bit restless,' she said. 'And I must go. I promised not to be long away.'

They walked along the path together, Pheasant leading the horse.

When they entered the pine wood they met Minny Ware, pushing a perambulator in which sat Meg's infant, Patience. Minny wore a very short dress of vivid green, and a wide, drooping hat, fit for a garden party.

'Oh, hallo,' she exclaimed, with her London accent. 'The fashionable world goes a-walking, eh?' She turned, tilting the perambulator on its back wheels and surveying Alayne from under the brim of her hat.

'How do you like the weather?' she asked. 'Glorious, eh? I've never seen so much sunshine in all my life.'

'At Fiddler's Hut the foliage is too dense. We don't get nearly enough sunshine.' Alayne's voice was cold and distant. She could scarcely conceal her antagonism for this full-blooded girl. She felt that beside her she looked colorless, listless.

'How is your husband?' asked Minny Ware. 'Better, I hope. It must be rotten to have anything wrong with one's lungs. I believe mine are made of India rubber.' The full, effortless laugh gushed forth. She looked ready to burst into song.

'Thank you,' returned Alayne rigidly. 'He is getting better.'

Minny Ware went on blithely, 'Mr. Whiteoak was suggesting to me that I go over one day and sing to him. He thought it might cheer him up. Do you think he'd like it?'

'I dare say he would.' But there was no note of encouragement in her voice.

Patience was making bubbly noises and holding up her hands toward the horse.

Pheasant laughed. 'She's a perfect Whiteoak! Look at her — she's asking to get into the saddle.'

With a swift movement of her white bare arm, Minny lifted the child and swung her to the horse's back, and supported her there. 'How's that, ducky?' she gurgled. 'Nice old gee-gee?' She clapped the horse on the flank.

'For God's sake, be careful, Minny!' cried Pheasant. 'He's nervous.' She patted him soothingly.

'Is he?' laughed Minny. 'He seems a docile little beast. Does n't she look a lamb on horseback?'

Patience indeed looked charming, the downy brown hair on her little head blown, her eyes bright with excitement. She clutched the rein in her tiny hands and cooed in ecstasy.

'She's a perfect Whiteoak,' averred Pheasant again, with solemnity.

Alayne did not think she cared for babies, especially Meg's baby. Perhaps it was that she did not understand them, had had nothing to do with them in her life. For

something to say she admired the grace of the horse.

Minny Ware took the baby in her arms. She pressed her full red mouth to its soft cheek. 'Music and babies,' she murmured, through the kiss. 'They're the soul and body of life, are n't they? I could n't get on without them. In England I always had a baby about, looking after it for one of my father's sick parishioners.'

Alayne saw Minny as a symbolic figure — a song on her moist red lips, a baby against her swelling breast. Songs and babies — an endless procession from her vigorous body. With a fresh pang, she saw her as Renny's wife, singing to him, bearing his children. Minny was revealed to be a fit mate for one of the Whiteoaks. One whose formidable physical strength and spiritual acquiescence could be welded into their circle. She saw herself as a disparate being; an alloy that never could be merged; a bird brooding on a strange nest, crying to a mate to whom her voice would ever be alien.

She slipped her finger into the child's tender palm. The little hand closed about her finger and drew it toward the inquisitive mouth.

Pheasant sprang to the saddle with casual accustomedness. Horse and rider disappeared behind a bend in the path.

The two young women walked on together. When they reached the point where Alayne must turn into the narrow footpath leading to Fiddler's Hut, Minny Ware said, 'Shall I come one day, then, and sing?'

'Yes, do,' answered Alayne. After all, Eden might like her singing. He had n't much to amuse him, shut in among the trees. He must get tired of reading and being read to.

It was July when at last Renny came. A dim day after a week of intense heat. When they looked out in the morning, their little woodland world had been shrouded in an unearthly fog. Thin films of vapor covered the abnormally large leaves, gathering at the tips and forming clear drops. The seething summer life of the wood was silent, apparently in a deep languor after the restless activity of the past week. The visits from those at the house had become rarer, either because of the heat and lassitude of the month of July or because they were absorbed by some new interweaving of the threads of the pattern that was being woven at Jalna. Eden and Alayne were left very much to themselves, spending drowsy days, cut off by his illness and her shrinking from meetings with the family.

She felt apathetic now. They might go on like this forever, passing their days in that green shade, their nights in fantastic dreams. She was startled, almost afraid, when, on this morning, she saw Renny's figure detach itself from the mist which lay thick under the orchard trees and which had made his body appear to be but another trunk, and emerge into the path. She saw that he wore a loose white shirt and riding breeches, but he carried in one hand some implement and in the other a long trailing piece of vetch, covered with little purple flowers.

He moved with such energy along the path, seemed so unoppressed by the humid air and the fog, that she fancied it moved aside for him, was lightened and dispersed at his approach.

Eden had actually been trying to write. He raised his eyes from the pad that lay on his knee and, like Alayne, looked almost startled toward the door, as Renny stood there.

An expression of embarrassment made the elder brother's features appear less carved than usual. He knew that he had been remiss, even heartless, but he had, since their return, a feeling of shy avoidance toward them. Although Alayne had come only to nurse Eden, to will him back to health, and then again part from him, she seemed now to belong to him. She must not be sought out, brooded on, hungered for, with a pain as for something one could never possess. Renny had retired, with an almost animal fatalism, to wait for events to turn out as they would. He was watchful. His instincts were invincible. He was conscious of the presence of those two in the very air he breathed, in the earth beneath his feet. Yet the summer might have passed without his going to them, had not Augusta that morning drawn his attention to the unusual growth of the vine that covered the porch, to the great size of the geranium leaves in the beds, to the difficulty of keeping down weeds in the garden, and to the

need for cutting the lawn. All these evidences of rank growth drove him to inspect the still ranker growth at Fiddler's Hut. Those two might almost be enclosed now by such a hedge as enclosed the Sleeping Palace.

As he passed through the orchard he had noticed a clump of purple vetch, wound and curled about itself into a great mound, beautiful, showing through the mist. He had detached a long strand of this and brought it to Alayne. It hung dangling from his hand, almost touching the doorsill. His spaniels appeared on either side of him.

Eden was pathetically glad to see him. His face broke into a boyish smile, and he exclaimed, 'You, at last, Renny! I thought you'd forgotten me! How long do you think it is since you were here?'

'Weeks, I know. I'm ashamed. But I've been —'

'For God's sake, don't say you've been busy! What must it be like to be busy! I've forgotten!'

'Did you ever know?' Renny came in and stood beside him. The dogs entered also, with great dignity, their plumed legs and bellies dripping from the wet grass. 'Shall I turn them out?' he asked Alayne. 'I'm afraid they're making tracks on the floor.'

'No, no!' objected Eden. 'I like them. How fine they look! And you, too, Renny. Does n't he, Alayne?' The dogs went to him and sniffed his thin hands.

'He looks as he always does,' Alayne said, coldly. Now that he stood before her, he whom her whole being had ached to see, she felt antagonism for his vigor, his detachment. How little he cared for Eden, for her, for anyone but himself!

His brown eyes were on her face. He moved toward her, half shyly, and offered the vetch.

'I picked this,' he said, 'in the orchard. Funny stuff. A weed — but pretty. I thought you might like it.'

'We have so few growing things about us,' said Eden.

Alayne took the vetch. Their hands touched. Deliberately she had manœuvred so that they must touch. She must feel the torment of that contact. . . . The vine clung to her hands as she put it into a vase. When she drew them away it still clung, was dragged from the vase, its tendrils seeming to feel for her fingers.

She sat down by the window. Renny took a chair beside Eden, and looked him over critically. 'You're getting stronger,' he observed. 'Drummond' — the family doctor — 'says you're improving steadily. He thinks you'll be almost recovered by fall.'

'Silly old blighter!' exclaimed Eden. 'He has n't seen me for weeks!'

'There is nothing to do but continue the treatment. You're getting the best of care.'

'Everyone avoids me,' continued Eden. 'One would think I had the plague! The only one who comes is Wakefield, and I must send him away. If it were n't for Rags, I should n't know what is going on in the house.'

'What has he been telling you?' asked Renny, quickly.

'Nothing in particular, excepting that Piers and his wife are home again. I suppose Meggie could n't put up with them any longer.'

Both Renny and Alayne wondered how he could bring himself to repeat that bit of news. There was surely no shame in him. She looked out of the window, and Renny down at his boots. After a silence he began to talk, in a desultory fashion. News of his stables, news of the family. The uncles and Aunt Augusta stuck to the house pretty much because of the heat. Gran was well. Word had just come that Finch had passed his examinations. He was a happy boy. They'd make something of him yet!

At last he rose. 'Now what about this greenery? I've shears and a saw here, and if you'll show me what you want cut down —'

'You go with him, Alayne,' said Eden. 'It's so beastly foggy out. I'll stop here and see if I can do anything with this.'

Renny glanced at the pad on Eden's knee. What was written looked like poetry. Good Lord, was he at it again! Renny had hoped that his illness might have cured him of this other disability. But no, while Eden lived he would make verse, and trouble.

Outside, the fog still enveloped the woodland, delicate and somnolent. The pale moonlike sun scarcely illumined it. The

drip of moisture from leaves mingled with the muted murmur of the spring.

'It's rather a strange morning,' said Alayne, 'to have chosen for cutting things. It will be hard to know what the effect will be.' She thought, 'We are alone, shut in by the fog. We might be the only two on earth.'

'Yes,' he agreed, in an equally matter-of-fact tone. 'It's a queer morning. The branches seem to spring out from nowhere. However, that won't prevent their being lopped off.' He thought, 'Her face is like a white flower. I wonder what she would say if I were to kiss her. The little hollow of her throat would be the place.'

She looked about her vaguely. What was it she wanted him to do? The path, yes. 'This path,' she said, 'should be widened. We get so wet.'

He followed it with his eyes. Safer than looking at her. 'I'd need a scythe for that. I'll send one of the men around this afternoon and he'll cut down all that growth. Now I'll thin out these long branches.'

Before long, boughs, heavy with their summer growth, lay all around. And all about green mounds of low-growing things: dogwood, with its waxen berries; elderberry, its fruit just going red; sumach, the still green plumes of which were miniature trees in themselves; aconite, still in flower; and long graceful trailers of the wild grape. Wherever Renny strode, in his heavy boots, tender growths lay crushed. His dogs ran here and there, chasing into cover the squirrels and rabbits she had tried to tame. Symbolic of him, she thought, in one of those waves of antagonism which would ride close upon the waves of her love.

'No more,' she exclaimed, at last. 'I'm afraid to think how it will all look when the sun comes out.'

'Much better,' he assured her. He stopped and lighted a cigarette. His expression became one of gravity. 'I must tell you the real reason why the uncles and aunt have not been to see you. You're sure Rags has said nothing to Eden?'

'Nothing.' She was startled. She feared some strange development of the situation.

He went on. 'We've been worried' — he knitted his brow and inhaled the smoke deeply — 'about my grandmother.'

His grandmother! Always that imposing, sinister, deplorable old figurehead of the Jalna battleship!

'Yes? Is she not so well?'

He returned, irritably, 'She's quite well. Perfectly well. But — she's given us all a bad fright, and now she's behaving in — well, a very worrying fashion. I thought Eden had better not be told.'

Alayne stared at him, mystified beyond words.

'Pretended she was dying. Staged a regular deathbed scene. Good-byes and all. It was awful. You could n't believe how well she did it.'

Alayne could believe anything of old Adeline.

'Tell me about it.'

'Don't repeat any of this to Eden.'

'Certainly I will not.'

'It gave us a terrible fright. I had come in rather late. About one o'clock, I think. I had just put on the light in my bedroom. Wakefield was awake. He said he could n't sleep because moonlight was coming into the room and the cupboard door stood ajar. It worried him. He wanted me to look into the cupboard, to make sure there was nothing there. I did, to please him. Just as I stuck my head into it a loud rapping came from below. Gran beating on the floor with her stick. The kid squeaked, he was so nervous. I left him and ran down to her room. Aunt Augusta called out, "Are you going to Mamma, Renny? I don't see how she can be hungry, at this hour!" Well, in her room there was the night light, of course. I could see her sitting up in bed, clutching her throat. She said, "Renny, I'm dying. Fetch the others." You can imagine my feelings.'

'Yes. It was terrifying.'

'Rather. I asked her where she felt the worst, and she only gave a sort of gurgle. Then she got out, "My children — I want to tell them good-bye. Every one. Bring them." I got some brandy from the dining room and managed to give her a swallow of that. I propped her up on the pillows. The parrot kept biting at me, as if he did n't want anyone near her. Then I went to the telephone, and Drummond promised to be over immediately. Then I ran upstairs. Got them all up. Finch from the attic.

Little Wake. God, they were a white-looking lot!'

'And she was only pretending?'

'She had us all going. We crowded about the bed. She put her arms around each one in turn. I thought, "That's a pretty strong hug." And she'd something to say to each. A kind of message. Tears were running down Uncle Ernest's face. Wake was sobbing. She had us all going.' The red of his face deepened as he recalled the scene.

'And then?'

'Then the doctor came. Pulled down her eyelid. Felt her pulse. He said, "You're not dying!" And she said, "I feel better now. I'd like something to eat." The next morning she told us that she'd been lying awake and she'd got an idea she'd like to know just how badly we'd feel if we thought she was dying.'

Alayne said, through tight lips, 'I hope she was satisfied.'

'She must have been. We were a sorry sight. . . . And if you'd seen us trailing back to bed! Hair on end. Nightclothes. We were figures of fun, I can tell you!'

'It was abominably cruel of her.'

'Perhaps. But a good one on us. And, I guess, a great satisfaction to her.'

'You were sufficiently harrowed!'

'If only you could have seen us!'

She smiled in rather bitter amusement. 'I think I begin to understand you.'

'We're easy to understand — when you know us.'

'But we are friends — are n't we?'

'Are we? I don't believe I can manage that.'

'Don't you think of me, then, in a friendly way?'

'Me? Friendly? Good God, Alayne! And you call Gran tormenting!'

'Well — about her. You spoke of some odd behavior.' She was a fool to get on dangerous ground with him. Better talk about old Adeline.

He went on, frowning, 'The trouble is this. Ever since that night she's always wanting to see her lawyer. Has him out every few days. It must be a plague for him. And it makes things tense at Jalna. I don't worry about her will. But I know the uncles are worrying. And one can't help wondering. I suppose you know that she's going to leave everything she has in a lump sum to one of us. I suppose everyone is really wondering just how sorrowful he looked that night. Rather wishes he had the chance to do it over again. You remember I told you that Uncle Ernest cried. I believe Uncle Nick thinks that Uncle Ernest feels rather cocky about that, and wishes he could have dug up a tear or two.' He gave one of his sudden staccato laughs.

'If it comes to that,' she said, ironically, 'Wakefield cried, too.'

'And Mooey! Did I tell you he was down, too? The old dear missed him. She looked around and said, "Somebody's not here! It's the baby. My great-grandson. Fetch the baby down!" Pheasant flew upstairs and brought Mooey. If you'll believe me, the little devil simply howled. And now Piers and Pheasant are hopeful about him!' This time his laughter reached Eden's ears.

He appeared in the doorway of the cottage. The fog was really dispersing. He stood, after all this lopping of branches, in a bath of vague sunlight.

'What's the joke? You might tell it to me.'

Alayne called back, 'It is n't really a joke. Just something Renny finds amusing. How did you get on?'

'I've done it!'

'Done what?' asked Renny.

Alayne answered, 'Finished what he was writing. Did n't you notice that he was writing?'

'Oh, yes. A poem. I suppose that's a good sign.' He forced his features into a grin of approbation.

'Splendid.' As they drew near to the young poet she said, 'I'm so glad, Eden. Is it good?'

'I'll read it. No, I'll wait till Renny's gone. I say, what a shambles you've made of the place!'

Renny looked disappointed. 'When it's been raked over it will look better. Shall I trim this Virginia creeper now?'

'No. I like a little privacy.'

'But you've said a hundred times —' cried Alayne.

'My good girl, never remind a person of temperament what he's said a hundred times.'

'But it's dreadful to have that vine clinging round you!'

'No, it is n't. It makes me feel like a sturdy oak.'

Renny examined the vine critically. 'I think he's right. It would be a pity to touch it. It's always looked just like that.'

'But,' Alayne protested, 'everything in the cottage is damp!'

The brothers agreed that the vine had nothing to do with the dampness.

A figure was approaching along the path. It was Minny Ware, in a vivid blue dress. She carried a bowl of jelly mounded with whipped cream.

'I've had such a time to find my way,' she said. 'It's the first time I've been in this direction by myself. I had n't realized how large the estate is. Mrs. Vaughan sent this.'

'Not so large as it once was,' observed Renny, gloomily.

Alayne took the jelly and wondered what she would do with Miss Ware. Eden seemed rather pleased with her.

'Come in,' he said, 'and let's look at you. We'll pretend you're a bit of blue sky.'

They went into the cottage. Minny Ware seated herself in a wicker chair by the open door. Eden's remark had made her radiant. Renny sat on a bench, holding the collars of his dogs. Alayne disappeared into the kitchen, carrying the bowl of jelly. She did not want to be in the room with the girl.

Minny Ware, elated at being left alone with the two men, exclaimed, '*Is n't* this atmosphere the most depressing!'

'You don't look depressed,' said Eden, his eyes absorbing the freshness of her cheeks and lips, the gayety of her gown.

'It's weather to make a man virtuous,' said Renny.

This remark evoked a gush of laughter from Minny, effortless as an oriole's song.

Eden continued to be pleased with her. He said, 'I wonder if you are too depressed to sing to me. You promised to, you know.'

Minny Ware thought she could n't, was sure she would disgrace herself by trying to sing on such a morning as this, but after some persuading she threw back her head, clasped her hands before her, in the attitude of a good child, and sang three little English songs. Alayne remained in the kitchen. Covertly she watched the three through a crack of the door. She saw Renny's intent gaze on the throbbing white throat, the full bosom. She saw Eden's appraising eyes also fixed on the girl, who appeared to have forgotten their presence. The first song was of a country lover and his lass, with a touch of Devon dialect in the refrain. The second song told of little birds in springtime innocently building their nest. The third — yes, the third was a lullaby. This she softly crooned, her ripe lips parted in a smile. She remembered the presence of the brothers and, as she finished, her eyes sought theirs. She seemed timidly to ask for approbation.

The last long-drawn sweet note had been too much for one of the spaniels. He raised his muzzle and gave vent to a deep howl.

'Did he hate it so?' asked Minny Ware, looking askance at the dog.

'Down, Merlin,' said Renny. 'He's like his master. He's not musical.'

Her face fell. 'I thought the other night you enjoyed it.'

'I enjoyed this, too. But you sang more passionate things the other night. I suppose something else in me was appealed to then.'

'Oh, I love passionate music!' She spoke with abandon. 'I only sang these simple little things to please your brother, as he's not well.'

'Thank you,' said Eden with gravity. 'That was nice of you.'

'Oh, now you're laughing at me!' she cried, and filled the room with her laughter.

Alayne came in and sat down on a stiff-backed grandfather's chair. She felt icy before this exuberance. Only with the two spaniels, held by their collars, did she feel any sense of companionship in the room.

When Eden and she were alone, she said, 'If your sister thinks she will bring *that* to pass, she is mistaken. He hates her. I could see it in his eyes.'

'How clever you are!' he cried. 'You can read him like a book, can't you?' His glance was full of merriment.

XVII

While Eden and Alayne were struggling for his renewed health at Fiddler's Hut, the

family group were living in a morbid complicity of emotions, the two strongest of these being fear and jealousy. Since old Adeline had, as Renny put it, staged her own deathbed scene, they apprehended, one and all, that this sudden interest of hers in her final act was but the foreshadow of the spectre itself. The thought of it hung over them like a pall. The idea that she should pass from their midst was unbelievable. . . . Captain Philip Whiteoak had died; young Philip and his two wives had died; several infant Whiteoaks had passed away in that house; but that the involved pattern Adeline had woven in and out of those rooms, round about their lives, could be shattered was incredible.

If she was aware of any change in the atmosphere, she made no sign. She seemed in even better health than usual, and ate with increasing gusto, in preparation, it seemed to them, for the chill fast approaching. Neither did they talk to each other of what was in their minds, but of other things they talked even more than usual. Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest sought out each other more frequently in their rooms. They discussed their pets, Nip, Sasha, and her kitten, their amazing sagacity. They grouped themselves, with chirrups and tweets, about the cage of Augusta's canary. Forced cheerfulness sapped their energy. They were like people watching each other for symptoms of some disease which it was necessary, for their peace of mind, to ignore. Each one discovered, with grim satisfaction, the symptoms he sought in the others, and believed he had successfully hidden his own.

Augusta had little hope of gain for herself. She was passionately desirous that Ernest should be the heir. Nicholas thought that they plotted against him, and he feared Renny more than the two of them together. And Augusta and Ernest feared Renny and thought he plotted against them. And Renny believed that all his three elders were plotting against him. Even Mooey, Piers's infant son, became an object of suspicion. Had not his great-grandmother demanded that Mooey be brought to her? Was she not always pushing bits of biscuit and peppermints into his hand? And she was always exclaiming, 'Bring my great-grandson to me! I want to kiss him — quick.'

Mooey laughed every time he saw his great-grandmother. To certain of the family his laughter sounded sinister.

Wakefield, with the shrewdness of a child living among grown-up folk, was conscious of the air of dread and suspicion that had crept into every corner of the house, even to the basement, where the Wragges discussed the situation from every angle. They quarreled bitterly over it, for Wragge was of the opinion that the peppery and taciturn master of Jalna should inherit, while Mrs. Wragge, whose bias in favor of primogeniture was strong, thought that Nicholas should be his mother's heir. Nicholas too was in the habit of giving her little presents of money, when she 'did' his room.

Wakefield soon discovered that his elders were troubled when he hung about his grandmother's neck and whispered in her ear. This gave him an agreeable sense of power. He began to lavish delicate attentions on her.

One day he announced that he was making a special prayer for her each night.

'Ha!' she cried. 'Praying for me, eh? What is it that you say?'

'It depends,' he replied, his palms together between his bare knees, 'on what sort of day you've had. If your appetite's been not so good, I pray that it may be better. If it's been good, I pray for lemon tart next day. If you've been worked up into a rage, I pray that you may have more consideration shown you to-morrow.'

'The darling!' exclaimed his grandmother. 'Oh, the precious darling! Praying for his old Gran!' And she made a habit of asking him each morning what his prayer for her had been the night before.

She took to giving him quite valuable things. One stormy afternoon when he was bored, she opened the door of the Indian cabinet, containing the ivory, ebony, jade, and lapis lazuli curios which he always longed to play with, but must not touch, and filled his two hands with things which she said he was to keep. Her sons and daughter were genuinely alarmed.

'Mamma!' chided Augusta. 'You must be crazy!'

'Mind your business, Lady Bunkley!' retorted old Adeline. 'I'll give away my bed if I choose, or my head. I tell you, this child is the apple of my eye.'

Nicholas and Ernest emerged from cover and conferred with each other in the open. They came to the conclusion that Meg and Renny were putting the child up to it. Wakefield's face continued to be a mask of piety, but there was a secret little smile on his lips.

Finch, scarcely noticed by the family once their rejoicing over his return had subsided, was only an observer of this drama. Tension was relaxed for him, not increased. The strain of examinations was over. He had passed. Not gloriously, — he had come near the tail end of the candidates, — but passed, nevertheless. It was as though an aching tooth were drawn. He could look at his dog-eared textbooks without a sinking at the heart.

It was beautiful to him to spend these hot summer days in the country. He imagined with horror what they must be in New York. Yet there were moments when he remembered with a strange regret the lights in the harbor at night, the interesting foreign faces one met in the streets, the kindness that had been shown him at Cory and Parsons. He would wonder vaguely if he had missed something by coming home with Uncle Ernest, something he could never have again — a chance to get on in the world, to be respected instead of sneered at or just tolerated. But this was home, and here was music. Twice a week he went to the city and had music lessons. Two hours daily he was allowed to practise on the old square piano in the drawing-room. It was not enough, and he would have made up the deficiency by some extra practice on the piano at Vaughanlands but for an unsurmountable shyness of Minny Ware. Her presence in that house took all the virtue out of his playing. Her laughter frightened him. He felt that she regarded him as a curiosity.

On the occasions when she came to Jalna he felt certain that she was making up to Renny, and he felt certain that Meg approved. Unbearable if those two were to marry. He could n't stand that laughing, slant-eyed girl in the house. If only Renny and Alayne might be married! He was deeply conscious of their love for each other. He would have liked to talk with Alayne these days, of life and art, and the meaning of both. In Alayne he felt a stability, a clarity, which he craved for himself, but he could not go to see her because of Eden.

One day, when he was sent to the rectory on a message, Mr. Fennel questioned him about his music. When Finch told him that he was dissatisfied with the amount of practising he got, the rector offered to let him practise on the church organ, and gave him a key so that he might let himself into the church at any time. This was the beginning of a new happiness. Miss Pink, the organist, finding him rather baffled by the organ, offered to help him for a while each week after choir practice. Soon he wrung from the old organ music so passionate that Miss Pink quite tingled when she heard it, and wondered if it were quite right to draw such sounds from a church organ.

Finch went more and more frequently to the church to play. At first he went only in the daytime, then was captivated by the mystery of playing in the twilight, and at last, wandering along the road one night in the moonlight, he was seized by the desire to play in the church by night. He climbed the long flight of steps to the churchyard, passed through the glimmering gravestones and in at the portal. Outside it was sultry. Warm dust had lain thick on the road, but in here there was a coolness as of death and the austere presence of God. Finch had never been alone in the church at night before, and he felt the Presence there in the moonlight as he never felt it when people sat in the pews and Mr. Fennel moved about in the chancel.

On that first night he played little. He sat with his long hands on the keys, searching his heart, trying to find out, if he could, what was in it of good and evil. Now its depths seemed less turgid than usual. He looked into it and saw a white light glimmering. God living in him. Not to be beaten down. The white light, pointed like a flame, quivered, drew upward. Sank, writhed as though in agony. He brooded over his heart, trying to discover its secret.

Once, returning home past midnight, he let himself in at the side door of the house

and was just passing his grandmother's room when her voice called, 'Who is there? Come here, please.'

Finch hesitated. He had a mind to steal up the stairs without answering. He did not want her to know that he had been out till that hour. She might get to watching him. Questions might be asked. Still, she might really need someone. Worst of all, she might be about to stage another death-bed scene. That would be appalling.

As he hesitated, she called again, sharply, 'Who's there? Come quickly, please!'

Finch opened the door of her room and put his head inside. By the night light he could see her propped up on her two pillows, her nightcap shadowing her eyes, her old mouth sunken. But her expression was inquiring rather than anxious; her hands were clasped with resignation on the coverlet.

He felt suddenly tender toward her. He asked, 'Want a drink, Grannie, dear? Anything I can do?'

'Ha, it's you, is it, Finch? Well, well, you don't often visit me at this hour. You don't often visit me at all. I like boys about me. Come and sit you down. I want to be talked to.'

He came to the bedside and looked down at her. She took his hand and pulled him close, and closer till she could kiss him.

'Ha!' she said. 'Nice smooth young cheek! Now sit here on the bed and be a nice boy. You are a nice boy, are n't you?'

'I don't think anyone has ever called me a nice boy, Gran.'

'I do. I do. I call you a very nice boy. If anybody says you 're not a nice boy he 'll hear from me. I won't have it. I say you 're a very nice boy. You 're a pretty boy, too, in this light, with your lock hanging over your forehead and your eyes bright. You 've got an underfed, aye, a starved look. But you've got the Court nose, and that's something to go on. Life will never down you altogether when you 've got that nose. You 're not afraid of life, are you?' She peered up at him, with so understanding a look in her deep old eyes that Finch was startled into saying, 'Yes, I am. I'm awfully afraid of it.'

She reared her head from the pillow. 'Afraid of life! What nonsense. A Court afraid of life! I won't have it. You must n't be afraid of life. Take it by the horns. Take it by the tail. Grasp it where the hair is short. Make it afraid of you. That's the way I did. Do you think I'd have been here talking to you this night — if I'd been afraid of life? Look at this nose of mine. These eyes. Do they look afraid of life? And my mouth — when my teeth are in — it's not afraid either!'

He sat on the side of the bed, stroking her hand. 'You're a wonderful woman, Gran. You're twice the man I'll ever be.'

She peered up at him. 'Don't get ideas in your head,' she said, sternly.

'I'm no good, Gran.'

Her voice became harsh, but her eyes were kind. 'None of that, now! What have I been telling you? Piers has been knocking you around. I heard about it.'

He reddened. 'I landed him a good one in the face.'

'You did, eh? Good for you! H'm. . . . Boys fighting. Young animals. My brothers used to fight, I can tell you. In County Meath. Take their jackets off and at it! Father used to pull their hair for it. Ha!'

Her eyes closed, her hand relaxed. She fell into a doze.

Finch looked at her lying there. So near to death. A year or two at the most, surely. And how full of courage she was! Courage and a good digestion — she'd always had both. And in what good stead they had stood her! Even in her sleep she was impressive — not pathetic, lying there, toothless, with her nightcap over one eye. He tried to absorb some of her courage into himself. He fancied it might be done. Here alone with her at night in her stronghold.

A gust came down the chimney and the night light flickered. Boney, perched on the head of the bed, stirred, and made a clucking noise in his sleep. Finch thought it would be best for him to go, while she slept. He was withdrawing his hand, but her fingers closed on it. She opened her eyes.

'Ah,' she muttered, 'I was thinking. I did n't doze. Don't tell me I dozed. I like a spell of thinking. It sets me straight.'

'Yes, Gran, I know. But it 's not good for you to lose so much sleep. You 'll be tired to-morrow.'

'Not a bit of it. If I'm tired, I'll stop here and rest. It 's the family that makes

me tired, fussing over me. Fuss, fuss, fuss, ever since that night.' She looked at him quizzically. 'You remember the night I nearly died?'

He nodded. He hoped she was n't going to try anything like that again.

She saw anxiety in his eyes and said, 'Don't worry. I shan't do that again. It might be boy and wolf. They might n't come running when I'd really need them. But they fuss, Finch, because I have Patton out. I like to see my lawyer. I keep thinking up little bequests for old friends — Miss Pink — the Lacey girls — even old Hickson and other folks in the village.' A shrewd gleam came into her eyes. 'I suppose you're not worrying about who I'm going to leave my money to, eh?'

'God, no!'

'Don't curse! Too much God and hell and bloody about this house. I won't have it.'

'All right, Gran.'

'I'm going to give you a present,' she said.

'Oh no, Gran, please don't!' he exclaimed, alarmed.

'Why not, I'd like to know?'

'They'd all say I'd been sucking up to you.'

'Let me hear them! Send anyone that says that to me.'

'Well, please let it be something small, that I can hide.'

'Hide my present! I won't have it! Stick it up! Put it in full view! Invite the family to come and look at it! If anyone says you're sucking up send him to me. I'll take the crimp out of him!'

'Very well, Gran.'

Her old eyes roved about the room. 'I'll tell you what I'm going to give you. I'm going to give you that porcelain figure of Kuan Yin — Chinese goddess. Very good. Good for you to have. She's not afraid of life. Lets it pass over her. You're no fighter. You're musical. Better let it pass over you. But don't let it frighten you. Fetch her over here, and mind you don't drop her!'

He had seen the porcelain figure all his life, standing on the mantelpiece, amid a strange medley of bowls, vases, and boxes — Eastern and English, ancient and Victorian. It was so crowded on the mantelpiece that he felt reasonably hopeful that the little goddess would not be missed by the family. He lifted her gently from the spot where she had stood for more than seventy years, and carried her to his grandmother. The old hands stretched out toward the delicate figure, closed round it eagerly.

'Look in her face! What do you see?'

He knitted his brow, his face close to the porcelain oval of the statuette's. 'Something very deep and calm. . . . I — I can't quite make it out.'

'Well, well, take it along. You'll understand some day. Good night, child; I'm tired. . . . Wait — do you often prowl about like this?'

'Sometimes.'

'What do you do?'

'You won't tell on me, Gran?'

'Come, come, I'm over a hundred. Even a woman can learn to keep her mouth shut in that time!'

He said, almost in a whisper, 'I go to the church, and play the organ.'

She showed no surprise. 'And you're not afraid alone there at night, with all the dead folk outside?'

'No.'

'Ah, you're a queer boy! Music, always music with you. Well, a church is an interesting place once you get the parson and the people out of it. Real music can get in then, and a real God! Nothing flibbertigibbet about religion then.'

She was very tired; her voice had become a mumble; but she made a last effort and said, 'I like your coming in like this. My best sleep is over by midnight — just catnaps after that. Night's very long. I want you, every time you've been at the church, to come for a chat afterward. Does me good. Come right in — I'll be awake.' And as she said the word 'awake' she fell asleep.

And so these strange night meetings began. Night after night, week after week, Finch crept out of the house, had his hours of happiness, of faunlike freedom, and crept in again. He never failed to go to her room, and always she was awake, waiting for him. Her eyes, under their rust-red brows, fixed on him eagerly, as he glided in and drew the door to behind him. He looked forward to the meetings as much as

she. Bizarre assignations they were, between the centenarian and a boy of nineteen. Like secret lovers, they avoided each other in the presence of the family, fearing that some intimate look, some secret smile, might betray their intimacy. Finch came to know her, to understand the depths of her, sometimes mordant, sometimes touchingly tender, as he was sure no other member of the household understood her. She no longer seemed old to him, but ageless, like the Chinese porcelain goddess she had given him. Sometimes, in the beam of the night light, propped in her richly painted bed, she looked beautiful to him, a rugged reclining statue carved by some sculptor who expressed in it his dreams of an indomitable soul.

One night in August, she startled him by asking abruptly, 'Well, boy, whom shall I leave my money to?'

'Oh, don't ask me that, Gran! That's for you to say.'

'I know. But, just supposing you were in my place, whom would you leave it to? Remember, it's going in one lump sum to somebody. I won't have my bit of money cut up like a cake! Right or wrong, my mind's fixed on that. Now then, Finch, who's to get it, eh?'

'Well,' he answered with sudden determination and even a look of severity on his lips, 'I should say, since you ask me, that there's only one person who really deserves to have it!'

'Yes? Which one?'

'Renny!'

'Renny, eh? That's because he's your favorite.'

'Not at all. I was putting myself in your place, as you told me to.'

'Then because he's head of the house?'

'No, not that. If you can't see, I can't tell you.'

'Of course you can. Why?'

'Very well. You'll be annoyed with me, though.'

'No, I shan't. Out with it!'

'Well, Renny's always hard up. He's brought up the lot of us. He's had Uncle Nick and Uncle Ernie living here for years. Ever since I can remember. You've always made your home with him. He likes having you. It would n't be like home to him if you were n't here. And he likes having the uncles and Aunt Augusta. But, just the same, he's at his wit's end sometimes to know where to dig up money enough to pay wages, and butcher bills, and the vet, and all that.'

She was regarding him steadfastly. 'You can be plain-spoken,' she said, 'when you like. You've a good forthright way with you, too. I can't see eye to eye with you on every point, but I'm glad to know what you think. And I'm not angry with you.' She began to talk of something else.

She did not bring up the subject again, but talked to him of her past, recalling the days when she and her Philip were young together, and even went back to the days of her girlhood in County Meath. Finch learned to pour out to her his thoughts, as he had never done to anyone before, and probably never would again with such unrestraint. When at last he would steal up to his room, something of her would be still with him in the figure of Kuan Yin, standing on his desk.

XVIII

Old Adeline was being dressed for tea by Augusta. That is, she was having her hair tidied, her best cap with the purple ribbon rosettes put on, and her box of rings displayed before her. She had felt a little tired when she waked from her afternoon nap, so she had had Augusta put a peppermint drop into her mouth, and she mumbled this as she looked over her rings. She chose them with especial care, selecting those of brilliant contrasting stones, for the rector was to be present, and she knew that he disapproved of such a show of jewels on such ancient hands, or indeed on any hands.

Augusta stood patiently holding the box, looking down her long nose at her mother's still longer one curved in pleasurable speculation. Adeline chose a ring — a fine ruby, set round with smaller ones. She was a long time finding the finger on which she wore it, and putting it on. The box trembled slightly in Augusta's hand. Her mother bent forward, fumbled, discovered her emerald ring, and put it on.

She put on six rings, a cameo bracelet, and a brooch containing her Philip's hair. She turned then to the mirror, adjusted her

cap, and scrutinized her face with one eyebrow cocked.

'You look nice and bright this afternoon, Mamma,' said Augusta.

The old lady shot an upward glance at her. 'I wish I could say the same for you,' she returned.

Augusta drew back her head with an offended air and surveyed her own reflection. Really, Mamma was very short with one! It took a lot of patience. . . .

Adeline stretched out her ringed hand and took the velvet-framed photograph of her Philip from the dresser. She looked at it for some moments, kissed it, and set it in its place.

'What a handsome man Papa was!' said Augusta, and surreptitiously wiped the picture with her handkerchief.

'He was. Put the picture down.'

'Indeed, all our men are good-looking!'

'Aye, we're a shapely lot. I'm ready. Fetch Nick and Ernest.'

Her sons were soon at her side, Nicholas walking less heavily than usual because his gout was not troubling him. They almost lifted her from her chair. She took an arm of each and said over her shoulder to Augusta, 'Bring the bird along. Poor Boney, he's dull to-day.'

The little procession moved along the hall so slowly that it seemed to Augusta, carrying the bird on his perch, that they were only marking time. But they were really moving, and at last had shuffled their way to where the light fell full upon them through the colored glass window.

'Rest here a bit,' said their mother. 'I'm tired.' She was tall, but looked a short woman between her sons, she was so bent.

She glanced up at the window. 'I like to see the light coming through there,' she observed. 'It's very pretty.'

They were in the drawing-room, and she was established in her own chair, with Boney on his perch beside her. Mr. Fennel rose, but he gave her time to recover her breath before coming forward to take her hand and inquire after her health.

'I'm quite well,' she said. 'Don't know what it is to have any pain, except a little wind on the stomach. But Boney's dull. He has n't spoken a word for weeks. D' ye think he's getting old?'

Mr. Fennel replied, guardedly, 'Well, he may be getting a little old.'

Nicholas said, 'He's moulting. He drops his feathers all over the place.'

Finch had come up behind them, and Augusta handed him a cup of tea. 'Take this to my mother,' she said, 'and then come back for the crumpets and honey.'

Crumpets and honey! Finch's mouth watered. He wondered if he should ever get over this feeling of being ravenous. And yet he was so thin! He felt discouraged about himself. He wished his aunt would not send him about with tea. He invariably slopped it.

Old Adeline watched him with pursed mouth as he drew an occasional table to her side and set her tea on it. Her greed equaled his own. Her hands, trembling a little, poured what tea had slopped into the saucer back into the cup, raised the cup to her lips, and drank gustily. The rings flashed on her shapely hands. Mr. Fennel marked them with disapproval.

His voice came muffled through his curly brown beard. 'Well, Finch, and how goes the practising?'

'Very well, thank you, sir,' mumbled Finch.

'The other night I was in my garden quite late. About eleven o'clock. I was surprised to hear the organ. You are quite welcome to use it in the daytime, you know.' Gentle reproof was in his tone.

'I rather like the practising at night, sir, if you don't mind.'

His eyes moved from Mr. Fennel's beard to his grandmother's face. They exchanged a look of deep complicity, like two conspirators. Her gaze was clear. The tea had revived her.

She said, setting down the empty cup, 'I like the boy to practise at night. Night's the time for music — for love. . . . Afternoon's the time for tea — sociability. . . . Morning's the time for — er — tea. Another cup, Finch. Is there nothing to eat?'

Pheasant appeared with tea for Mr. Fennel, and Piers with the crumpets and honey. He was in white flannels.

'Ah,' observed the rector, 'it is nice to see you looking cool, Piers! You looked pretty hot the last time I saw you.'

'Yes, that was a hot spell. Things are

easing off now. Late August, you know. The crops are in. Small fruit over. Apples not begun.'

'But there is always the stock, eh?'

'Yes, always the stock. I don't get much time for loafing. But this is Pheasant's birthday, and I'm celebrating it by a day off and a clean suit.'

'Her birthday, is it?' said Mr. Fennel. 'I wish I had known! I would have brought some offering, if only a nosegay.'

Grandmother blinked rapidly, smacking the honey on her lips. 'Pheasant's birthday, eh? Why was n't I told? Why was it kept from me? I like birthdays. I'd have given her a present.' She turned toward Meg, Maurice, and Renny, who had just come into the room. 'Did you know, my dears, that we're having a birthday party? It's Pheasant's birthday, and we're all dressed up for it. Look at the rector! Look at Piers! Look at me! Are n't we trig?' She was all alive. She grinned at them, with the malicious and flashing grin for which the Courts had been famous.

Meg approached her and dropped a kiss on her forehead. 'I had heard nothing of any birthday,' she said, coldly.

'Maurice,' exclaimed Grandmother then, 'have n't you brought a birthday present for your daughter? Are you going to neglect old Baby just because new Baby's on the scene?'

Maurice slouched forward somewhat sheepishly. 'I must do something about it,' he said.

Pheasant's little face was scarlet with embarrassment. She surveyed the family with the startled, timid gaze of a young wild thing.

'She's blessed,' said Piers glumly, 'for she expects nothing.'

His grandmother absorbed this saying. 'H'm,' she said. She swallowed a piece of crumpet, and then added, 'It's the unexpected that happens. She's going to get a present. And from me!'

A chill of apprehension fell on the company.

Mr. Fennel, feeling it, observed, 'There's nothing so pleasant, I think, as an unexpected present.' But even to himself his words sounded lame.

Old Adeline finished her crumpet with dispatch, drank another cup of tea. Then she demanded, 'How old are you?'

'Twenty.' Despite Renny's encouraging look, the word came in a whisper.

'Twenty, eh? Sweet and twenty! I was twenty once — ha! "Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty! Youth's a stuff will not" — what was it? My old memory's gone. Come here, my dear!'

Pheasant went to her, trembling.

Adeline spread out her hands, palms down, and examined her rings. Meg, with unaccustomed agility, sprang to her side. 'Granny, Granny,' she breathed, 'don't do anything rash! A bit of lace. A little money to buy herself something pretty. But not — not —' She caught her grandmother's hands in hers and drew the jeweled fingers against her own plump breast.

'Mamma,' said Ernest, 'this excitement is very bad for you.'

'Bring the backgammon board,' said Nicholas. 'She likes a game of backgammon after tea.'

'I've not finished my tea,' rapped out his mother. 'I want cake. Not that white wishy-washy cake. Fruit cake.'

Never was fruit cake so swiftly, so passionately, produced. She selected a piece, laid it on her plate, and, as though there had been no interruption, again spread out her hands, palms downward.

She shot a glance at Meg, kneeling by her side.

'Get up, Meggie,' she said, brusquely but not unkindly. 'You've nothing to be humble about.' But Meg still knelt, her hands to her breast, her eyes jealously guarding the rings.

With a decisive movement, Adeline removed from the third finger of her right hand the ring of glowing rubies. She took the girl's thin brown hand in hers and put it on her middle finger. She looked up into her face, smiling. 'Give you color, my dear. Give you heart. Nothing like a ruby. . . . I'll try some of that pale cake now.'

Pheasant stood transfixed, reverently holding the brilliantly decorated hand in the hand that wore only her wedding ring. Her eyes were starry.

'Oh,' she half-whispered, 'how lovely! What beauties! Oh, you darling Gran!'

Piers was at her side, sturdy, defiant, all aglow.

'Splendid!' exclaimed Renny. 'Let me see how it looks on your little paw!'

But Wakefield intervened, took her hand, and fluttered his long lashes, examining the stones. He said, judicially, 'You've got a fine ring there, my girl. I hope you take care of it.'

Meg still knelt, her eyes damp, her hands clenched. 'It's unjust,' she gasped. 'It's unfair to me and my child!'

Renny put his hands under her arms and heaved her to her feet. He whispered vehemently into her ear, 'Don't make a show of yourself, Meggie! Remember, Mr. Fennel's here.' Inwardly he thanked God for the presence of Mr. Fennel. It had certainly saved them from a terrible scene. She relaxed against his shoulder.

The rector himself was wishing that the tea party had been more placid. He observed, pulling at his beard, 'I always think that an unexpected present is the most delightful.' He could not resist adding, 'And jewels are so beautiful on young hands.'

Adeline appeared not to have heard. She finished her cake, eating the moist crumbs from her saucer with a spoon. But after a little she extended her bereft right hand toward him, with a flourish, and said, 'You don't think they suit my old hands, eh?'

He knew how to mollify her.

'I have never seen hands,' he said, 'better shaped for the wearing of rings.'

She clasped them on her stomach and surveyed the scene before her. There was trouble in the air, and she had brewed it. She had, directly or indirectly, made almost every being in the room. The pattern of the room was centrifugal, and she was the arch designer, the absolute centre. She felt complacent, firm, and strong. She fixed her eyes on Renny, and gave him a waggish nod. She knew he did not mind young Pheasant's having the ruby. He grinned back at her.

Nicholas said, 'A game of backgammon will divert her.'

Ernest looked dubious. 'The last time I played with her she was n't very clear about it.'

'Never mind. She must be diverted. She's in the mood to give presents all round. I don't know what has come over her.'

He found the backgammon board, and the velvet bag containing the dice and dice boxes. He said to Wakefield, hovering near, 'Ask your Grandmamma and the parson if they will play backgammon. Place the small table between them.'

'Yes, Uncle Nick.'

The little boy flew away, held whispered conversations, flew back.

'I've placed the table, and the parson, and Gran. They said they were nothing loath.'

Finch said, 'He made that last up. They did n't put it in those fool words.'

'You are odious, Finch,' retorted Wake. He adored his Aunt Augusta's vocabulary and had no self-consciousness in employing it.

The opponents were facing each other. Bearded, untidy Mr. Fennel; gorgeous, ancient Adeline.

'I'm black,' she said.

Very well, he was white. The men were placed on the tables. The dice were thrown.

'Deuce!' from the parson.

'Trey!' from Grandmother.

They made their moves. The dice rattled. The emeralds on her left hand winked.

'Doublets!'

'Quatre!' She pronounced it 'cater.'

The dice were shaken; the players pondered; the men were moved.

'Deuce!'

'Trey!'

'Cinq!'

'Ace!'

The game proceeded. Her head was as clear as ever it had been. Her eyes were bright. She fascinated Finch. He stood behind Mr. Fennel's chair watching her. Sometimes their eyes met, and always there was that flash between them, that complicity of conspirators. 'Afraid of life!' her eyes said. 'A Court afraid? Watch me!'

He watched her. He could not look away. Across the chasm of more than eighty years their souls met, touched fingers, touched lips.

One by one she got her men home. One by one she took them from the board. She had won the first game!

'A hit!' she cried, striking her hands together. 'A hit!'

'Well played, my grandmother!' cried Wakefield, patting her on the back.

Finch's eyes sought hers, found them, held them. She felt suddenly tired. She was very tired, but very happy.

'You have me badly beaten,' said Mr. Fennel, stroking his beard.

'Ah, yes. I'm in good form to-day,' she mumbled. 'Very good form — to-night.'

Boney shuffled on his perch, shook himself, gaped. Two bright feathers were loosened, and sank slowly to the floor.

Mr. Fennel stared at him.

'He does n't talk now, eh?'

'No,' she answered, craning her neck so as to see the bird. 'He does n't talk at all. Poor Boney! Poor old Boney! Does n't talk at all. Does n't say curse words, and does n't say love words. Silent as the grave, hey, Boney?'

'Shall we have another game?' asked Mr. Fennel.

'Another game? Yes, I'd like another game. I'm white!'

Mr. Fennel and Wakefield exchanged glances.

'But, Gran,' cried Wakefield, 'you were black before!'

'Black! Not a bit of it! I'm white.'

Mr. Fennel changed the men, giving her the white ones.

The men were placed. The dice shaken. The game proceeded.

'Deuce!'

'Cinq!'

'The Doublet!'

But her head was no longer clear. She fumbled for her men, and could not have got through the game had not Wakefield, leaning on her shoulder, helped her.

She was beaten, but she did not know it.

'A double game!' she said, triumphantly. 'A double game! Gammon!'

The rector smiled indulgently.

Finch felt himself sinking beneath a cloud.

'But, my grandmother,' cried Wakefield, 'you're beaten! Don't you know when you're beaten?'

'Me beaten? Not a bit of it. I won't have it! I've won.' She was staring straight ahead of her into Finch's eyes. 'Gammon!'

Mr. Fennel began gathering up the men.

'Another game?' he asked. 'You may make it backgammon, this time.'

She did not answer.

Wakefield nudged her shoulder. 'Another game, Gran?'

'I'm afraid she's a little tired,' said Mr. Fennel.

But she was still smiling, looking straight into Finch's eyes. Her eyes were saying to him, 'A Court afraid? A Court afraid of death? Gammon!'

Again Boney shook himself, and another feather fluttered to the floor.

Nicholas had risen to his feet, and was looking across the room. Suddenly he shouted, 'Mother!'

They were all on their feet, except Wakefield, who still hung on her shoulder, realizing nothing.

Her head sank.

Finch watched them as they gathered about her, raising her head, holding smelling salts to her long nose, forcing brandy between her blanched lips, wringing their hands, being frightened, half-demented. He had seen her spirit, staunch and stubborn, leave the body. He knew it was futile to try to recall it.

Boney watched the scene with one detached yellow eye, apparently unmoved, but when they carried her to the sofa and laid her on it, he left his perch with a distracted tumble of wings and fluttered on to her prostrate body, screaming, 'Nick! Nick! Nick!' It was the first time he had ever been known to utter a word of English.

He was with difficulty captured and taken to her bedroom, where he took his position on the head of the bed and relapsed into stoical silence.

Piers telephoned for the doctor. Meg was sobbing in Augusta's arms. Ernest sat beside the table, his head buried in his arms across the backgammon board. Pheasant had flown upstairs to her bedroom to bedew the ruby ring with tears. Nicholas drew a chair to his mother's side and sat with his shoulders bent, staring blankly into her face. The rector dropped his chin into his beard and murmured a short prayer over the body, stretched out so straight that the feet, in black slippers, projected over the end of the sofa. Again she looked a tall woman.

Mr. Fennel was about to close the eyes. The heavy lids resisted. Renny caught his arm.

'Don't close her eyes! I won't believe she's dead! She can't have died like that!'

He put his hand inside her tea gown and felt her heart. It was still. He brought a mirror and held it before her nostrils. Its bright surface was undimmed. But he would not have her eyes closed.

Soon Dr. Drummond came and pronounced her dead, and himself closed her eyelids.

Ernest rose then and came to her, trembling. He stroked her face, and kissed it, sobbing, 'Mamma. . . . Mamma.' But Nicholas sat motionless as a statue.

Renny could not stay in that house. He would go to Fiddler's Hut and tell Eden and Alayne what had happened. He flung out through the side door into the grassy yard where the old brick oven stood. A waddling procession of ducks cocked their roguish eyes at him; Mrs. Wragge and the kitchenmaid peered after him with curiosity from a basement window. Galloping colts in the paddock came whimpering to the fence as he hurried past. Red and white cows in the pasture, heavy-uddered, turned their tolerant gaze after him. He entered the orchard. The days were already shortening. The red sun showed between the black trunks of the trees. He noticed that all colors were intensified into a sombre brightness. Little rosy mushrooms were rosetted here and there in the lush grass. The orchard fence was smothered in goldenrod.

Between the orchard and the 'old orchard' lay a field of potatoes. Old Binns was digging them and laying them in shallow ridges on the black loam. In that long day he had done perhaps a half-day's work. He leaned on his spade and shouted, 'Hi! Mr. Whiteoak! Hi!'

Renny stopped.

'Yes?'

'What do you s'pose be here now?'

'What?'

'Blight. Blight be here.'

Renny threw up his hand.

'Put down that spade!' he shouted. 'No more work here to-day!' He strode on.

No spade should stir the surface of the land she had loved. That land must lie quiet, mourning for her to-day, and tomorrow, and the next day.

Old Binns watched Renny disappear into the glowing density of the old orchard. He was aghast. Never in his life before had he had such an order. He must be going to lose his job! He thrust his spade deep into the soil. Feverishly he thrust and grubbed for the potatoes. He kept muttering angrily to himself, 'Blight be here, anyhow. Dang him!'

As Renny neared the cottage he heard the spring talking secretly among the grasses. Doors and windows stood open, but there was no sound of voices. He went to the front door and looked in. Alayne was writing at a table, and Eden lay on the sofa, a cigarette between his lips and a book dropping from his hand. His face and body had filled out, his cheeks were brown, but Alayne looked pale and more slender. They had not heard Renny come up, and to him the room and its occupants, in the intense sunset glow, appeared unreal as in a tableau. It seemed unreal, fantastic, that they should be sitting unmoved, aware of nothing.

He made some incoherent sound, and, as though a spell had been broken, they both looked up. The pallor of Alayne's cheeks, which had seemed intensified by the reddish light, appeared now to be touched into flame. Eden smiled, and his smile froze. He started up.

'Renny! What's the matter?'

Alayne too rose.

He tried to speak to them, but no words would come. He stood silent, leaning against the doorpost, his face contorted into a forbidding grimace.

The two stood petrified, until Eden got out, 'For God's sake, Renny, speak to us! Tell us what's wrong?'

He looked at them, filled with a strange antagonism for them, and then he said, harshly, 'She's dead. . . . Gran. . . . I thought I should let you know.'

Avoiding their eyes, his face still contorted, he turned hastily down the path and disappeared into the pine woods.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THAT **André Maurois** should have devoted his biographical tact and acumen to English subjects is the good fortune of English readers. The biographer of Shelley and Disraeli is well qualified to advise a young compatriot setting out for Anglo-Saxon territory. His essay is entitled in French: *Conseils à un jeune Français partant pour l'Angleterre*. **Russell Bookhout** gives us this picture of himself: —

I am a working stiff, with a wandering foot and a U education, principally because I must earn money to live on and prefer to do it in as many different ways as possible and in as many different localities as I can reach. I came by the wandering hoof naturally, since my father's folks have been backwoodsmen, farmers, and drifters like myself for the last two hundred years or so. I tacked on university schooling to the rest because I found it necessary, and have just finished that part at the University of Wisconsin.

The first happening of importance in which I took part was on September 19, 1898, at a farm nine miles south of Madison, Wisconsin. The second was fracturing my leg six years later, with resulting complications which meant that until I was sixteen years old I spent most of my time reading, watching the wild things grow, and the stars swing past. I was nineteen when the war ended, — the Kaiser heard I was in the last draft and gave up the struggle, — and, having nothing better to do, started wanderings which increased until I had seen much of the United States and something of the Orient.

In his work as an editor, **Edward Weeks** has become thoroughly acquainted with both book and magazine publishing. **Captain William Outerson** has been a sailor, janitor, reporter, prospector for gold in Alaska, and has served in the Black Watch and later in India. He is a graduate of Marietta College.

S. Foster Damon is an assistant professor of English at Brown University. He is the author of *William Blake — His Philosophy and Symbols*, and of *Astrolabe*, a volume of poems. Δ After distinguishing herself in several fields of study, **H. D. Hill** received a Ph.D. degree in economics. She has been especially interested in workers' education. **Sir John Campbell** writes us as follows: —

I have now retired from the Indian Civil Service, and resigned also my appointment in Greece — where I was vice chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission. I spent twenty years in India, and about seven in Simla as undersecretary to the Government of India. My last district was on the frontier — adjoining Nepal, which I visited two or three times when tiger shooting. Since leaving India, I have spent three years at the India Office, Whitehall.

Arthur E. Morgan is President of Antioch College. **Ethel M. Arnold**, a niece of Matthew Arnold and sister of the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, recalls the best-loved clergyman who ever hated dogs and hunted snarks. **Reinhold Niebuhr** has recently given up his pastorate in Detroit to accept a chair in the Union Theological Seminary. **Eileen Shanahan** has left Dublin to work in the stenographic branch of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations at Geneva.

F. Lyman Windolph is a lawyer of long standing in the Pennsylvania town fortunate enough to possess a street of such honorable lineage. **Elizabeth Coatsworth** is at present in Guatemala. **George Miksch Sutton** is State Ornithologist of Pennsylvania. He writes us: —

On March 27 I fell fifty feet from a cliff where I was examining a raven's nest. I broke five ribs and suffered other injuries. . . .

The turkey vulture is about two and one-half feet long. It has a considerable wing spread (about six feet), but when folded the wings do not occupy much space. The turkey vulture makes no nest. It merely lays its eggs on the ground in a cave, in a crevice among rocks, or, as in the present instance, in a fallen, hollow log. At Pymatuning Swamp, Pennsylvania, where there are no caves, the

vultures nest exclusively in hollow logs, so far as I have been able to determine.

The turkey vulture's only method of defense when cornered, so far as I know, is vomiting. Its bill is hooked, to be sure, but its feet are those of a walking bird rather than of a bird of prey, and birds of prey usually depend upon their sharply clawed feet in giving battle.

As I shoved myself along, I pushed the young bird and egg ahead of me. The adult bird naturally retreated after I had struck her with my hand. An eagle, a hawk, or an owl might not have been repelled so easily, but the turkey vulture is cowardly. After reaching the end of the log, I grasped the bird by her feet, pushed the stone outward, laid the egg and young outside the log, and then wormed my way out and tied the mother vulture's feet together and to a sapling, with a shred of torn clothing.

Howard Douglas Dozier has been successively Head of the School of Commerce at the University of Georgia and Professor of Economics at Dartmouth. He now acts as adviser to one of the government departments at Washington. **Robert Sencourt** is a student of European affairs who has devoted particular attention to the problems of the Vatican. **Nora Waln** has contributed frequently to the *Atlantic* from her rich store of Chinese experiences. Readers will be interested in the following paragraphs from one of her letters: —

Before my marriage I made a trip to China and stayed with one family in their homestead, where sixty-nine persons dwell in the high gray wall-encircled courts. They taught me my first China tongue, and chaperoned me as though I were a daughter. They always write ahead to my new place of residence preparing the way against loneliness, as carefully as though I were born one of them, by letters to relatives by marriage or relatives of relatives. When they come to stay in my courtyard they investigate my home economies and regulate my 'helpers.' They remember me at the festivals when a daughter should be remembered, and expect from me the annual roast duck, the half of which is always returned, that is the courtesy custom of a 'daughter who has gone to complete another household.'

I love this family. The aged mother has taken the place of the mother I never knew. It is because of them that I have had no fear during the civil strife through which we have lived. A sense of the eternal rhythm of history learned within their courtyard walls has kept alight in me a lantern of trust in China's future.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's** sequel to *Jalna*, we print a brief synopsis: —

Alayne Archer, a manuscript reader in a New York publishing house, marries Eden Whiteoak, a young poet, and goes with him to live at Jalna, his family's Canadian estate. Within a year Eden disappears, as the result of a brief affair with Pheasant, the wife of his brother Piers. Alayne returns to New York, but not before a strong attraction has sprung up between her and Renny, Eden's oldest brother, the virtual head of the Whiteoak family.

Eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak, struggling to pass his examinations for college and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, quarrels with his brothers and runs away to New York, where Alayne befriends him. There he accidentally discovers Eden, seriously ill. Renny goes to New York to bring both his brothers back to Jalna, and Eden succeeds in persuading Alayne to return with them to nurse him through his sickness.

Mortality and immortality in trees.

TUCSON, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I cannot let the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* pass into the files without a word of appreciation of the article by Mr. Stewart on 'Trees as an Invention.' This is charmingly done and is a vivid illustration of the fact that good writing is not incompatible with facts. His statements are well in accord with the soundest conceptions of the activities of trees.

The appearance of this article was coincidental with that of Publication 397 of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in which Professor J. B. Overton, of Wisconsin, and Professor Gilbert Smith, of Stanford, join me in setting out the results of several years' work on the hydrostatics of trees. We have made some contributions to the subject, including a finding to the effect that sap does move in old layers of such trees as the willow and walnut, and that living cells of great age may be found in very old layers, as much as four centuries. These are new findings which do not make Mr. Stewart's article any less meritorious.

D. T. MACDOUGAL

Mr. F. Lyman Windolph, who contributes 'King Street' to our present number, recently received a letter from a Pennsylvania judge which shows that the memory of his former *Atlantic* papers is still green.

DEAR MR. WINDOLPH: —

I suppose I am about the poorest correspondent in these United States and its dependencies. The older I get, the less I am inclined to do to-day what can just as well be put off until to-morrow. And it is not altogether bad philosophy. It has saved me many a delightful round of golf, and no doubt many a needless act and blunder.

I don't know which I like the better — 'Defending a Bad Cause,' in the *Atlantic* of April 1927, or 'The Country Lawyer,' in April 1928; both were so good. The latter carried a most interesting personal appeal. When I came to the bar in the early '80s we were a rural county with agriculture the dominant industry. In a way, we are still rural, but the mining of bituminous coal and the manufacture of coke now dominate all other interests. The character of our population and the practice of law have in the meantime almost entirely changed. As I read 'The Country Lawyer' I lived over again my earlier years at the bar and many of their activities — the settlement of estates, the appraisement of the personal property, its sale, partition proceedings, the services of the old-time land surveyor, a type now nearly extinct, but such an important factor in ejectment cases, then common, now rare.

In the January *Atlantic*, in Archer B. Gilfillan's 'The Herding Day,' on page 20, there is an allusion to the relative speed of the dog and rabbit, which called to mind the first public sale I ever attended, that in the estate of a great-uncle held in 1864, and the first debate to which I ever listened, the argument being between some young men of the neighborhood gathered round the big fireplace in the great stone kitchen of the homestead built by one of my great-grandfathers. The question was which could run faster, a dog or a rabbit. That was some discussion. Finally a big, tall, red-faced young fellow, with positive ideas about law enforcement, made a somewhat dogmatic deliverance to this effect: 'Now listen here — it's jist this-away. If the ground is as-scendin' a leetle uphill, the rabbit'll git away; but if the ground is dee-scendin' a leetle downhill, the dog'll git the rabbit.' That closed the controversy. I was glad to find that Gilfillan corroborated the friend of my youth.

In my first years at the bar one of my best and most valued friends was an old-time surveyor. He taught me more about land law and titles than I ever learned out of the books. Another of my surveyor friends was something of a shark on geology, and a favorite device of opposing counsel was to involve him in an argument about the strata and structure of the land in dispute. He was strong on what he called 'conglomerate.' Humanity seems to be made up of much the same material.

E. H. REPPERT

Earnest Elmo Calkins's 'Virgin Territory for Motor Cars,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, has stimulated heartfelt reflections.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Earnest Elmo Calkins is indeed, as you say, 'a connoisseur of highways.' All his recommendations are excellent and his views seem peculiarly sound, but —

Is n't there something worthy of comment in the fact that in his lengthy travels by car he has apparently observed no advertising signs to criticize save those associated with hot-dog stands on the summit of the Mohawk Trail? There's an old saying which is applicable to almost every situation which we meet in this life: 'It makes a lot of difference whose ox is gored.' Just because we are all human beings we ought not to be too hard on Mr. Calkins for failing to observe the deep wounds in the highway ox which have been inflicted by the useful profession which Mr. Calkins adorns.

My only suggestion is that the *Atlantic Monthly* arrange to have Mr. Calkins take his car out to the Hawaiian Islands and travel for a while over highways decorated by neither hot-dog stands, theatrical posters, chewing-gum ads, nor replicas of contented cows. Out in the Islands they know how to protect the beautiful scenery that is their inheritance. I am sure that Mr. Calkins, once he had looked upon a sign-boardless landscape, would become a little more specific in his recommendations for beautifying our roads and protecting that beauty by law.

H. T. P.

Paving and good intentions.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Calkins's very interesting article on highways in the March *Atlantic* contains much food for thought for motorists and business men in general throughout the country.

With much of his proposed programme, particularly that relating to the mapping and marking of highways, nearly everyone will agree, but with one feature of his programme I, for one, most heartily disagree — namely, the paving of all existing roads.

If all of our roads are to be paved, where is anyone going to live? No one wants to live on a paved road any more than he wants to live next to a railroad track.

There are still a few prehistoric people who

enjoy walking and horseback riding and they should not be deprived of their source of recreation. There are also some motorists who prefer jogging along at fifteen miles an hour over a country road and stopping to look at a view or picking wild grapes to bowling over a hard road at fifty miles an hour.

I believe the money which we are going to spend on our highways in the future should be spent on widening and straightening the existing trunk lines. If this could be done thousands of lives would be saved annually, and the pleasure of motoring increased enormously.

Yours very truly,
HAROLD G. HOLCOMBE

From the vice president of a famous map-making firm.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every motorist will agree that Mr. Calkins's argument for more hard roads in the United States is timely. His comparison of the roads of the United States and France, however, is unjust in its intimation that this country is backward in the matter of public improvements. His criticism of American road maps is obviously based on cursory knowledge, or no knowledge at all, of the requirements and desires of the American motorist in his hundreds of thousands.

The truth is, the American motorist does not want the highly detailed road maps proposed by Mr. Calkins. If he did, map makers would make them.

The maps Mr. Calkins points to with pride as examples of what American road maps should be are the *Cartes Michelin*.

Cartes Michelin are road maps of France, prepared as advertisements, and sold in France at a few cents each by the makers of Michelin tires. They are on a scale of about three miles to the inch (3.15, to be exact) and printed in five colors on sheets 33½ x 19½ inches, each sheet representing an area about 104 x 60 miles. They show all roads, both main traveled roads and byroads, and indicate their widths and pavement. They show everything that is worth stopping to see — every peak, gorge, grotto, church, calvary, château, ruin, barrow, cromlech, cascade, golf links, polo field, race track, cemetery, customhouse, and ferry. They are, as Mr. Calkins says, 'as full of detail as one of Hogarth's crowded prints.'

Admit, for argument's sake, that it were possible to produce road maps of the entire United States closely resembling *Cartes Michelin*, and to offer them for sale at fifty cents each. Allowing for slight overlapping of maps of adjoining districts, it would require some five hundred different maps to cover the more than 3,026,000 square miles of this country. Americans take their motoring in large doses; two to four hundred miles a day is a moderate run. Five hundred to three thousand miles is a little vacation jaunt. A person motoring from Chicago to the coast, following the Lincoln Highway west and National Old Trails Highway east, would cover something like 4500 miles of road. Forty-five maps, the size and scale of *Cartes Michelin*, would be necessary to cover the route. And, traveling at fair tourist speed of two hundred miles a day, who has time to look for byways and points of interest?

As Mr. Calkins points out, but one mile of road in five is paved; the other four are not to be recommended as safe or pleasant for motoring. Then why put them on the map? Most American road maps show all paved roads; as soon as more roads are paved, maps will show them.

American motorists do not need and do not want large-scale, detailed road maps. The aim of most map makers is to produce accurate maps fitted for their intended use. The tendency in recent years has been away from detail, and toward simplicity and clearness. To show the best roads in such a way that a motorist can easily and quickly take himself from one point to another is the purpose of road maps.

'No map maker in our country has yet grasped the vital fact that, in order to be sure of the right road, all the wrong roads must be shown,' says Mr. Calkins. But for a motorist who can read the road markings on his map, and find the same markings every mile or so along the road, with crossroads and branches clearly marked, we wonder! The experience of years of map making indicates that all the average motorist wants is a map showing what routes will lead to his destination.

Suppose, also for the sake of argument, that tourists did want maps like those of Michelin. Their price would be prohibitive. Basic data for such maps is not available for any considerable part of the country. Government geologic survey maps, recommended by Mr. Calkins, cover about one third of the United States. Illinois is not completely surveyed as yet, after more than fifty years of constant toil on the part of the government. The majority of survey sheets available are woefully out of date for such purposes. Private enterprise could, of course, make its own surveys, but the cost is beyond the resources of all map makers combined.

France has been building roads for a thousand years. Our modern road building began not more than twenty years ago. *Cartes Michelin* are based on the military maps of France, which show an amazing amount of detail. France is smaller than Texas; its population one third that of the United States. Every stone in France is

included in one or more surveys. And, figuratively, no stone is moved from one year's end to the other. Very probably, more *new* roads are built in one state in one year than in all of France in ten years.

A *Carte Michelin* of 1920 (except for the destruction and consequent rebuilding as a result of the war) is essentially accurate and up to date in 1929. An American road map of 1928 is out of date in 1929. To make a map is but the beginning; to keep it up to date is the real task. Some American map makers completely revise and correct their drawings and make new plates every year. The maps are generally in two or three colors. Fifty maps cover the country. Fifty maps, two colors each, mean 100 plates made new each year. *Cartes Michelin* applied to this country would mean 500 maps; five colors each — 2500 new plates, as compared with 100. Not that a map maker makes only 100 plates a year; the total is closer to 2500. But adoption of the *Cartes Michelin* style of maps would increase the cost of maps in the ratio of 100 to 2500. Added detail means added corrections. Corrections are costly. The market for road maps will yield only about so much money. It cannot be increased anywhere near twenty-five times. As for maps given away as advertisements — such maps have a definite value as advertisements. Increasing their cost twenty-five times would not increase their value as advertising mediums proportionately.

Some years back, Michelin published three maps, in the French style, of the territory around New York. Their existence was short; they were never reprinted.

Doubtless when the United States has all been surveyed, when road conditions become stabilized, and when (not before) the country reaches the same density of population as France and Americans take to leisurely, sight-seeing motoring habits, sufficient demand for highly detailed road maps will exist to warrant their manufacture.

FRED L. MCNALLY

The pattens Lucy wore.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Club of the April issue someone writes of Wordsworth's Lucy Gray. In my young days I read of her; my grandma, who put the book in my hands, was her contemporary. But Lucy never wore rubbers — she never knew of them. If in her village the rain fell and the ways were muddy she probably had pattens — a patten being a board with straps and buckles to hold it to the shod foot, as a skate is worn, and resting on an iron ring attached to the underside of the board. Wearing pattens, she could walk through rain-filled lanes without soiling her shoes. My grandma wore pattens in England, and in 1840 brought them here with other household goods, but found no use for them on Philadelphia brick sidewalks, and the pattens went to the junk pile.

My wife, who was a schoolgirl in England just before the Crimean War, had pattens, but disliked them — considered them vulgar. Coming to America, she left them behind with other childish things, and, when atmospheric conditions made it necessary, wore rubbers; pattens were things of the past. She adopted local customs.

JOHN E. NORCROSS

'Art and Authenticity' are as inseparable as 'Pride and Prejudice.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an interesting article appearing in the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Professor Mather makes the following statement: —

'And, but for the phantom of the Metropolitan Museum, the staff of the Boston Museum would have found the hour necessary to prove that the heraldry of the "Mino" tomb was preposterously unhistorical. Or, if they lacked the books and the herald, they would at least have written a letter to the accomplished herald of the Metropolitan Museum. A delay of two days and a two-cent stamp would have saved a considerable humiliation, not to mention a sum reckoned in six figures.'

It would be of interest to know what Professor Mather means by 'preposterously unhistorical.' Before the tomb was purchased the heraldry was compared with that of the Savelli tombs and found to agree. Since the Professor's criticism appeared, the best heraldic expert obtainable in this country has carefully examined the escutcheons and pronounces them absolutely correct. It seems a pity that Professor Mather should not have verified his statements, since a letter with 'a two-cent stamp' written to the Boston Museum would have disillusioned him as to these and other misunderstandings. The Boston Museum did not proceed in haste, for nearly a year elapsed during the negotiations, and the photograph of the tomb was seen two years before the acquisition. Nor did the phantom of the competition of another museum exist except in the Professor's mind. There was not a hint of competition — in fact, no anxiety was felt excepting for its safe journey from Vienna.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

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